CHICAGO LEDGER

VOL. XLVIII. NO. 43. CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1920. 5 CENTS A COPY.

The DEVIL'S OWN

Opens in this issue with a huge double-length installment. It's a vivid, powerful story of the South in the days "befo' de wah." It's from the pen of Randall Parrish.

CHICAGO LEDGER

[Copyright, 1920, by W. D. Boyce Co.]

VOL. XLVIII. OCTOBER 23, 1920. NO. 42.

Entered as second-class matter June 24, 1885, at the postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879

Published Every Saturday

W. D. BOYCE CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

500-514 North Dearborn Street.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Single subscriptions to the Chicago Ledger by mail $2.00 a year (52 issues), $1.00 for six months, three months 50 cents, in advance. Remittances should be made by Bank Draft, Registered Letter, Postoffice or Express Money Order, payable to the Chicago Ledger. The address tab on your paper shows the date to which your subscription is paid.

Single copies, including back numbers, 5 cents.

ADVERTISING RATES.

For Display, $3.00 each Agate Line; for Classified, 35 cents a word, per insertion for circulation of the Chicago Ledger and The Saturday Blade combined.

All rights in stories purchased by the Ledger revert to the author following their publication by us. All persons are warned against reprinting them without first obtaining the consent of the author.

Everybody Has His Troubles

IT IS human to tell your troubles to somebody. Newspaper publishers as a rule are afraid to air their troubles for fear their competitors will take advantage of them, but the troubles in the publishing business today are so general and paper is so scarce at any price, that it is impossible for one publisher to take advantage of another if he does tell his readers the exact situation.

Every reader of a periodical or newspaper is interested in the success of *his* or *her* paper. The Ledger has been published continuously for nearly fifty years and the Blade for over thirty years. There are few publications in the United States as well known to nearly everybody in this country as these two family publications. It is perfectly natural that I should tell our troubles to our readers. To whom else can I tell them?

Six years ago we were buying paper for $1.70 per 100 pounds at the mill. Today we are paying $7.00 per 100 pounds and glad to get it at that. Five years ago we were paying 1 cent a pound for postage; today we are paying over 3 cents a pound. During the last four years our pay roll has increased 150%. During the last three years we have doubled the price of our subscriptions, but added 33% to the sizes of our papers. This is equal to only 50% increase in the price to our readers. We have no intention of increasing the price to our readers or cutting the sizes of our papers, and will keep in the game just as long as we can stand it.

During the last four years 4,000 newspapers and periodicals in the United States have gone out of business, yet the price of paper has kept going up because pulp-wood, from which paper is made, is growing scarcer and what is left is farther away from the mills and hard to get out.

I feel it is fitting at this time, when every other person in this country seems to be having trouble of his own, that we should mention ours. This is a confidential matter and I hope you will not speak to anybody about it.

W. D. Boyce

The Song of the Mermaid

We hold our white arms out to them—
To the great ships sailing by;
We call to them, and we sing for them;
But they pass with the sea wind flying;
And the sailors, leaning over the side,
Say, "Hark to the sea birds crying!"

Oh, once I loved a sailor man—
Hark to the wind a-wailing—
I saw him oft in a great white ship
That went by, swiftly sailing.

The tides they carried him up to me—
Hark to the rise of the swell—
As I sat on a rock, plaiting strange brown weeds
Like his hair, that I loved so well.

And I said: "Hast thou done with thy wanderings,
Wilt stay and be loved by me?"
And I held him and whispered in his ears
But he would not answer me;
He never answered me.

—P. G. N. OMMANNOY.

TWO BEAUTIFUL DOLLS FREE.

Any little girl or boy wanting two wonderful dolls free can easily get them by distributing some beautiful pictures, highly colored. If you want these dolls be sure and write in to The Doll Department 20, 182 N. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.—Advertisement.

$12.50 Goodyear Raincoat Free.

Goodyear Manufacturing Company, 8107 Goodyear Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., is making an offer to send a handsome raincoat free to one person in each locality who will show and recommend it to their friends. If you want one, write today.—Advertisement.

Hot Off the Jokesmith's Anvil

Wrong Question.

"What'll you be if there's another war?"

"What'll I be? Better ask me where I'll be."

A Flaw in the Story.

A critic was discussing John Singer Sargeant, the artist, with Chauncey Depew, and remarked:

"They say he painted a cobweb on a ceiling once, and it was no natural that the maid wore herself out trying to brush it off."

"What you say about the naturalness of the cobweb may be perfectly true," retorted Depew, "but there never was any such maid, I'm sure."

Tornadoed.

Traveling Man—Some tornado that was we had around here last night. Do any damage to your new barn?

Phlegmatic Farmer—Dunno. Hain't found the durn thing yet.

Long-distance Control.

"So your wife is away."

"For two weeks," said the hen-pecked citizen.

"Foot loose, eh?"

"No, indeed. I have to stay rather close to the telephone."

Willing to Oblige.

Mistress—Now, Ada, I want you to show us what you can do tonight. We have a very few special friends coming for a musical evening.

Cook—Well, mum, I 'aven't done any singin' to speak of for years, but as you insist upon it you can put me down for "The 'Oly City!"

Their Two College Mates.

"Did your two college mates marry well?" asked she.

"I'm afraid not," he replied. "One got a girl who can cook and insists on playing the piano; the other got one who knows how to play the piano and insists on cooking."

Spoke Before He Priced.

Customer—I want my five dollars back on this unused umbrella my wife bought last month. I know I'm late, but——

Exchange Clerk—Certainly, sir, with pleasure! Here's your five dollars. We're selling them now for ten dollars.

Well?

"Has you got a dark, complected man named Johnson what's been shot in this hospital?" he inquired.

The nurse replied that there was such a person there, adding, "But he's convalescing now."

"Ah beg yo' pardon," said Nap perplexedly, scratching his wool.

"He's convalescing now," she repeated.

"Well," said Napoleon, "if yo' don't mind, I'll set right here and wait till he gets thru."

Once Was Enough.

"Robert," said the manager to the office boy, "how is it that you are always the last to arrive in the morning and the first to go away in the evening?"

"Well, sir," responded the cheeky youth, "you wouldn't want me to be late twice a day, would you?"

The Unexpected.

"So you broke the engagement. What's up?"

"She's too conceited. I remarked one evening that she was too good for me and she did not deny it."

One Guess.

A writer says that "Woman is supplementary to man, his appendix, so to speak." This suggests the nature of that famous operation that took place in the Garden of Eden.

Brain Teasers.

The Concealed Orchestra.

360—A letter taken from each word will reveal in each sentence a musical instrument.

1. Housekeeping requires experience these days, Dora.
2. Great singers, undoubtedly, must protect their throats.
3. Florence, will you telephone Edna?
4. Traveling in foreign lands aids education.
5. These grapes are splendid.
6. Alfred disappeared after dinner.

Versatile "Al."

361—1. Lawful.
2. More than one.
3. Bovine Al.
4. Rustic Al.
5. Fatherly Al.
6. The single Al.
7. The rejecting Al.
8. The interrogatory Al.

Four-letter Squares.

362—
1
what the clock does
a thought
a room of confinement
a vegetable

2
a piece of money
an ugly giant
a Japanese flower
found in the tree tops

3
paradise
shady valley
a girl's name
orderly

Jumbled Names of Fish.

363—1. Torut. 2. Lbautib. 3. Cherp. 4. Sasb. 5. Otbrut. 6. Bros. 7. Tlsme. 8. Ahds. 9. Noolsmfh. 10. Ubhc. 11. Nwimno. 12. Grerhin.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

356—Beheadings, Curtailings.

1. Nice-ice. 2. Ideal-deal. 3. Neat-eat. 4. Tan-an. 5. Tame-tam. 6. None-one. 7. Ton-on. 8. Wand-and. 9. Here-her. 10. Year-ear.

357—Jumbled Names.

1. Tennessee. 2. Maine. 3. Alabama. 4. Kentucky. 5. Maryland. 6. Illinois. 7. Delaware. 8 Florida. 9. Oklahoma. 10. California. 11. Pennsylvania. 12. Nebraska. 13. Arkansas. 14. Louisiana.

358—A Dozen "Ail-ments."

1. F-AIL. 2. Ent-AIL. 3. Prev-AIL. 4. Qu-AIL. 5. Av-AIL. 6. Tr-AIL. 7. Fr-AIL. 8. Fl-AIL. 9. Sn-AIL. 10. Det-AIL. 11. Curt-AIL. 12. H-AIL.

359—Three-letter Fish Squares.

1	2	3
DAB	COD	EEL
ALE	ODE	ERA
BEG	DEN	LAW

It is not desired that readers send in the answers to the puzzles. They are printed simply as brain teasers, and the correct answers will be printed the following week.

Privileged Few.

"How do you explain the high cost of living?"

"I don't try," said the woman with a market basket. "Only those who are not very seriously worried in an effort to keep up with high prices have time to talk much about them."

Her Limit.

First Suffragist—Which candidate are you going to support?

Second Suffragist—I can't support either one, but I wouldn't mind asking one to dinner.

An Exclusive Breath.

Gadsby—My wife will raise Cain with me if she discovers that I've been drinking.

Jagsby—All you've got to do is to hold your breath when you go near her.

Gadsby—That's all right; but I'm afraid it's too strong to be held.

Genuine Eastman Camera Free

Boys or girls wanting this wonderful camera free can have same by writing the Camera Man, 25 E. Lake Street, Dept. 51, Chicago, Ill., for full particulars. All you need do is to give out 9 large art pictures on great special 50c offer. Send your name—no money. Outfit sent free and prepaid.—Advertisement.

A Rat in the Cabin

By Paul Everman

"HER eyes are like the violets blue-ue-ue," sang Big Un Boyne jubilantly as he whacked his huge shining razor against a worn, black strop.

Slish-slap! Slish-slap! Slish-slap!

On the other side of the smirchily-lighted cabin, Slinnit grinned and rubbed at his stump of right ear. Presently he twisted his small head around toward MacGregor, who sat quietly at his side.

"The big feller's in love, ain't he?"

MacGregor digested the remark for a thoughtful moment. Then he smiled Scotchily thru his bushy white mustache.

"We-ll," he said, "if I was young like Big Un here, and if I'd meet a girl with blue eyes like Kitty Elmore's, I'll be switched if I wouldn't be a mite in love myself."

"What's that?" Slinnit's foot slipped from the base of the pot-bellied stove.

MacGregor repeated.

"Humph!" scoffed Slinnit. "A man's a darned fool to be in love . . . Hi, Elephant," he shrilled suddenly, "Mac tells me you're in love."

Big Un turned and grinned good-naturedly thru a white bank of lather. "Reckon maybe I am, Mister."

"An' might I inquire who the fortunate young lady is?"

"Name's Elmore."

"I see. An' where might she live?"

"Spargo."

"I reckon you'll be gettin' married soon."

"I hope so."

"Uh-huh. You hope so. Ain't the young lady, Elkins or whatever her name is, agreed to take you yet?"

Big Un paused in his lathering for ample speech. In the midst of the lather hovered a crumpling smile of placid satisfaction.

"Well," he said, "not exactly. But I reckon that when I go down to Spargo tomorrow mornin' and lay seven hundred dollars in her hand, she'll name the day."

"Well, well! An' what's the seven hundred bucks got to do with it?"

"We don't believe in startin' out on nothing."

"Now ain't that sense fer you, Mac?—dollars an' cents." Slinnit cackled at his joke. "But say, Elephant, what are you goin' to do with your bride? Goin' to bring her up here to the cabin an' keep on choppin' cedar for Mac?"

"Nope," answered Big Un patiently. "We're figurin' on takin' a claim up in Utah—San Juan County."

"A claim, eh?" And Slinnit suffered silence while he fashioned a neat cigarette with stained, skilful fingers.

Big Un adjusted the lamp reflector so that it glittered on his mirror, a jagged bit of unframed glass tacked into position on the wall, and began to shave, accompanying his shaving with soaring outbursts of,

"Her eyes are like the violets blue-ue-ue."

"Ow-oo!" Slinnit scrambled down to a squatting posture on the floor and elevated his nose into the air. "Ow-oo! Ow-oo! Ow-oo!" he howled. Then, with pseudo distress, as Big Un turned a puzzled face, "Fer Gawd's sakes, Elephant, stop that noise! It hurts my ears. It's awful. Ain't it, Mac?" He slapped MacGregor familiarly on the shoulder. The latter grunted.

Big Un turned slowly back to the jagged mirror. He poised his huge razor and with a precise stroke drew a swath of clean tan thru the froth and whiskers on his broad face.

Slinnit kept on. "Ain't he homely, Mac? That girl of his'n must be blind as an ossified bat to pick out a mug like his. An' he's clumsy as an elephant. Elephant!—ain't I named him right, now? Watch him cut hisself, Elephant!"

MACGREGOR spat on the stove. "Listen here, my man," he reproved, his tone mild, yet with a muscle in every word. "Ye're acting mighty fresh to be knowing me and Big Un only a couple of hours. I've give ye a job because I need a woodchopper. But I hired ye to chop wood, not to run off at the mouth. So ye'll just let Big Un alone, afore he forgets he's easy-going and busts ye one like ye deserve."

"Him bust me one? Like to see him try it!" Slinnit snorted an ugly laugh. "He ain't objectin' none to me havin' a little fun, is he? Are you, Elephant?"

Big Un shaved away stolidly without answering.

Slinnit leered at MacGregor triumphantly. "See, there, Mac? Elephant ain't a-carin' any. You horned in a bit too previous, I'm thinkin'. You hired me to chop wood—that's right. Now you wait till Monday; an' if I don't chop as much wood as either you or Elephant, I'll let you kick me down the mountain. That's fair, ain't it? An' when I know I'm earnin' my money I'll talk as much as I please. My Gawd! do you fellers stay cooped up here without ever havin' any fun occasionally? Life ain't no funeral."

"I'll see what kind of a workman ye are," was all old MacGregor said.

Slinnit's green eyes, centering a ball of muddy yellow—like a floating aquamarine in a cup of cream-clouded coffee—switched to Big Un, who was sedulously cleaning his razor. "Say, Elephant's goin' to look purty sweet when he goes down to Spargo to see his lady-love tomorrow—ain't he? I'd like to meet this Miss—uh—Elder. Mebbe I could cut him out. Ha! She wouldn't take a slocum like Elephant here when she could get a lively guy like me. Jist the other day a friend o' mine was tellin' me 'bout the girls down at Spargo (I ain't never been there myself). He said——" Slinnit leaned over and whispered a reference to MacGregor.

Whack! The latter's hand crushed the ear-stump and then the defiling mouth. Slinnit was dashed against the rough wall.

"Take it back!" whispered MacGregor, his face twitching and hot.

"Hit me again, you old devil!" screeched Slinnit, twisting his wiry body into a tense crouch. "Come on! Hit me again! You're bigger'n me. Hit me again! But by ——, I'll kill you if you do!"

MacGregor choked him savagely. "Back!" he growled.

"Yeh—yeh—joke—I tell—you! But don't—you hit me—again—you big devil!"

MacGregor withdrew his clutching hand and turned to face Big Un, who was standing puzzled at his side.

"What's the matter, Mac?" asked Big Un anxiously. "What'd he do?"

"Nothing," said MacGregor sourly. "Nothing." And he pulled off his heavy leather boots and went to bed.

THE next day was Sunday, and Big Un Boyne awoke with the dawn after a solid, satisfying sleep. For a brief moment he eyed his snoring companions. Then he crawled eagerly from his cot, with tingling thoughts of a hasty breakfast, a walk to Carleton, and a 10 o'clock train that would whisk him to Spargo, forty miles away, where he would spend a precious day with Kitty Elmore.

His massive, hairy-backed hand crept underneath his pillow and felt about. Suddenly he flipped the pillow aside, and his broad jaw dropped clumsily.

"Mac!" he cried hoarsely. "Mac! My money's gone!"

MacGregor stirred sleepily, then sprang up. "What—what's the matter, boy? Did you call me?"

"My money—it's gone! I put the roll of bills under my pillow last night. It's gone!"

MacGregor strove to be calm, but his tone betrayed rising excitement. "Look again, boy. Maybe it slipped under the covers or on the floor."

Big Un dropped to his knees and searched frantically on the floor, while MacGregor clawed among the covers.

"What's the matter with you guys?" snarled Slinnit, slouching up on his cot. "Can't you let a feller sleep?"

Big Un glanced up helplessly.

"Big Un's been robbed," answered MacGregor.

"Robbed?" Slinnit bounced up. "What? His seven hundred bucks?"

HE LENT an industrious hand to the search. They shook the covers, turned the mattress, shoved the cot aside, examined the rough floor microscopically, to no avail.

"What's this?" Slinnit reached down and picked up a raveled bit of yellow corn-stalk, perhaps six inches long.

"Looks like a piece of fodder," grunted MacGregor. "Get up, Big Un. There isn't any use of looking farther." He stepped stiffly to the door and tried the knob. Turning, he fastened grim eyes on Slinnit. "I locked this door last night and put the key in my pocket. The key's still in my pocket, and the door's still locked. Nobody else was in here last night."

"Well, what of it?" snapped Slinnit. His green eyes flared angrily. "See here, if you're goin' to accuse me o' takin' Elephant's roll, I'll say that you're a dirty liar!" And he cursed viciously.

"Shut up!" MacGregor cut in sharply.

A thick flush crept up Big Un's broad neck. He advanced heavily toward Slinnit. "See here, Slinnit, did you steal my money? If you did——"

"Prove it!" Slinnit snatched his trousers and coat from a chair and flung them at Big Un. "Here, search me! Look in my clothes—look in my bed—look in everything I got! Go on! Look! Look!"

They searched the clothing, looked in and under his cot, but found nothing.

"Now, if you wise guys are done," said Slinnit sarcastically, "mebbe I can show you where the seven hundred went." He prowled around the corners of the room for a moment, then cackled triumphantly. "I thought so! Look here, you wise guys—see that?" He pointed dramatically at a hole gnawed in the edge of the floor. "Well, that's where Elephant's roll went!"

"You put it there, eh?" grunted MacGregor.

"Naw, I didn't put it there! A rat put it there—the same rat that sneaked it out from under Big Un's piller last night."

MacGregor was plainly incredulous; Big Un was silent.

"It'd take a pretty wise rat to do that," said MacGregor slowly at last.

"Wise? I'll say so! These pack rats has got brains in their feet!"

"Pack rats?" exclaimed MacGregor with a quick glance.

"Yeh; wood rats, some calls 'em. You've seen 'em, ain't you? Right here in this cabin, I betcha!"

MacGregor nodded grudgingly.

"Well, since you guys have had guts enough to accuse me of bein' a thief, I'm goin' to clear myself clean. Get me? All right. Here's your proof that a dirty pack rat done the robbin', jist like I said." He kicked the raveled bit of cornstalk toward Big Un.

"You mean——" began MacGregor.

"I mean that a pack rat left this corn stalk in place o' Elephants' roll. If you know anything about pack rats, you'll know that they never take anything without leavin' something. They pack in some old leaves or wood or something of the kind, an' then they pack off something they take a notion to. Ain't I right? This here rat seemed to take a notion to Elephant's roll, an' left this cornstalk in place of it."

Big Un's troubled eyes sought MacGregor. "What d'you think about it, Mac?"

MacGregor scratched his chin. "Maybe it was a rat," he admitted. "These pack rats are just like Slinnit says. I've seen them steal corn and leave sticks of wood and the like in place of it. Maybe it was a rat."

Slinnit grinned. "Ain't I right? Now, lemme tell you something: Next time you guys get so previous 'bout callin' me a thief, I may get kind o' nasty. See?"

Big Un sank to his cot and ran blunt fingers thru his thick heavy tumbles of dark hair. "My God, Mac," he said dully, "I can't go to see Kitty now."

"Sure ye can, boy. It wouldn't be treating her right to stay away. She's expecting you."

Big Un shook his head doggedly. "I can't face her now, Mac. I can't do it. Not today. I've got to look for that money."

"I'll tell ye what," said old MacGregor, wisely refraining from further persuasion, "I'll walk down to Locke's and get Kitty on the telephone and tell her that ye can't come today. Meantime you write her a letter and have it ready to go out in the morning. How's that?"

"I wish you would, Mac."

"It's tough luck, old Elephant," comforted Slinnit; "losin' your money like that. You'll have to get a trap an' ketch that measly rat. But you ought to've knowed better than to leave your roll under the piller that way."

Big Un laced up his big boots and gave no answer.

"Pore old Elephant! Lost his roll, an' now I reckon he'll lose his girl, too. I don't s'pose there'll be any claim up in Utah with a little house built fer two now. That's the way with these women. When you lose your money they ain't got no more use fer you. One served me that way once. Didn't I tell you a man was a fool to——"

"You talk too much!" broke in MacGregor bluntly.

And Snatching Up the Smaller Man Much as a Giant Would Lift a Sack of Meal, He Hurled Him Far Out Into the River.

AFTER breakfast MacGregor started out for Locke's ranch, accompanied by Slinnit, who remarked baldly that he wasn't very particular about spending the morning in Big Un's mournful presence.

Left alone, Big Un grimly set about seeking the missing money, which, to his simple heart, meant untold happiness. First, he took a shining ax from the wall and pried up a wide, rough plank of

(Continued on Page 9.)

Jungle Treasure

By Wilder Anthony

Opening Chapters in Brief

ORCHID hunter, explorer, adventurer—hardened to the dangerous life of Borneo and immune even to the dread of the fierce, native Dyaks—

HUGH VARDEN was pressing back, alone, thru the interior jungles, on his way to the coast. Forced to kill a Dyak from self-defense, he hid for a moment in behind a huge, gnarled root, and what was his astonishment to see a white woman appear thru the thicket! She startled him further by speaking English and remarking that she had been "expecting him." Without a trace of coquetry she told him her name,

RUTH NASH, and explained that she lived near with her father, who caught and trained animals for menageries. She seemed, however, to be troubled over the influence of another man,

VICTOR MOREAU, who lived with them and kept them from leaving the country. She appealed to Varden for help, which he gladly granted. She asked him to return with her and to pretend he had killed the Dyak in her defense, in order to insure his welcome. Just as they approached her home, an immense ape attacked and overpowered Varden.

This story began in No. 42 the Ledger for Oct. 16. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or from newsdealers.

CHAPTER III.
THE EURASIAN.

IT WAS night when, after what seemed to him only a short period of restless and dreamful sleep, thru which he could hear voices without understanding what they said, and feel himself being carried he knew not whither, Varden opened his eyes to find that he was lying in bed in a small and neatly furnished room. There was a glass of water on a chair at the bedside, and, feeling parched with thirst, he tried to lift it to his lips, but much to his astonishment he found that he was too weak. Since there was nobody at hand to assist him he sank back on his pillow again, too languorous to even raise his voice. He did not exactly fall asleep, but a kind of lethargy crept over him, half clouding his senses and causing him to close his eyes. Some time later he heard a soft voice speaking; it seemed to be very far away, but he could understand everything that was said.

"He is still unconscious," the voice said, "but his color has come back; I think he will wake up soon."

"Of course," another voice—a man's voice—agreed. "He is in no danger, Ruth. He went down heavily with that big brute on top of him and he has lost considerable blood, but he will recover rapidly when the first weakness is past. He is strong and young."

"It would be a pity if he had to die," the girl declared. "He is our only hope, Dad; he has been sent to us. He never even questioned me out there on the trail when we met so strangely, tho goodness knows what he must have thought. He is an exceedingly rare thing in Borneo, Dad—a gentleman."

"Perhaps," the other replied, a little doubtfully. "But what of that, Ruth? What will Victor say when he returns? You know how jealous he has always been of strangers. He has a good reason, too—the treasure. As his partner I must protest against what you are doing, Ruth. I could almost forbid it. Remember that this stranger is entirely unknown to us and we have tremendous issues at stake. He may be all that you think, and he may be——"

"All right, Dad. That let's you out with Victor," Ruth's husky tones interrupted him. "Let it suffice for the present that he is here by my wish alone. He is wounded and ill, and even a wounded dog has certain claims on one, you know. We can't turn him out, and we won't. I'm willing to take all responsibility upon myself and to do whatever explaining is necessary. Don't you fret about it."

"I'm not fretting, girl, but I can't help thinking of Moreau and the diamonds. We have too much to lose to be careless. We need our share of that treasure; it will be the saving of us. With it I can pay what I owe and get the business going again."

"Our share!" The girl laughed scornfully. "Don't delude yourself with all that nonsense, Dad. We shall never find the treasure, but even if we did it would profit us nothing. Moreau would take it all. He has a grip on you that he won't loosen. He even believes that when the treasure is found he can bribe me into obeying him."

"And why not? Haven't you already promised to do that? Don't be foolish, Ruth. You must admit that Victor has certain rights."

"Rights! What rights? Suppose I promised. What does a promise given under such conditions amount to? To save you from worse than death I let him force me into marriage, but beyond that I will not go. I have never been his wife in anything but name and I never will be."

"I know, I know, Ruth. There is no need for you to fling it in my face. I know why you did it, but——"

"There are no 'buts,' Dad. In the first place, Moreau has not kept his word. He still has the papers—the proof that you——"

"Hush! He has the papers, true. But he won't use them, and when the diamonds are found he will fulfill his part of the contract."

"There, there, Dad," Ruth's tone changed suddenly. "It's of no use to argue. My mind is made up, and you know it. Treasure or no treasure, I shall never submit. No, not even to save you. You should know the man and his intentions by this time without any hints from me. But there is no immediate cause for alarm. You mustn't mention this to him. I can take care of myself in that particular, at last. Oh, if we only could get rid of Victor Moreau altogether! If only we could go back to where we were before he came!"

"No use talking about that," her father declared. "What's done is done and no wishing can change matters. We can only wait and see what the future brings. Perhaps some day everything will be arranged. But I must go now, Ruth. Victor should return soon and I want to see——" His voice died away, a door closed somewhere, and all was still.

FOR several minutes Varden lay motionless, drowsily considering what he had heard, for in his half-unconscious state the full meaning of the conversation had not struck him. Finally, he stirred uneasily, opened his eyes, and looked around. In the center of the room was a table of some dark wood, and leaning against a corner of this gazing down into a little fire which burned on the hearth, was Ruth. The lamplight fell full upon her, showing up every feature of her face, which, off guard a moment, was a picture of hopeless despair.

As is sometimes the case among pretty women, this melancholy expression served merely to enchance the girl's good looks. She was very beautiful as she stood there musing—so beautiful that the sight of her went straight to the wounded man's heart, causing his breath to catch in his throat. She had changed the man's costume which she had worn on the trail for a simple white frock that fitted her supple figure to perfection. Over her shoulders, hanging open in front, was a long scarf of white edged with blue that trailed down almost to her feet. Her delicate aquiline features, arched eyebrows, small mouth which drooped a little at the corners, tiny ears, above which her brown hair was piled in a soft wavy mass, and her dark sorrowful eyes, completed the picture.

For some time Ruth stood thus, lost in her thoughts, while Varden feasted his woman-starved eyes upon her beauty. Then she sighed heavily and turned, saw him watching her, and moved over to the bed.

"So you are awake at last," she said in her soft, husky voice. "How do you feel? Do you wish anything?"

"I am strangely weak," he answered, with a smile, "but otherwise I am very comfortable. I should like a drink of water, if you don't mind."

She sat down beside him and held the glass to his lips.

How it came about Varden did not know, but before he had finished drinking he was a different man. Whether it was the girl's closeness, her beauty, the faint perfume which emanated from her garments, or the tender pity in her dark eyes, matters not—the result was undeniable. She struck some chord in his soul and all at once it was full of love—a love so strong that it made him

"Why Don't You Let Them Have the Fellow, Ruth? You Know Why They Want Him—He's Killed One of Their Warriors."

fairly dizzy. In that instant he knew that all his future was to be linked with her's; for good or for ill the curtain had at last gone up on the great adventure of his life.

When his thirst was quenched, in a momentary fit of faintness brought on by the sudden and unaccustomed pounding of his heart, he lay back against the pillow in silence, while the girl examined the bandages which covered his shoulder and upper arm. Something of what was passing in his mind must have communicated itself to her, for her fingers shook a little and she blushed rosily as she stood up.

"You're getting along famously," she declared. "You'll be as well as ever in no time. Your wounds are not serious, but they bled a good deal and the sudden shock was weakening."

"I have you to thank that it is no worse," Varden rejoined. "You won't find me ungrateful. But I don't understand it all exactly. How—— What happened to me anyhow?"

"It was Rajah—my pet ape," Ruth explained, smiling, "an anthropoid that Dad shipped in here when very young for experimental purposes. He wished to try cross-breeding with the native baboons which are so plentiful in this part of the jungle, but he has not been able to do so as yet; and since I took personal charge of Rajah when he was small he has become very much attached to me. Altho his strength is enormous, he is usually very good-natured and obedient—especially so toward those whom he thinks are my friends. I really don't know why he attacked you unless it was because he saw you raise your arm to point and thought that you were threatening me. He must have been following my trail as he does sometimes when I slip away without him, and he hid in that tree when he saw us. He has been my bodyguard for months; the Dyaks are scared to death of him. He is so much larger than any of the native apes that they think he is a little more than mortal."

"I don't blame them," Varden commented, with a shudder as his thoughts went back to the time of the attack. "As a bodyguard I should call Rajah a huge success, he should be at least a match for any creature, man or beast, that is to be met with here."

"HE IS, and more, so far as physical strength is concerned, but he is only a dumb beast, of course, and he has his limitations. He is devoted to me and he will fight anything on earth in my defense, but like all animals he is not gifted with reasoning powers. He is a very uncertain quantity at times, as his recent attack upon you has just proved. He is intelligent, but he is incapable of making any distinction between friend and enemy under certain conditions. That is, I mean, that if one who had hitherto seemed to be a friend should suddenly become an enemy Rajah would prove an easy victim. Don't you see?"

"You have reason to fear some such treachery?"

"Oh, no, not that exactly," Ruth shrugged her shoulders slightly at this direct implication. "Rajah has been accepted as a fixture by the natives and nobody has any reason to harm him. I was only mentioning a possibility, that's all. But enough of him for the present, Mr. Varden. Dad and Victor Moreau may come in at any moment, and we must be prepared."

"I'd better get up, then," said Varden. "My strength is coming back rapidly, and this is no place for me under the circumstances."

"As you please," she answered, "but don't try to hurry things. It isn't late, not 9 o'clock yet, and we shall have supper as soon as the others come. In some ways, tho, it may seem odd to you, I'm rather glad that you were hurt."

"Glad?"

"Yes. Since it had to happen, I think we can turn it to good account. Moreau is clever, but he will be much less apt to suspect a sick man than a well one."

"Oh!" Varden eyed her shrewdly for a moment. "You mean that I mustn't recover too rapidly, eh?"

"Exactly," she replied. "Of course, you don't have to stay in bed, but if your arm is a trifle slow in healing it may do us no harm. A man with his arm in a sling is not supposed to be especially dangerous, you know."

"I get you," he grinned boyishly, "and I'll try to play my part, altho I should prefer to fight openly. Still, necessity is the mother of invention, as the saying is, and if we can win a trick by a little harmless subterfuge, so much the better. Is that all you wanted to tell me, Ruth?"

"Nearly, I think. The rest can wait. Of course, to every one but me you must act as a stranger naturally would. Don't let them suspect that you know m

(Continued on Page 11.)

The DEVIL'S OWN

by Randall Parrish

"First Time I Ever Knew That Blackleg Gambler Drifting So Far North, as There Are Not Many Pickings Up Here."

CHAPTER I.

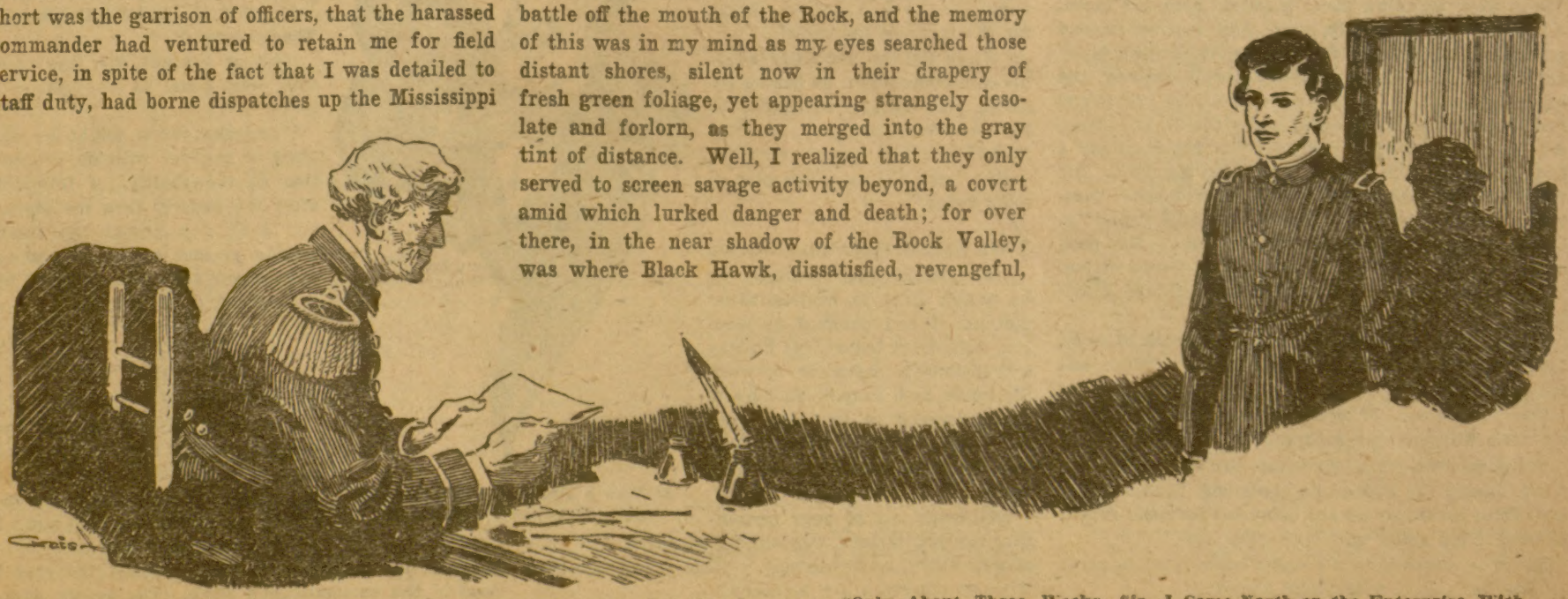
WHEREIN I MEET JOE KIRBY, RIVER GAMBLER.

IT WAS the early springtime, and my history tells me the year was 1832, altho now that seems so far away I almost hesitate to write the date. It appears surprising that thru the haze of all those intervening years—intensely active years with me—I should now be able to recall so clearly the scene of that far-off morning of my youth, and depict in memory each minor detail. Yet, as you read on, and realize yourself the stirring events resulting from that idle moment, you may be able to comprehend the deep impression left upon my mind, which no cycle of time could ever erase.

I was barely twenty then, a strong, almost headstrong boy, and the far wilderness was still very new to me, altho for two years past I had held Army commission and been assigned to duty in frontier forts. Yet never previously had I been stationed at quite so isolated an outpost of civilization as was this combination of rock and log defense erected at the southern extremity of Rock Island, fairly marooned amid the sweep of the great river, with Indian-haunted land stretching for leagues on every side. A mere handful of troops was quartered there, technically two companies of infantry, yet numbering barely enough for one; and this in spite of rumors daily drifting to us that the Sacs and Foxes, with their main village just below, were already becoming restless and warlike, inflamed by the slow approach of white settlers into the valley of the Rock. Indeed, so short was the garrison of officers, that the harassed commander had ventured to retain me for field service, in spite of the fact that I was detailed to staff duty, had borne dispatches up the Mississippi from General Gaines, and expected to return again by the first boat.

The morning was one of deep-blue sky and bright sunshine, the soft spring air vocal with the song of birds. As soon as early drill ended I had left the fort inclosure, and sought a lonely perch on the great rock above the mouth of the cave. It was a spot I loved. Below, extended a magnificent vista of the river, fully a mile wide from shore to shore, spreading out in a sheet of glittering silver, unbroken in its vast sweep toward the sea except for a few small, willow-studded islands a mile or two away, with here and there the black dot of an Indian canoe gliding across the surface. I had been told of a fight amid those islands in 1814, a desperate savage battle off the mouth of the Rock, and the memory of this was in my mind as my eyes searched those distant shores, silent now in their drapery of fresh green foliage, yet appearing strangely desolate and forlorn, as they merged into the gray tint of distance. Well, I realized that they only served to screen savage activity beyond, a covert amid which lurked danger and death; for over there, in the near shadow of the Rock Valley, was where Black Hawk, dissatisfied, revengeful, dwelt with his British band, gathering swiftly about him the younger, fighting warriors of every tribe his influence could reach. He had been at the fort but two days before, a tall, straight, taciturn Indian; no chief by birth, yet a born leader of men, defiant in speech, and insolent of demeanor in spite of the presence also at the council of his people's true representative, the silent, cautious Keokuk.

Even with my small knowledge of such things it was plain enough to be seen there existed deadly hatred between these two, and that Keokuk's desire for peace with the whites alone postponed an outbreak. I knew then but little of the cause. The Indian tongue was strange to me, and the interpreter failed to make clear the underlying motive, yet I managed to gather that, in spite of treaty, Black Hawk refused to leave his old-time hunting grounds to the east of the river, and openly threatened war. The commandant trusted Keokuk, with faith that his peaceful counsels would prevail; but when Black Hawk angrily left the chamber and my eyes followed him to his waiting canoe, my mind was convinced that this

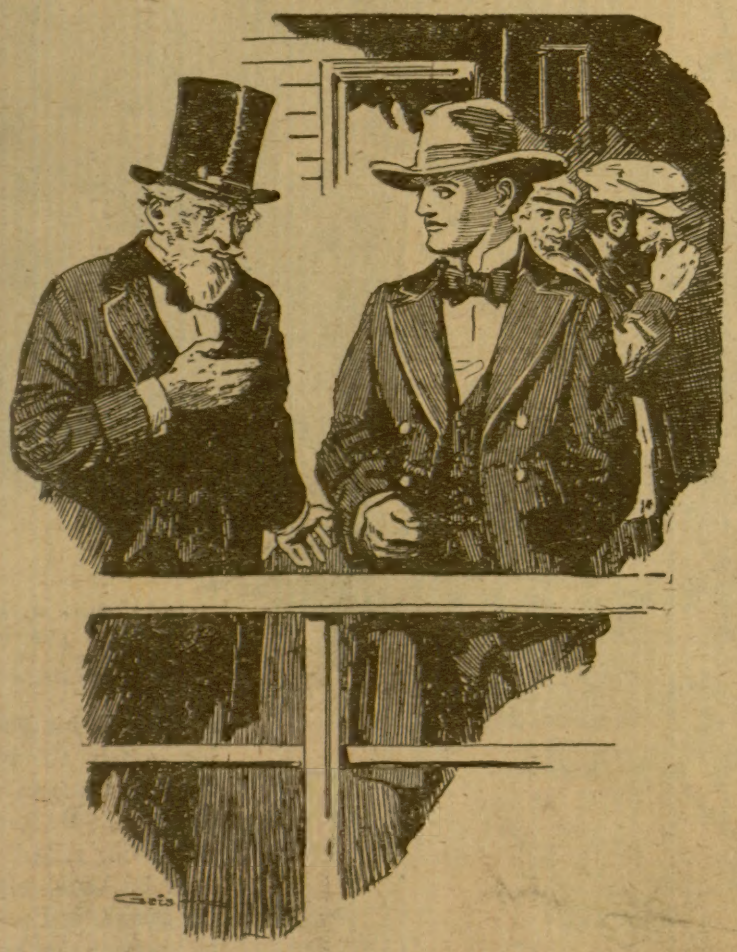


"How Long Have You Been Here at Armstrong, Lieutenant?" He Questioned, Toying With an Official-looking Paper In His Hand.

"Only About Three Weeks, Sir. I Came North on the Enterprise, With Dispatches From General Gaines."

was not destined to be the end—that only force of arms would ever tame his savage spirit.

This all came back to me in memory as I sat there, searching out that distant shore line, and picturing in imagination the restless Indian camp concealed from view beyond those tree-crowned bluffs. Already tales reached us of encroaching settlers advancing along the valley, and of savage, retaliating raids which could only terminate in armed encounters. Already crops had been destroyed, and isolated cabins fired, the work as yet of prowling, irresponsible bands, yet always traced in their origin to Black Hawk's village. That Keokuk could continue to control his people no longer seemed probable to me, for the Hawk was evidently the stronger character of the two, possessed the larger following, and made no attempt to conceal the depth of his hatred for all things American.



I Discovered Judge Beaucaire Standing Close Beside Me at the Low Rail.

NOW to my view all appeared peaceful enough—the silent, deserted shores, the desolate sweep of the broad river, the green-crowned bluffs, the quiet log fort behind me, its stockaded gates wide open, with not even a sentry visible, a flag flapping idly at the summit of a high pole, and down below where I sat a little river steamboat tied to the wharf, a dingy stern-wheeler, with the word "Warrior" painted across the pilot house. My eyes and thoughts turned that way wonderingly. The boat had tied up the previous evening, having just descended from Prairie du Chien, and, it was rumored at that time, intended to depart down river for St. Louis at daybreak. Yet even now I could perceive no sign of departure. There was but the thinnest suggestion of smoke from the single stack, no loading, or unloading, and the few members of the crew visible were idling on the wharf, or grouped upon the forward deck, a nondescript bunch of river boatmen, with an occasional black face among them, their voices reaching me, every sentence punctuated by oaths. Above, either seated on deck stools, or moving restlessly about, peering over the low rail at the shore, were a few passengers, all men roughly dressed—miners from Fevre River likely, with here and there perchance an adventurer from farther above—impatient of delay. I was attracted to but two of any interest. These were standing alone together near the stern, a heavily-built man with white hair and beard, and a younger, rather slender fellow, with clipped, black mustache. Both were unusually well dressed, the latter exceedingly natty and fashionable in attire, rather overly so I thought, while the former wore a long coat, and high white stock. Involuntarily I had placed them in my mind as river gamblers, but was still observing their movements with some curiosity, when Captain Thockmorton crossed the gangplank and began ascending the steep bluff. The path to be followed led directly past where I was sitting, and, recognizing me, he stopped to exchange greetings.

"What! have you finished your day's work already, Lieutenant?" he exclaimed pleasantly. "Mine has only just begun."

"So I observe. It was garrison talk last night that the Warrior was to depart at daylight."

"That was the plan. However, the Wanderer went north during the night," he explained, "and brought mail from below, so we are being held for the return letters. I am going up to the office now."

My eyes returned to the scene below.

"You have some passengers aboard."

"A few; picked up several at the lead mines, besides those aboard from Prairie due Chien. No soldiers this trip, tho. They haven't men enough at Fort Crawford to patrol the walls."

"So I'm told; and only the merest handful here. Frankly, Captain, I do not know what they can be thinking about down below, with this Indian uprising threatened. The situation is more serious than they imagine. In my judgment Black Hawk means to fight."

"I fully agree with you," he replied soberly. "But Governor Clark is the only one who senses the situation. However, I learned last night from the commander of the Wanderer that troops were being gathered at Jefferson Barracks. I'll probably get a load of them coming back. What is your regiment, Knox?"

"The Fifth Infantry."

"The Fifth! Then you do not belong here?"

"No; I came up with dispatches, but have not been permitted to return. What troops are at Jefferson Barracks—did you learn?"

"Most from the First, with two companies of the Sixth, Watson told me; only about four hundred altogether. How many warriors has Black Hawk?"

"No one knows. They say his emissaries are circulating among the Wyandottes and Potawatamies, and that he has received encouragement from the Prophet which makes him bold."

"The Prophet! Oh, you mean Wabokieskiek? I know that old devil, a Winnebago; and if Black Hawk is in his hands he will not listen very long even to White Beaver. General Atkinson passed thru here lately; what does he think?"

I shook my head doubtfully.

"No one can tell, Captain; at least none of the officers here seem in his confidence. I have never met him, but I learn this: He trusts the promises of Keokuk, and continues to hold parley. Under his orders a council was held here three days ago since, which ended in a quarrel between the two chiefs.

However, there is a rumor that dispatches have already been sent to Governors Clark and Reynolds suggesting a call for volunteers, yet I cannot vouch for the truth of the tale."

"White Beaver generally keeps his own counsel, yet he knows Indians, and might trust me with his decision, for we are old friends. If you can furnish me with a light, I'll start this pipe of mine going."

I WATCHED the weather-beaten face of the old riverman, as he puffed away in evident satisfaction. I had chanced to meet him only twice before, yet he was a well-known character between St. Louis and Prairie du Chien; rough enough to be sure, from the very nature of his calling, but generous and straightforward.

It Was a Reckless Face, Yet Appeared Carved From Marble.

"Evidently all of your passengers are not miners, Captain," I ventured, for want of something better to say. "Those two standing there at the stern, for instance."

He turned and looked, shading his eyes, the smoking pipe for the moment held in one hand.

"No," he said, "that big man is Judge Beaucaire, from Missouri. He has a plantation just above St. Louis, an old French grant. He went up with me about a month ago—my first trip this season—to look after some investment on the Fevre, which I judge hasn't turned out very well, and has been waiting to go back with me. Of course you know the younger one."

"Never saw him before."

"Then you have never traveled much on the lower river. That's Joe Kirby."

"Joe Kirby?"

"Certainly; you must have heard of him. First time I ever knew of that blackleg gambler drifting so far north, as there are not many pickings up here. Have rather suspected he might be laying for Beaucaire, but the two haven't touched a card coming down."

"He is a gambler, then?"

"A thorobred; works between St. Louis and New Orleans. I can't just figure out yet what he is doing up here. I asked him flat out, but he only laughed, and he isn't the sort of man you get very friendly with; some say he has Indian blood in him, so I dropped it. He and the Judge seem pretty thick, and they may be playing in their rooms."

"Have you ever told the planter who the other man is?"

"What, me, told him? Well, hardly; I've got troubles enough of my own. Beaucaire is of age, I reckon, and they tell me he is some poker player himself. The chances are he knows Kirby better than I do; besides I've run this river too long to interfere with my passengers. See you again before we leave; am going up now to have a talk with the Major."

My eyes followed as he disappeared within the open gates, a squatty, strongly-built figure, the blue smoke from his pipe circling in a cloud above his head. Then I turned idly to gaze once again down the river, and observe the groups loitering below. I felt but slight interest in the conversation just exchanged, nor did the memory of it abide for long in my mind. I had not been close enough to observe Beaucaire, or glimpse his character, while the presence of a gambler on the boat was no such novelty in those days as to chain my attention. Indeed, these individuals were everywhere, a recognized institution, and, as Thockmorton had intimated, the planter himself was fully conversant with the game, and quite able to protect himself. Assuredly it was none of my affair, and yet a certain curiosity caused me to observe the movements of the two so long as they remained on deck.

However, it was but a short while before both retired to the cabin, and then my gaze returned once more to the sullen sweep of water, while my thoughts drifted far away.

A soldier was within a few feet of me, and had spoken, before I was even aware of his approach.

I looked about quickly, recognizing the major's orderly.

"Yes, Sanders, what is it?"

"Major Bliss requests, sir, that you report at his office at once."

"Very well. Is he with Captain Thockmorton?"

"Not at present, sir; the captain has gone to the postsutler's."

Wondering what might be desired of me, yet with no conception of the reality, I followed after the orderly thru the stockade gate, and across the small parade ground toward the more pretentious structure occupied by the officers of the garrison.

CHAPTER II.

ON FURLOUGH.

A NUMBER of soldiers off duty were loitering in front of the barracks, while a small group of officers occupied chairs on the log porch of their quarters, enjoying the warmth of the sun. I greeted these as I passed, conscious that their eyes followed me curiously as I approached the closed door of the commandant's office. The sentry without brought his rifle to a salute, but permitted my

passage without challenge. A voice within answered my knock, and I entered, closing the door behind me. The room was familiar—plain, almost shabbily furnished, the walls being decorated only by the skins of wild beasts, and holding merely a few rudely constructed chairs and a long pine table. Major Bliss glanced up at my entrance, with deep-set eyes hidden beneath bushy-gray eyebrows, his smooth-shaven face appearing almost youthful in contrast to a wealth of gray hair. A veteran of the old war, and a strict disciplinarian, inclined to be austere, his smile of welcome gave me instantly a distinct feeling of relief.

"How long have you been here at Armstrong, Lieutenant?" he questioned, toying with an official-looking paper in his hands.

"Only about three weeks, sir. I came north on the Enterprise, with dispatches from General Gaines."

"I remember; you belong to the Fifth, and, without orders, I promptly dragooned you into garrison service." His eyes laughed. "Only sorry I cannot hold you any longer."

"I do not understand, sir."

"Yet I presume you have learned that the Wanderer stopped here for an hour last night on its way north to Prairie du Chien?"

"Captain Thockmorton just informed me."

"But you received no mail?"

"No, sir; or, rather, I have not been at the office to inquire. Was there mail for me?"

"That I do not know; only I have received a communication relating to you. It seems you have an application pending for a furlough."

"Yes, sir."

"It is my pleasure to inform you that it has been granted—sixty days, with permission to proceed east. There has been considerable delay evidently in locating you."

A sudden vision arose before me of my mother's face and of the old home among the hills as I took the paper from his extended hands and glanced at the printed and written lines.

"The date is a month ago."

"That need not trouble you, Knox. The furlough begins with this delivery. However, as I shall require your services as far as St. Louis, I shall date its acceptance from the time of your arrival there."

"Which is very kind, sir."

"Not at all. You have proven of considerable assistance here, and I shall part from you with regret. I have letters for Governor Clark of Missouri, and Governor Reynolds of Illinois; also one to General Atkinson at Jefferson Barracks, detailing my views on the present Indian situation. These are confidential, and I hesitate to entrust them to the regular mail service. I had intended sending them down the river in charge of a non-commissioned officer, but shall now utilize your services instead—that is, if you are willing to assume their care?"

"Very gladly, of course."

"I thought as much. Each of these is to be delivered in person. Captain Thockmorton informs me that he will be prepared to depart within an hour. You can be ready in that time?"

I smiled.

"In much less. I have little with me but a field kit, sir. It will not require long to pack that."

"Then return here at the first whistle, and the letters will be ready for you. That will be all now."

I turned toward the door, but paused irresolutely. The major was already bent over his task, and writing rapidly.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but as I am still to remain on duty, I presume I must travel in uniform?"

He glanced up, his eyes quizzical, the pen still grasped in his fingers.

"I could never quite understand the eagerness of young officers to get into civilian clothing," he confessed reflectively. "Why, I haven't even had a suit for ten years. However, I can see no necessity for your proclaiming your identity on the trip down. Indeed, it may prove the safer course, and technically I presume you may be considered as on furlough. Travel as you please, Lieutenant, but I suggest it will be well to wear the uniform of your rank when you deliver the letters. Is that all?"

"I think of nothing more."

Fifteen minutes sufficed to gather together all my belongings, and change from blue into gray, and, as I emerged from quarters, the officers of the garrison flocked about me with words of congratulation and innumerable questions. Universal envy of my good fortune was evident, but this assumed no unpleasant form, altho much was said to express their belief in my early return.

"Anyway, you are bound to wish you were back," exclaimed Hartley, the senior captain, earnestly. "For we are going to be in the thick of it here in less than a month, unless all signs fail. I was at that last council, and I tell you that Sac devil means to fight."

"You may be certain I shall be back if he does," I answered. "But the Major seems to believe that peace is still possible."

"No one really knows what he believes," insisted Hartley soberly. "Those letters you carry south may contain the truth, but if I was in command here we would never take the chances we do now. Look at those stockade gates standing wide open, and only one sentry posted. Ye gods! who would ever suppose we were just a handful of men in hostile Indian territory." His voice increased in earnestness, his eyes sweeping the group of faces. "I've been on this frontier for fourteen years, and visited in Black Hawk's camp a dozen times. He's a British Indian, and hates everything American. Ask Forsyth."

"The Indian agent?"

"Yes, he knows. He's already written to Governor Reynolds, and I saw the letter. His word is that Keokuk is powerless to hold back an explosion; he and the Hawk are open enemies, and with the first advance of settlers along the Rock River Valley this whole border is going to be bathed in blood. And look what we've got to fight it with."

"Thockmorton told me," I explained, "that Atkinson is preparing to send in more troops; he expects to bring a load north with him on his next trip."

"From Jefferson?"

"Yes; they are concentrating there."

"How many regulars are there?"

"About four hundred from the First and Sixth regiments."

He laughed scornfully.

"I thought so. That means that Atkinson may send two or three hundred men, half of them recruits, to be scattered between Madison, Armstrong and Crawford. Say we are lucky enough to get a hundred or a hundred and fifty of them stationed here. Why, man, there are five hundred warriors in Black Hawk's camp at this minute, and that is only fifteen miles away. Within ten days he could rally to him Kickapoos, Potawatamies and Winnebagoes in sufficient force to crush us like an eggshell. Why, Gaines ought to be here himself, with a thousand regulars behind him."

"Surely we can defend Armstrong," broke in a confident voice. "The savages would have to attack in canoes."

Hartley turned, and confronted the speaker.

"In canoes!" he exclaimed. "Why, may I ask? With three hundred men here in garrison, how many could we spare to patrol the island? Not a corporal's guard, if we retained enough to prevent an open assault on the fort. On any dark night they could land every warrior unknown to us. The Hawk knows that—just as well as we do."

"You Thief!" He Roared, "You Dirty, Low-down Thief; I Held Four Aces—Where Did You Get the Fifth One?"

HIS voice had scarcely ceased when the boat whistle sounded hoarse from the landing below. Grasping my kit I shook hands all around, and left them, hastening across the parade to the office. Ten minutes later I crossed the gangplank, and put foot for the first time on the deck of the Warrior. Evidently the crew had been awaiting my arrival to push off, for instantly the whistle shrieked again, and immediately after the boat began to churn its way out into the river current, with its bow pointing down stream. Little groups of officers and enlisted men gathered high up on the rocky headland to watch us getting under way, and I lingered beside the rail, waving to them, as the struggling boat swept down, constantly increasing its speed. Even when the last of those black spots had vanished in the far distance, the flag on the high staff remained clearly outlined against the sky, a symbol of civilization in the midst of that vast savage wilderness. Thockmorton leaned out from the open window of the pilot house and hailed me.

"Put your dunnage in the third cabin, Knox—here, you, Sam, lay hold and help."

It was nothing to boast of, that third cabin, being a mere hole, measuring possibly about four feet by seven, but sufficient for sleeping quarters, and reasonably clean. It failed, however, in attractiveness sufficient to keep me below, and as soon as I had deposited my bag and indulged in a somewhat captious scrutiny of the bedding, I very willingly returned to the outside and clambered up a steep ladder to the upper deck.

The view from this point was a most attractive one. The little steamer struggled forward thru the swift, swirling water, keeping nearly in the center of the broad stream, the white spray flung high by her churning wheel and sparkling like diamonds in the sunshine. Lightly loaded, a mere chip on the mighty current, she seemed to fly like a bird, impelled not only by the force of her engines, but swept irresistibly on by the grasp of the waters. We were already skirting the willow-clad island, green and dense with foliage to the river's edge; and beyond these could gain tantalizing glimpses of the mouth of the Rock, its waters gleaming like silver between grassy banks. The opposite shore appeared dark and gloomy in comparison, with great rock-crowned bluffs outlined against the sky, occasionally assuming grotesque forms, which the boatmen pointed out as familiar landmarks.

Once we narrowly escaped collision with a speeding Indian canoe, containing two frightened occupants, so intent upon saving themselves they never even glanced up until we had swept by. Thockmorton laughed heartily at their desperate struggle in the swell, and several of the crew ran to the stern to watch the little cockle-shell toss about in the waves. It was when I turned also, the better to assure myself of their safety, that I discovered Judge Beaucaire standing close beside me at the low rail. Our eyes met inquiringly, and he bowed with all the ceremony of the old school.

"A new passenger on board, I think, sir," and his deep, resonant voice left a pleasant impression, "You must have joined our company at Fort Armstrong?"

"Your supposition is correct," I answered, some peculiar constraint preventing me from referring to my military rank. "My name is Knox, and I have been about the island for a few weeks. I believe you are Judge Beaucaire of Missouri?"

He was a splendidly proportioned man, with deep chest, great breadth of shoulders, and strong individual face, yet bearing unmistakable signs of dissipation, together with numerous marks of both care and age.

"I feel the honor of your recognition, sir," he said with dignity. "Knox, I believe you said? Of the Knox family at Cape Girardeau, may I inquire?"

"No connection to my knowledge; my home was at Wheeling."

"Ah! I have never been so far east; indeed the extent of my travels along the beautiful Ohio has only been to the Falls. The Beaucaires were originally from Louisiana."

"You must have been among the earlier settlers of Missouri?"

"Before the Americans came, sir," proudly. "My grandfather arrived at Beaucaire Landing during the old French regime; but doubtless you know all this?"

"No, Judge," I answered, recognizing the egotism of the man, but believing frankness to be the best policy. "This happens to be my first trip on the upper river, and I merely chanced to know your name because you had been pointed out to me by Captain Thockmorton. I understood from him that you represented one of the oldest families in that section."

"There were but very few here before us," he answered, with undisguised pride. "Mostly wilderness outcasts, voyageurs, coureurs de bois; but my grandfather's grant of land was from the King. Alphonse de Beaucaire, sir, was the trusted lieutenant of D'Iberville—a soldier, and a gentleman of highest culture and courage."

I bowed in acknowledgment, the family arrogance of the man interested me deeply. So evident was his pride of ancestry that a sudden suspicion flared into my mind that this might be all the man had left—this memory of the past.

"The history of those early days is not altogether familiar to me," I admitted regretfully. "But surely D'Iberville must have ruled in Louisiana more than one hundred years ago?"

The Judge smiled.

"Quite true. This grant of ours was practically his last official act. Alphonse de Beaucaire took possession in 1712, one hundred and twenty years ago, sir. I was myself born at Beaucaire, sixty-eight years ago."

"I should have guessed you as ten years younger. And the estate still remains in its original grant?"

The smile of condescension deserted his eyes, and his thin lips pressed tightly together.

"I—I regret not; many of the later years have proven disastrous in the extreme," he admitted, hesitatingly. "You will pardon me, sir, if I decline to discuss misfortune. Ah, Monsieur Kirby! I have been awaiting you. Have you met with this young man who came aboard at Fort Armstrong? I—I am unable to recall the name."

"Steven Knox."

I felt the firm, strong grip of the other's hand, and looked straight into his dark eyes. They were like a mask. While, indeed, they seemed to smile in friendly greeting, they yet remained expressionless, and I was glad when the gripping fingers released mine. The face into which I looked was long, firm-jawed, slightly swarthy, a tightly-clipped black mustache shadowing the upper lip. It was a reckless face, yet appeared carved from marble.

"Exceedingly pleased to meet you," he said carelessly. "Rather a dull lot on board,—miners, and such cattle. Bound for St. Louis?"

"Yes—and beyond."

"Shall see more of you then. Well, Judge, how do you feel? Carver and McAfee are waiting for us down below."

The two disappeared together down the ladder, and I was again left alone in my occupancy of the upper deck.

CHAPTER III.

HISTORY OF THE BEAUCAIRES.

THE first two days and nights of the journey southward were devoid of any special interest or adventure. The lonely river, wrapped in the silence of the wilderness, brought to me many a picture of loveliness, yet finally the monotony of it all left the mind drowsy with repetition. Around each tree-crowned bend we swept, skirting shores so similar as to scarcely enable us to realize our progress. In spite of the fact that the stanch little Warrior was proceeding down stream, progress was slow because of the unmarked channel, and the ever-present danger of encountering snags. The intense darkness and fog of the first night compelled tying up for several hours. The banks were low, densely covered with shrubbery, and nothing broke the sameness of the river scene, except the occasional sight of an Indian canoe skimming across its surface. Towns there were none, and seldom even a sign of a settlement greeted the eye on either shore. The only landings were made at Yellow Banks, where there was a squalid group of log huts, and Fort Madison, where I spent a pleasant hour with the officers of the garrison. Occasionally the boat warped in against the bank to replenish its exhausted supply of wood, the crew attacking the surrounding trees with axes, while the wearied passengers exercised their cramped limbs ashore. Once, with some hours at our disposal, we organized a hunt, returning with a variety of wild game. But most of the time I idled the hours away alone.

No one aboard really attracted my companionship. The lead miners were a rough set, boasting and quarrelsome, spending the greater part of their time at the bar. They had several fights, in one of which a man was seriously stabbed, so that he had to be left in care of the post-surgeon at Madison. After the first day Kirby withdrew all attention from me, and ceased in his endeavor to cultivate my acquaintance, convinced of my disinclination to indulge in cards. This I did not regret, altho Beaucaire rather interested me, but, as the gambler seldom permitted the Judge out of his sight, our intimacy grew very slowly. Thockmorton, being his own pilot, seldom left the wheel-house, and consequently I passed many hours on the bench beside him, gazing out on the wide expanse of river, and listening to his reminiscences of early steam-boating days. He was an intelligent man, with a fund of anecdote, acquainted with every landmark, every whispered tale of the great stream from New Orleans to Prairie du Chien. At one time or another he had met the famous characters along the river banks, and thru continual questioning I thus finally became possessed of the story of the house of Beaucaire.

In the main it contained no unusual features. Thru the personal influence of D'Iberville at Louis' court, Alphonse de Beaucaire had originally received a royal grant of ten thousand acres of land bordering the west bank of the Mississippi, a few miles above St. Louis. When his master returned to France leaving him unemployed, Beaucaire, possessing ample means of his own, had preferred to remain in America. In flatboats, propelled by voyageurs, and accompanied by a considerable retinue of slaves, he, with his family, had ascended the river, and finally settled on his princely estate. Here he erected what, for those early days, was a stately mansion, and devoted himself to cultivating the land. Twenty years later, when his death occurred, he possessed the finest property along the upper river, was shipping heavily to the New Orleans market, and was probably the most influential man in all that section. His home was considered a palace, always open to frontier hospitality, the number of his slaves had increased, a large proportion of his land was utilized, and his name was a familiar one the length of the river.

His only son, Felipe, succeeded him, but was not so successful in administration, seriously lacking in business judgment, and being decidedly indolent by nature. Felipe married into one of the oldest and most respectable families of St. Louis, and, as a result of that union, had one son, Lucius, who grew up reckless of restraint, and preferred to spend his time in New Orleans, rather than upon the plantation. Lucius was a young man of twenty-six, unsettled in habits when the father died, and, against his inclination, was compelled to return to Missouri and assume control of the property. He found matters in rather bad condition, and his was not at all the type of mind to remedy them. Much of the land had been already irretrievably lost thru speculation, and, when his father's obligations had been met, and his own gambling debts paid, the estate, once so princely and magnificent, was reduced to barely five hundred acres, together with a comparatively small amount of cash. This condition sufficed to sober Lucius for a few years, and he married a Menard, of Cape Girardeau, of excellent family but not great wealth, and earnestly endeavored to rebuild his fortunes. Unfortunately his reform did not last. The evil influences of the past soon proved too strong for one of his temperament. A small town, redolent of all the vices of the river, grew up about the Landing, while friends of other days sought his hospitality. The plantation house became in time a rendezvous for all the wild spirits of that neighborhood, and stories of fierce drinking bouts and mad gambling were current in St. Louis.

Common as such tales as these were in those early days of the West, I still remained boy enough in heart to feel a fascination in Thockmorton's narrative. Besides, there was at the time so little else to occupy my mind that it inevitably drifted back to the same topic.

"Have you ever been at Beaucaire, Captain?" I asked, eager for more intimate details.

"We always stop at the Landing, but I have only once been up the bluff to where the house stands. It must have been a beautiful place in its day; it is imposing even now, but showing signs of neglect and abuse. The Judge was away from home—in St. Louis, I believe—the day of my visit. He had sold me some timber, and I went out with the family lawyer, a man named Haines living at the Landing, to look it over."

"The house was closed?"

"No; it is never closed. The housekeeper was there, and also the two daughters."

"Daughters?"

"Certainly; hadn't I told you about them? Both girls are accepted as his daughters; but, if all I have heard is true, one must be a granddaughter." He paused reminiscently, his eyes on the river. "To all appearances they are about of the same age, but differing rather widely in looks and character. Both are attractive girls I judge, altho I only had a glimpse of them, and at the time knew nothing of the difference in relationship. I naturally supposed them to be sisters, until Haines and I got to talking about the matter on the way back. Pshaw, Knox, you've got me gossiping like an old woman."

I GLANCED aside at his face.

"This, then, is not common river talk? the truth is not generally known?"

"No; I have never heard it mentioned elsewhere, nor have I previously repeated the story. However, now that the suggestion has slipped out, perhaps I had better go ahead and explain." He puffed at his pipe, and I waited, seemingly intent on the scene without. The captain was a minute or two in deciding how far he would venture. "Haines told me a number of strange things about that family I had never heard before," he admitted at last. "You see he has known them for years, and attended to most of Beaucaire's legal business. I don't know why he chanced to take me into his confidence, only he had been drinking some, and, I reckon, was a bit lonely for companionship; then those two girls interested me, and I asked quite a few questions about them. At first Haines was close as a clam, but finally loosened up, and this is about how the story runs, as he told it. It wasn't generally known, but it seems that Lucius Beaucaire has been married twice—the first time to a Creole girl in New Orleans when he was scarcely more than a boy. Nobody now living probably knows what ever became of her, but likely she died early; anyway she never came North, or has since been heard from. The important part is that she gave birth to a son, who remained in New Orleans, probably in her care, until he was fourteen or fifteen years old. Then some occurrence, possibly his mother's death, caused the Judge to send for the lad, whose name was Adelbert, and had him brought to Missouri. All this happened before Haines settled at the Landing, and previous to Beaucaire's second marriage to Mademoiselle Menard. Bert, as the boy was called, grew up wild, and father and son quarreled so continuously that finally, and before he was twenty, the latter ran away, and has never been heard of since. All they ever learned was that he drifted down the river on a flatboat."

"And he never came back?"

"Not even a letter. He simply disappeared, and no one knows to this day whether he is alive or dead. At least if Judge Beaucaire ever received any word from him he never confessed as much to Haines. However, the boy left behind tangible evidence of his existence."

"You mean——"

"In the form of a child, born to a quadroon slave girl named Delia. The mother, it seems, was able in some way to convice the Judge of the child's parentage. All this happened shortly before Beaucaire's second marriage, and previous to the time when Haines came to the Landing. Exactly what occurred is not clear, or what explanation was made to the bride. The affair must have cut Beaucaire's pride deeply, but he had to face the conditions. It ended in his making the girl Delia his housekeeper, while her child—the offspring of Adelbert Beaucaire—was brought up as a daughter. A year or so later, the second wife gave birth to a female child, and those two girls have grown up together exactly as tho they were sisters. Haines insists that neither of them knows to this day otherwise."

"But that would be simply impossible," I insisted. "The mother would never permit."

"The mother! which mother? The slave mother could gain nothing by confession; and the Judge's wife died when her baby was less than two years old. Delia practically mothered the both of them, and is still in complete charge of the house."

"You met her?"

"She was pointed out to me—a gray-haired, dignified woman, so nearly white as scarcely to be suspected of negro blood."

"Yet still a slave?"

"I cannot answer that. Haines himself did not know. If manumission papers had ever been executed it was done early before he took charge of Beaucaire's legal affairs. The matter never came to his attention."

"But surely he must at some time have discussed this with the Judge?"

"No; at least not directly. Beaucaire is not a man to approach easily. He is excessively proud, and possesses a fiery temper. Once, Haines told me, he ventured a hint, but was rebuffed so fiercely as never to make a second attempt. It was his opinion the Judge aetually hated the sight of his son's child, and only harbored her in the house because he was compelled to do so. All Haines really knew about these conditions had been told him secretly by an old negro slave, probably the only one left on the estate knowing the facts."

"But, Captain," I exclaimed, "do you realize what this might mean? If Judge Beaucaire has not issued papers of freedom, this woman Delia is still a slave."

"Certainly."

"And under the law her child was born into slavery?"

"No doubt of that."

"But the unspeakable horror of it—this young woman brought up as free, educated and refined, suddenly to discover herself to be a negro under the law, and a slave. Why, suppose Beaucaire should die, or lose his property suddenly, she could be sold to the cottons fields, into bondage to any one who would pay the price for her."

Thockmorton knocked the ashes out of his pipe.

"Of course," he admitted slowly. "There is no question as to the law, but I have little doubt but what Beaucaire has attended to this matter long ago. If he dies, the papers will be found hidden away somewhere. It is beyond conception that he could ever leave the girl to such a fate."

I shook my head, obsessed with a shadow of doubt.

"A mistake men often make—the putting off to the last moment doing the disagreeable task. How many, expecting to live, delay the making of a will until too late. In this case I am unable to conceive why, if Beaucaire has ever signed papers of freedom for these two, the fact remains unknown even to his lawyer. One fact is certain, nothing bearing upon the case has been recorded, or Haines would know of it."

"There is nothing on record. Haines assured himself as to that some years ago. The fact is, Knox, that while I hope this provision has been made, there remains a doubt in my mind. Beaucaire has traveled on my boat several times, but he's an unsociable fellow; I don't like him; he's not my kind. If he still harbors hatred toward that runaway son—and to my notion he is exactly that sort—he will never feel any too kindly toward Delia, or her child. If he has not freed them, that will be the reason—no neglect, but a contemptible revenge."

"What are the two girls named?"

"Rene and Eloise."

"Which one is the daughter?"

"Really, Lieutenant, I do not know. You see I was never introduced, but merely gained a glimpse of them in the garden. I doubt if I would recognize the one from the other now. You see all this story was told me later."

I sat there a long while, after he had gone below, the taciturn mate at the wheel. The low, wooded shores swept past in changing panorama, yet I could not divorce my mind from this perplexing problem. Totally unknown to me as these two mysterious girls were, their strange story fascinated my imagination. What possible tragedy lay before them in the years? What horrible revelation to wrench them asunder—to change in a single instant the quiet current of their lives? About them, unseen as yet, lurked a grim specter, waiting only the opportunity to grip them both in the fingers of disgrace, and make instant mock of all their plans. In spite of every effort, every lurking hope, some way I could not rid myself of the thought that Beaucaire—either thru sheer neglect or some instinct of bitter hatred—had failed to meet the requirements of his duty. Even as I sat there, struggling vainly against this suspicion, the Judge himself came forth upon the lower deck, and began pacing back and forth restlessly beside the rail. It was a struggle for me not to join him; the impetuousity of youth urging me even to brave his anger in my eagerness to ascertain the whole truth. Yet I possessed sense enough, or discretion, to refrain, realizing dimly that, not even in the remotest degree, had I any excuse for such action. This was no affair of mine. Nor, indeed, would I have found much opportunity for private conversation, for, only a moment or two later, Kirby joined him, and the two remained together, talking earnestly, until the gong called us all to supper.

Across the long table, bare of cloth, the coarse food served in pewter dishes,

(Continued on Page 10.)

"I Advise You Not to Move, You Young Fool. Where Are You Going?"

A Rat in the Cabin

(Continued From Page 3)

flooring near the rat hole. He stooped and peered, but could see nothing except unsatisfying blackness. He pried up another plank, and yet another. The light from a dripping candle revealed a treacherous undermining of rat holes in the brown sand below. Eagerly he stumbled outside and secured MacGregor's shovel. Standing awkwardly between the floor-stripped joists he set to work at a furious rate, yet with intent care, probing, digging, examining, hopeful that the next shovelful would bring to light his treasure. But he found nothing except a few molded corncobs, a piece of old glove, bits of tattered paper.

A terrified squeal from another corner led him on. He pried up more flooring, dug up more and more, straining, sweating, despairing. At last he flung the shovel out the door and replaced the planks. His search had occupied almost the entire morning, and while he was pounding the last nail, MacGregor and Slinnit returned.

"What luck, lad?" asked MacGregor anxiously.

Big Un shook his head. "It's gone for good, Mac. It's gone." Then hopefully: "What did Kitty say?"

"She——" began Slinnit, grinning.

"I'll do the talking!" broke in MacGregor hotly. "Of course, Kitty was mighty disappointed that you couldn't come," he told Big Un frankly. "But you just write her a letter, and this thing will turn out all right yet."

After dinner Big Un got out his square bottle of black ink and a scratchy pen. Then with his arms sprawled on the unplaned top of the heavy table he began his letter to Kitty Elmore. He found the writing tortuous—what to say, how to explain things so that she would understand. And as he labored there thru the long afternoon, Slinnit's raw voice, boastful of sprees and fights and lewdness, came from the sunny outside, with an occasional grunt from MacGregor, to distract him.

It was evening when he sealed the letter as his best effort and walked slowly down the the trail to the mail box, a half-mile away.

MACGREGOR'S alarm clock rattled and clanged early, the next morning; so early that Slinnit spat petulent curses at it.

Big Un was first dressed, and looked up to find MacGregor, in gray undershirt and drawers, pawing around among the bed covers, a blue sock dangling in one hand.

"What you lookin' for, Mac?"

"Sock." And MacGregor squatted down to search the floor.

Suddenly he snatched up something and examined it closely. "By Gunneys!" he ejaculated. "That dommed rat! Come here, Big Un."

"What you got?"

"A piece of one of your ten-dollar bills, or I'm a liar! That dommed rat's brought it back and left it, and——"

"Stole your sock, I'll bet a horse!" broke in Slinnit, scrambling forward and taking the smeary piece of bill from MacGregor.

"Hold on!" Big Un's hairy hand took possession of the bill and shoved it down into his pocket. "That's mine. And I'll be keepin' it."

"That dommed rat!" MacGregor murmured as he limped to his tool box for another sock.

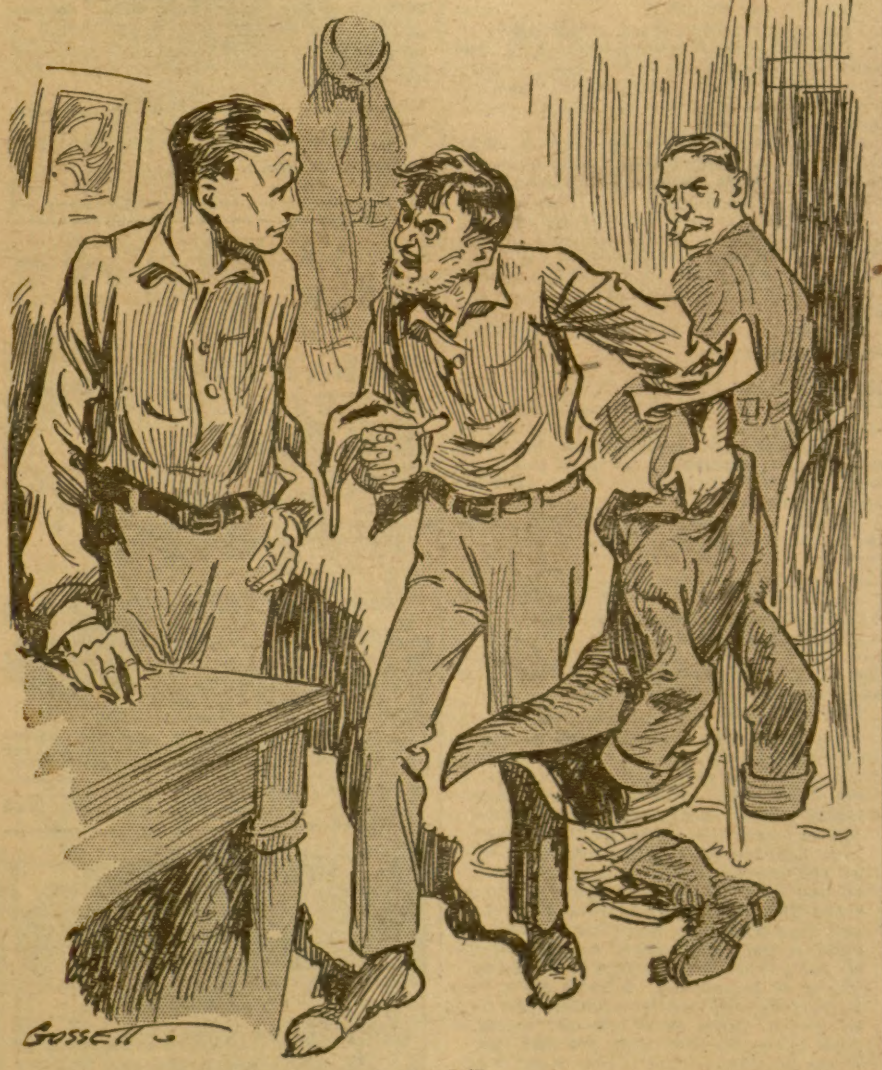
"Oh, you wise guys!" sneered Slinnit. "Mebbe you want to accuse me o' takin' the sock. How about it? . . . Oh, you wise guys! You wise guys!" And to the deep discomfiture of the others he continued his taunts thruout the morning.

After breakfast they shouldered their axes and crossed the clearing to begin work.

MACGREGOR'S cabin, a rough, grayish-yellow structure of up-and-down siding, squatted froglike in the center of the sandy clearing. Ringed about was a density of redolent cedars, scrub for the most part, yet some with enough height and maturity to dwarf the few stunted pinons which strove for the clear, sunny air. Here MacGregor and Big Un had worked thruout the summer, as numerous, intermittent piles of naked logs testified.

At MacGregor's direction Big Un took the saw and set to work felling a forty-foot cedar, while the Scotchman swung his ax on a scrub pinon.

Big Un worked moodily, Slinnit wirily. And at the end of the day, when Slinnit demanded a judgment, MacGregor admitted that his work was satisfactory.



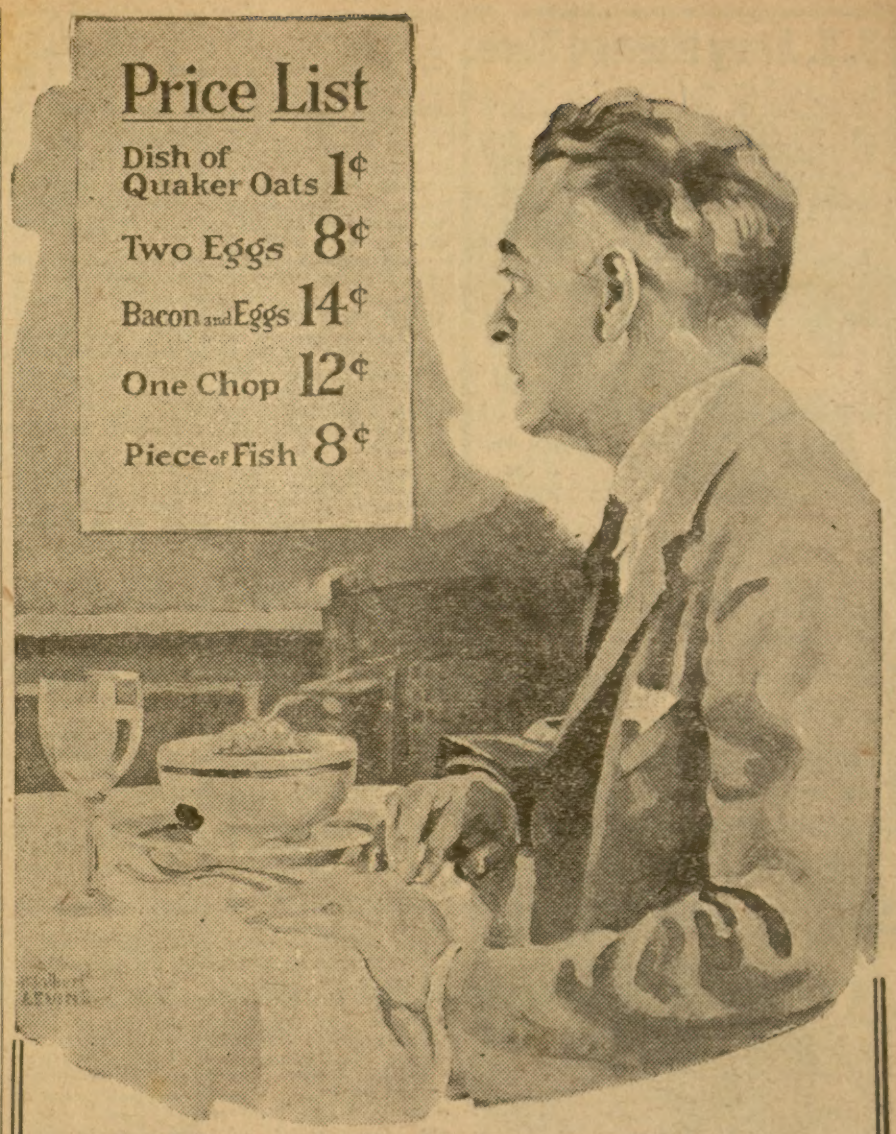
"Prove It!"

"But, see here, my man, I'll have ye understand that I'm boss. Ye'll kindly keep suggestions to yourself. And another thing: I'm going to Carleton tomorrow to hire some haulers, and I may be gone a day or two. While I'm gone, Big Un's boss here. Ye'll do exactly what he tells ye to do, or ye can get out."

"Elephant? Him boss?" guffawed Slinnit. "You're kiddin' me, Mac! Why, Elephant couldn't boss a baby!" But when he saw the grimness of MacGregor's eyes and heard an uneasy stirring back in the shadows, he quieted hastily.

After MacGregor's departure the next morning, Slinnit's industriousness waned sadly; not so his volubility.

"Don't look like your girl's goin' to



Would Men Pay

That difference if they knew?

Suppose a price list showed the cost of the main breakfast dishes. And other dishes cost 8 to 14 times a dish of Quaker Oats. Which would the man choose, do you think?

Costs 60c per 1,000 calories

Then the children—Quaker Oats is ideal food for them. It is almost a complete food — the greatest food that grows. It is rich in elements which other breakfasts lack.

This one-cent dish is supreme food for a child.

Ten times the cost

Food is measured by calories, the energy unit. Quaker Oats yield 1,810 calories per pound, while round steak yields 890.

Meat, egg and fish foods average in cost, per 1,000 calories, about ten times Quaker Oats.

Costs 50c per 1,000 calories

Costs 50c per 1,000 calories

Consider these facts in your breakfasts. The best body-builder and best vim-food is the oat. Yet the finest oat dish—Quaker Oats—may cut breakfast cost 90 per cent.

Serve the costlier foods at dinner. Start the day on the food of foods, which everybody needs.

Large Package Quaker Oats equals in calory value—

About 89 eggs,
or 17 lbs. mackerel,
or 7 lbs. round steak,
or 9 lbs. veal cutlet,
or 21 lbs. potatoes.

Costs 6½c per 1,000 calories

Quaker Oats

Rich, plump, flavory grains alone

Quaker Oats is flaked from queen grains only. All the puny, insipid grains are discarded. We get but ten pounds of these flavory flakes from a bushel of choice oats.

Get this super-grade. It costs no extra price, and it makes the oat dish vastly more inviting.

Packed in sealed round packages with removable cover

U. S. Army Munson Shoe

Made by Endicott-Johnson Co., of soft chrome leather with broad oak leather heels and double thick soles; dirt-excluding and waterproof tongue; guaranteed for six months' wear. Sizes 5½ to 12.

Value $6.00

$4.45

Money Back If You Want It

Mail Coupon To-Day

PAY THE POSTMAN

Send .... pairs U. S. Army Munson Last Shoes.

Sizes wanted.....

Name.....

Address.....

Civilian Army & Navy Shoe Co.

45 W. 34th Street, New York

Send No Money

GENUINE $12 IMPORTED VELOUR HAT

$6.89

A Stunning Stylish Hat

Worth $12

FULL OF JAZZ AND PEP

BECOMING TO YOUNG AND OLD

Write quick for this amazing bargain. Only limited lot. Wonderful quality, imported velour, record-breaking cut price.

Just send address and size for this wonderful imported genuine black velour hat. Beautiful Fedora style. Flexible brim. Can be turned up or down. Made of the finest quality, very silky, imported black velour. Fine wide grosgrain black silk ribbon band. Genuine leather, non-soilable sweat band. A hat you can wear, season after season, for years. **Don't Send a Penny**—Pay only $6.89 C. O. D. We pay delivery charges. **We Guarantee** to refund your money immediately, if you can match it for less than $12.00. **Write Today** before this astounding offer is withdrawn. Be sure to give size.

BERNARD-HEWITT & COMPANY

Dept. H2710, 900 W. Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill.

LEARN WIRELESS

At Home Quickly and Easily

Interesting and attractive positions—either at sea or on land—with substantial salaries, for men and women trained as Wireless Operators. Salaries start at $125 a month plus Board, Lodging and Laundry, which means a total of $200 or more a month. One of our recent graduates is getting $6,000 a year.

Get in line for a big position at a big salary! Let us help you! WIRELESS INSTRUMENTS FREE TO EVERY STUDENT Write for this FREE booklet, full of valuable information.

NATIONAL RADIO INSTITUTE

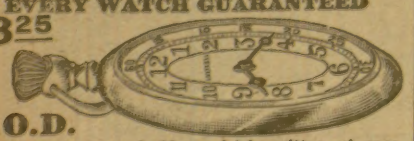
Dept. 363, 14th & U Sts., N. W., Washington, D. C

1921 Model Warranted Watch $3.25

to introduce our watches. Thin model, beautifully polished silveroid case. Men's and women's size. Fitted with high grade movement, fully tested. Stem set and stem wind.

EVERY WATCH GUARANTEED

$3.25



C.O.D.

Send us your name and address plainly written, at once. We'll send this beautiful watch by return parcel post. Pay postman only $3.25. Test this 1921 time keeper in every way. If not satisfied return it. We'll refund your money. Send your order TODAY.

Cambridge Watch Co., 1005 Cambridge Bldg., Chicago

DENINGER WILL SAVE YOU 25 TO 50 DOLLARS

$340

BIG MONEY SAVINGS FOR YOU

Used and rebuilt motorcycles, single and twins, $25 to $100. Used bicycles, $5.00; tandems, $10. All machines guaranteed in good working order. New bicycles and motorcycles at Factory prices. You save dealers' profits. Motorcycle and automobile tires too, $3.00. Complete line of parts and supplies.

Send for catalog Deninger Cycle Co., Rochester, N.Y.

Be a Detective Excellent opportunity, good pay, travel. Write

C. T. Ludwig, 120 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

'stick to you, does it?" he would say with a nasty laugh, while he leaned on his ax and watched Big Un working busily. "They tell me that them claims up in Utah is purty nice, too. . . . But I told you, Elephant, that women couldn't be depended on. No, siree! One flimmed me once. . . . But mebbe it's jist as well that you lost your money, after all. She'd 'a' got tired o' you, you bein' so homely, an' awkward, an' ignorant an' all. . . . Yep, you're jist as well off."

And when he would see the hot gleam shoot to Big Un's eyes he would desist from his taunts for a moment. Then he would begin again.

"What's the use o' workin' our heads off? Hey? Let's take a rest while the old man's gone. That sun's too hot fer any human bein' to work in. Say, let's make a day of it, wha'd'yuh say?"

"Get to work," Big Un would answer shortly.

"Get to work? Ain't I workin'? Come on, Big Fellow! Let's call it a day. Let's go fishin'. What say? I saw some good-looking holes in the river when I was comin' up from Carleton. Let's call it a day."

"You'll get paid for the work you do."

"Well, ain't I doin' my share? Sure I am. But let's go fishin'. . . . Well, after we get done workin', then. Have some fish fer supper. Do you good to go fishin' an' quit mopin' 'round like you are. Wha'd'you say?"

"Mebbe."

But Slinnit wheedled him into acquiescence. And after 5 o'clock they quit work, hastily rigged out some poles, and set out for the river, two miles away.

"Looks like a good place fer quicksand," remarked Slinnit as he scooted to a sitting posture on a brown-sanded bank and cast his line into the wide, green river.

"Don't know." Big Un threw out his line.

He fished absently, and caught nothing. Unmolested, a game fly spurred at his nose.

Slinnit was likewise unsuccessful. And after a half hour of rebaiting, shifts, vicious jerks and torrential cursing, he left his pole and came up behind Big Un.

"Watch your line!" he yelled suddenly. "Hey, Elephant! Can't you see you got a bite! Watch your line! There's a big old catfish right on top o' your bait. Watch him, now!"

Big Un watched. Thud! Something solid struck him in the back, knocked him forward, forward. He struggled for balance. The sandy bank buckled, crumbled, and the two men splashed headlong into the roily water.

Coming up with a bob, Big Un quickly regained his wits, and with powerful strokes soon reached shore. On the bank, after rubbing the smarting water from his eyes, he saw Slinnit swimming feebly toward him.

The man's face colored to deep red, which drained swiftly to ashen white. He ran back to the water's edge and seized Slinnit as the latter clambered up the loose bank.

"You dog!" he muttered furiously, his viselike hand forcing a protruding tongue from the other's terrified lips. "You dirty dog!" And snatching up the smaller man much as a giant would lift a sack of meal, he hurled him far out into the river.

Slinnit came up strangling. The broad sun flamingly accentuated the entreaty of his greenish-yellow eyes.

"Help!" he choked weakly. "Help! My——"

Big Un passed a trembling hand across his hot brow. Then he plunged in and brought out Slinnit as the latter was sinking for the third time.

"Y-Y-YOU big devil!" snarled Slinnit a half-hour later, shivering nervously beside the fire in the cabin, to which Big Un had half carried him. "I tell you I didn't push you in! The bank gave way an' knocked me ag'in' you—s'elp me God, it did! . . . Put some more wood on the fire! Can't you see I'm freezin'?"

Big Un chucked another stick of cedar into the pot-bellied stove and continued to strip off his wet clothes.

"I'm sick—I'm freezin'!" groaned Slinnit, his teeth rattling like castanets. tried to drown me! But I'll get you! tried to drown me! ut I'll get you! I'll . . . I'm freezin', I tell you!"

He stumbled to a corner of the cabin, out of the range of smeary light, and fumbled about in a crevice of the wall. When he came careening back to the stove he had a pint whisky bottle clutched in his hand.

He pressed the bottle to his shaking lips and took a heavy draught. Then he shrilled again: "You tried to drown me! But I'll get you yet! If I ketch pneumony——"

"You'd better take your clothes off and get to bed," interrupted Big Un bluntly.

The latter had changed his soaked clothes for dry ones. He shoved another stick of wood into the hot stove, glanced narrowly at Slinnit, and strode down the sinuous trail thru the settling dusk to the mail box, where he found a letter from Kitty Elmore. Seated on the mellow sand he read the letter, burning his tense fingers with the matches that lighted his reading.

An hour later he returned to the cabin and found Slinnit sprawled on a cot with his clinging clothes unremoved, snoring raucously.

IT WAS 10 o'clock when Slinnit awoke from his drunken sleep the next morning. Near the open door, in a stream of sunlight, sat Big Un, complacently smoking a grimy corncob pipe.

"Oh, I'm sick!" groaned Slinnit, pressing a quivering hand to his hot head. "My head—it's killin' me! . . An' it's all your fault, you big devil!" he burst out furiously. "You tried to drown me. . . . Oh, my head!"

He staggered past Big Un to a shadowed corner, turned his back, and with a furtive glance behind he hastily shoved a hand into his faded yellow shirt.

"I've been robbed!" he yelled. "I've been robbed!"

Big Un blew out a cool ring of white smoke. "Well, well," he said at last. "How much?"

"Seven—no—eight hundred dollars! Listen here, did——"

"Where'd you have it?"

"Inside my undershirt!" Slinnit spat the words. Then he crouched wirily and advanced on Big Un, his teeth and eyes glistening in the sunlight. "You stole my money! Come across, now, or I'll kill you, you——"

Big Un got up. "Maybe the rat done it," he suggested mildly. "No? Well, I thought maybe one had crawled inside your undershirt and run away with your—eight hundred, did you say?"

"Cut the stallin'!" grunted Slinnit. "An' gimme back my money!"

"Don't you think the rat done it? You told me yourself that them pack rats were pretty wise. I believe a rat done it. . . Say, what's that there on the floor? Something the rat left, I bet you."

Slinnit snatched up a folded bit of paper from the floor near the end of the cot, smoothed it out and with quick snatches from his yellowish-green eyes began to read. Meantime Big Un crossed to the other side of the room and took his huge-bladed razor from its box.

Suddenly Slinnit wadded up the paper and flung it to the floor. "It's a lie! I don't know her! I never been in Spargo. It's a lie, I tell you! . . . Gimme my money!"

Big Un was busily stropping his razor. Slish-slap! Slish-slap! Slish-slap! Slish-slap!

"Gimme my money?"

Slish-slap! Slish-slap! Slish-slap!

"I've discovered where the rat is that stole my money," said Big Un. (Slish-slap! Slish-slap!) "I've got him spotted. I'm goin' to catch him pretty soon." Slish-slap! Slish-slap!

Slinnit was staring at the shining razor. He crept forward a step, and his right arm stole into his shirt and toward his left armpit.

"I'm goin' to catch him," repeated Big Un. (Slish-slap! Slap! Slap!) "And then——" he whacked the strap furiously and his words came in a roaring rush—"and then I'm goin' to cut his other ear off!"

He whirled with the razor poised—but Slinnit was gone.

BIG UN sighed deeply. Then he placed the razor in its box and laid it on the shelf.

A step outside caused him to whirl again. Old MacGregor stood in the doorway, a pack of provisions slung over his broad shoulder.

"Hello, boy," he cried cheerily. Then in a puzzled tone: "Say, what's the matter with this man Slinnit? I met him tearing down the trail just now. He yelled something about ye robbing him. And he had a mad look in his eyes."

Big Un stooped silently and picked up the wadded paper Slinnit had flung to the floor. He smoothed it out tenderly and handed it to MacGregor.

The latter read:

My Dear Big Man: I was so disappointed when Mr. MacGregor called called me up yesterday and said you couldn't come. And when I got your letter this evening, telling me about the rat stealing your money, I was just heartsick. We had counted so on the money, and it meant so much to us. . . . Really, dear, if you were here tonight I believe I would tell you that we have waited long enough, and that, money or no money, it isn't right to waste any more years of happiness. I have saved a little from my work—enough for us to get a little start on our claim. And I just know that we can get along all right. So, if you want me, come . . .

You spoke in your letter about a man named Slinnit, who is now working with you. Is he a little man with only one ear? If he is, you must watch him. He ran away from Spargo last week owing Mrs. Harkness a month's board bill. And (perhaps I shouldn't tell you this, but I will) he tried to persuade me to run away with him. When I refused he threatened me, and—— Oh, I am so afraid of him. You must watch him—please!

With love,
KITTY.

"The dommed rat!" exploded MacGregor, waving the letter excitedly. "So

(Concluded on Page 25.)

Send No Money

Send no money—only coupon. Get this fine skirt for examination and try-on in your own home. Keep it only if you find it just what you want. Act at once. See what a really sensational bargain this is—and buy only if it is all we say and what you want. Send right now—mail coupon.

Stylish Pacific Serge Skirt

This stylish skirt is made of finely woven Pacific Serge in very novel, fetching style. Note the gathered 1-inch knife plaits entirely around—a very smart effect—fashion's latest decree for the coming season. See the wide tailored belt which finishes the waistline. Comes in Navy Blue only. Sizes, 24 to 32 inch waist; 33 to 42 in. length. **Order No. 1299.**

$2.45 On Arrival

Only $2.45 when skirt arrives; balance $1.25 a month until $7.45 is paid. If not satisfied for any reason at all, return the skirt and we will refund your payment. You will not be out a penny. Not only a marvelous bargain, but you'll never even miss the small amounts you pay while wearing it.

Send Now

Don't put this off until the stock is gone. You take no risk. The skirt goes to you on approval. Get the coupon into the mail today and see for yourself what a bargain this is.

FREE Style Book

Page after page of startling values in suits, skirts, waists, dresses, coats, hosiery, underwear for women—suits, overcoats, sweaters, underwear, hosiery for men and boys and astounding shoe bargains all on **Easy Terms.** Don't miss it. The book is free. Send post card for your copy.

STANLEY-ROGERS COMPANY

1015 Jackson Boulevard Dept. 1064 Chicago

Send me plaited serge skirt No. 1299. I will pay $2.45 on arrival. Balance in monthly payments of $1.25 until bargain price, $7.45, is paid. If not perfectly satisfied after examination and try-on, I will return skirt and you will refund money paid.

Waist.....Skirt Length.....

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Don't Wear Pads

Use

The NATIONAL

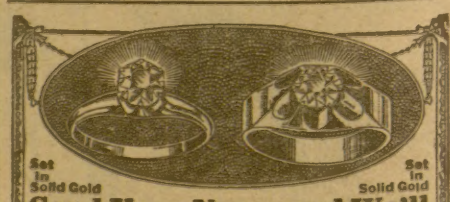
and enlarge your busts to their natural size and beauty.

The National is the special Developer Dr. C. S. Carr formerly recommended in the Physical Culture Magazine, as the only safe, reliable Method known for enlarging the bust in a natural way. Of this method Dr. Carr said: **"Indeed, it will bring about a development of the busts quite astonishing."**

Valuable Book FREE

If you want a beautiful, plump, full bust, write for our valuable book on bust development, containing the article by Dr. Carr, in which he tells specifically the causes of non-development and how the bust may be developed harmlessly to its most beautiful proportions. Sent free to every woman in need of development. If you wish book sent sealed, enclose 6c. postage.

THE OLIVE COMPANY, Dept. B, Clarinda, Iowa



Set in Solid Gold Set in Solid Gold

Send Your Name and We'll Send You a Lachnite

DON'T send a penny. Just send your name and say: "Send me a Lachnite mounted in a solid gold ring on 10 days' free trial." We will send it prepaid right to your home. When it comes merely deposit $4.75 with the postman and then wear the ring for 10 full days. If you, or if any of your friends can tell it from a diamond, send it back. But if you decide to buy it—send us $2.50 a month until $18.75 has been paid.

Write Today Send your name now. Tell us which of the solid gold rings illustrated above you wish (Ladies' or men's). Be sure to send finger size.

Harold Lachman Co., 204 S. Peoria St., Dept. S537 Chicago

Free 30

DAYS TRIAL

We will send the famous "VICTOR 51" razor to you Free for 30 Days Trial. If you wish to buy then send us $1.85 special price for the razor and our guarantee. No obligations to buy. "THE VICTOR 51" must sell itself. Send No Money just a postal and we will send razor at once.

Victor Razor Co, Dept. 1050 Webster Bldg., Chicago

Jungle Treasure

(Continued From Page 4)

than you seem to and don't be surprised at anything you may see or hear. You will find this a strange household in some respects. However, such as it is, it is my home and you are welcome in it. This is to be your room while you are here; I hope that you will find it comfortable."

He made an appropriate rejoinder, and they chatted for a few minutes longer before Ruth left him to himself. As soon as she had gone, Varden got up and began to dress himself. Altho still a trifle shaky, he found that beyond an occasional twinge in his shoulder he was none the worse for his adventure, and he felt much better when he was fully clothed and had strapped his automatic around his waist once more.

As he dressed fragments of the conversation he had heard during his semi-unconscious state came back to him and he tried to piece them together as well as he could. The fact that, by her own admission, Ruth was married to the brute against whom she had enlisted his aid puzzled him tremendously. He couldn't understand it at all, and he almost groaned aloud when he considered what her marriage, if true, meant to him. It meant the wrecking of all his hopes almost before they were fully born, for he knew that he loved this girl as a man can love but once in his life. Still, tacitly at least, he had promised Ruth his aid without hope of reward, and when he thought of this his jaws shut grimly. Come what might he would keep his word. Perhaps the future would be kind to him, and if not—well, his secret was his own, and for the present at least it must remain so.

He had filled and lighted his pipe and he was standing at the door, and in response to his "Come in" Ruth entered the room accompanied by a smallish gray-haired man of uncertain age, who looked at the visitor coldly, almost with animosity, out of a pair of pale blue eyes.

Varden knew without looking directly at her that Ruth was watching him in mute appeal. He had given her his promise to help her father, and altho the conversation he had heard was still fresh in his mind, he ignored the evident hostility in the older man's attitude. His face betrayed nothing of his inner feelings when he held out his hand as a climax to the girl's brief introduction.

"I'm glad to see you, Mr. Nash," he said heartily, "and I'm very grateful for your kindness in my misfortune."

"It wasn't my doing," Nash returned ungraciously, altho he made a pretense of shaking the proffered hand. "You must thank my daughter for that, Mr. Varden. As a matter of fact. I'm not sure I'd have let her bring you here at all if I had known then the village is camped around our stockade right now asking for your head. If we don't give you up and they decide to come in here after you——" He paused significantly.

VARDEN turned to where his rifle was leaning against the wall, picked it up with his uninjured hand, and started toward the door.

"I hadn't thought of that phase of the situation," he said quietly. "Of course, I can't remain here if by so doing I bring danger upon you people. I'll try a dash for the jungle."

"Stop!" Ruth's husky voice was vibrant with feeling. "Put down that gun, Mr. Varden, please, and listen to me a moment. We shall be in no danger if you stay here—the Dyaks daren't harm us. Whatever they do they'll wait until Moreau returns before they do it, and Moreau will soon quiet them. Dad is mistaken; he should be ashamed of himself for suggesting such a thing."

Varden paused near the door and turned to look at her. When he did so he saw that her eyes were calling him, begging him not to heed her father's words, and at the same instant he remembered his promise not to be surprised or to take offense easily. For just an instant he hesitated; then he put down his rifle and smiled.

"Of course," he said, "if you put it like that I shall not go; not yet at any rate. I merely do not wish to get you into trouble, that's all; but if the natives are only bluffing, why——"

"That's it, that's just what they're doing—bluffing," Ruth seized upon the word eagerly. "You just wait a minute, I'll talk to them myself. And before either man could stop her she ran out of the room, leaving the door wide open behind her.

Varden started to follow her, then paused irresolute. It had occurred to him that he was merely a stranger and that for all he knew he might be walking upon thin ice. From Nash's manner he judged that the girl was not running into any danger, and he thought it would be best, perhaps, if he remained where he was.

A moment later he heard Ruth say something in the native tongue, to which a guttural voice replied at some length. It stopped finally, and Ruth spoke again. Then there followed a silence of several seconds. This was broken finally, much to Varden's surprise, by a deep voice speaking clean-cut English.

"Why don't you let them have the fellow, Ruth?" the voice asked. "You know why they want him—he's killed one of their warriors."

"So you're here at last, Victor," Ruth retorted; and it seemed to Varden as tho there were relief in her tone. "It's high time. Of course, I shall not give our visitor up to them. He's hurt, and, besides, he saved my life. The man he killed would have killed me."

"Ah! That's different. I hadn't heard that. I never thought they'd dare attack you! Where was Rajah?"

"I left him at home. But it was Rajah who caused the trouble. That Dyak—the dead one—attacked me when he found me alone because Rajah came near killing him one day when he insulted me. Then the stranger appeared and shot him. This stranger is a man, I tell you, Victor. Just the sort we want to join in our expedition. He's been in the jungle all alone for weeks, outgaming a bunch of Dyak trailers."

"Humph!" Moreau seemed to consider a moment, while Varden almost held his breath. He was a little surprised and elated at the way Ruth had lied to save him. To do so much, he thought, she must have more than a passing interest in him. All at once Moreau laughed softly; then he snapped out several sharp orders in the native tongue.

Somebody jabbered a reply, and there was a sullen murmur from the darkness which showed that a number of men were gathered there. Then there was a shuffling sound, and Moreau laughed again.

"They're gone," he said. "Let me in, Ruth, I'm starved."

Varden heard the girl lower the heavy bar of the stockade gate, and presently there was the sound of steps on the veranda. The American turned from his contemplation of Gilbert Nash's crafty face just in time to meet the man who walked into the room. Prepared as he was to see an unusual person, he was very much surprised.

Victor Moreau was not at all the type of man one would have expected from Ruth's description of his character. He was tall, taller than Varden by a good three inches, and of a slender, sinewy build which denoted both strength and endurance. He was dressed in the usual nondescript costume worn by white adventurers in Borneo, with a broad-brimmed felt hat on his head and a heavy revolver in his belt. His face was smooth-shaven, clean-featured and smiling, and it showed no trace of his mixed blood unless it was in a complexion just a shade darker than common and in the eyes, which were slightly narrowed at the corners.

It was these eyes which held Varden. They appeared almost yellow in the lamplight and they burned into the visitor like living coals as the Eurasian crushed his left hand in a sharp grip—his right was disabled—and greeted him in a tone of bluff goodfellowship.

"So you're Ruth's new find, eh?" he grinned. "Glad to see you. She tells me you might throw in with us?"

"I'm open to almost anything that looks worth while," Varden returned. "It's all up to you folks, of course. I've merely landed here by accident and I don't want to butt in." He winced slightly as tho his wound pained him.

MOREAU grinned at the bandaged shoulder and empty shirtsleeve.

"We'll talk it over," he said. "I guess that by this time you know we're not running a health resort. Ruth says you're an old-timer—you've been up country?"

"Yes—orchids," the visitor replied. "My outfit was wiped out by bushmen a while ago and they've kept me dodging since."

"Nasty beggars," Moreau commented. "They make mighty bad enemies, but they're useful sometimes if you know how to handle 'em. But let's eat. I haven't touched a bite since daylight."

They left the room and crossed the narrow hallway to a larger apartment which was evidently a combined living and dining-room. A round table in the center was covered with an abundance of cold meats and other food. Moreau sat down and fell to instantly. He ate voraciously, wolfishly, and as he ate he talked and joked coarsely with both Ruth and her father; several times he made remarks to the girl which made Varden want to strike him; but the visitor cooled down when he looked at Ruth.

Like her father, she smiled at Moreau's sallies, and at the same time she watched him covertly. Occasionally, when the Eurasian was not looking, her eyes met Varden's, and each time they held a message which was all too plain. She was begging him to be patient and not to forget he was a "cripple." Tho the food tasted exceedingly good, Varden ate only sparingly. He was too busy sizing up his new companions to think of his appetite.

The game was becoming fairly evident to him now. Moreau, for reasons

THREE YEARS TO PAY

for this beautiful

MEISTER PIANO

and a guaranteed saving of $100 to $150

Eight exquisite styles to choose from and the one you select will be sent to you on

30 DAYS FREE TRIAL—ALL FREIGHT PREPAID

If you like the piano we will sell it to you on small monthly payments to suit your convenience as low as $9 per month. No cash deposit asked. No interest on payments. No extras of any kind. Stool free with piano. Write today for our catalog, illustrated in the natural colors of the wood. It's free. If you are interested in player-pianos send for free catalog. We have a fine selection. Rothschild & Co., Dept. 10A, Chicago

Send No Money With Your Order

FOR THE SEASON'S MOST SENSATIONAL HAT VALUE

Your letter or postal card with your name and address brings this beautiful combination SILK VELVET AND EMBROIDERED DOUVYNETTE HAT to your door. Don't pay one cent until this season's latest hat style and big bargain is placed into your hands. The Douvynette brim is beautifully embroidered in silk and tinsel. Crown is of silk velvet over buckrim. Lined with Jap silk. A most suitable shape for everyone.

SAVE HALF

ONLY $4.65

Order by No. B930.

Send No Money

FREE to Your Door

COMES IN THE FOLLOWING COLORS:
Solid Brown or Solid Navy Blue
Solid Brown with Peacock Velvet Facing
Navy Blue with Scarlet Velvet Facing
State color or combination when ordering.

GORDON'S CLOAK HOUSE
Dept. B4, 115 S. Dearborn St., Chicago.

ANY STYLE PANTS $3.48 NOW

Send no money

Made to Your Order

Biggest Value Ever Offered Beautiful pants to your order, of fine quality striped worsteds, through and through weaves for dress or business, guaranteed to give you two solid years satisfying wear or MONEY BACK, tailored any style or size—No Extra Charges—parcel post or express prepaid. Biggest $8.00 value ever offered or money back. Write for 60 cloth samples, FREE SPECIAL THIRTY DAY TRIAL OFFER, one Pair to a customer $3.48

$3.48 Buys $8.00 Pants

Send us your name—TODAY.

Make Big MONEY You can earn $5 to $50 a week sending orders for your relatives and friends. Your spare time will do. COMPLETE OUTFIT and simple directions in first mail—FREE.

Chicago Tailors Ass'n 515 S. Franklin St. Dept. K 651 Chicago

WITTE

$54.95 F.O.B. K.C. 2 H-P. PULLS 2

Direct from Factory to You

ALL SIZES AND STYLES
2, 3, 4, 6, 8, 12, 16, 22 and 30 H-P.
at proportionately Low Prices. Above price for 2 H-P. is for engine complete on skids ready to use. From Pittsburgh add $5. Quick shipment. Write or wire for Big New Engine Catalog FREE.

WITTE ENGINE WORKS
2508 Oakland Ave. KANSAS CITY, MO.
2508 Empire Bldg. PITTSBURGH, PA.

WATCH, RING AND CHAIN GIVEN

We positively give a genuine American Stem Wind and Set Watch, beautifully decorated case, guaranteed time keeper, 6 year guaranteed; Stocking Set, or Hair Ring all for selling 8 of our easy to sell Jewelry articles at 10c each. Write us and we'll send Watch & Ring.

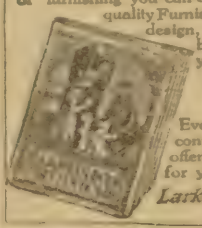
Home Supply Co., Dept. 510, Chicago, Ill.

Have Cozy Rooms For 20c a Day

Now made possible by this latest Larkin Factory-to-Family plan. One to three rooms furnished completely for only 20c a day.

1000 Beautiful Furnishings Await Your Choosing

Welcome surprises await you in the large amount of furnishing you can do at small expense. High quality Furnishings of tasty and beautiful design, on easy terms, at rock-bottom prices surely merit your investigation.



Big Helpful Book Now FREE

Every one of its 128 pages contains intensely interesting offers for the home lover. Write for your book now.

Larkin Co. Dept. FBW 1020, Buffalo, N.Y.

Why use Coal or Wood?

Just turn a valve to cook or heat

THE OLIVER OIL-GAS BURNER

Does away with coal and wood—Cheaper. Makes your stove or range a gas stove. Gives more heat. Keeps your home warmer.

No fires to make. No ashes, dirt, smoke, dust, chopping, shoveling, carrying coal or wood. Summer heater in Make an instantaneous hot water heater, generator. Thermostat is most used by women. Burner lights by match. Lights in five heats, each governed by an adjustable valve. Lasts lifetime. Nothing to get out of order. Guaranteed for 5 years. Write for free literature and special introductory price.

AGENTS WANTED

Oliver Oil-Gas Burner & Machine Co., [illegible] Street, ST. LOUIS, Mo.

Feather Bed Outfit

Worth $33.50

Now Only

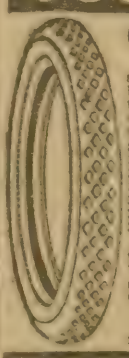
$19.50

JUST THINK OF [illegible] outfit for only $19.50; consisting of 1 first-class 35-lb. new feather bed; 1 pair 6-lb. new feather pillows, one pair full size bed blankets and one full-size bed spread. The feathers are all new, live, clean and sanitary and covered with best-grade 8-oz. A. C. A. feather-proof ticking. Positively the biggest bed bargains ever offered. Money-Back Guarantee. Mail money order for $19.50 now and we will ship your full bed outfit, or send us your name and address and we will promptly mail you our big free catalog with order blanks, bank references, etc. Biggest bargains you ever saw. Our prices save more than half.

Our Big New Catalog FREE

SOUTHERN FEATHER & PILLOW CO.,
Department 8 GREENSBORO, N. C.

6000 MILES



Guaranteed—Send No Money

These tires are all standard makes, some run less than 100 miles. Tubes are brand new fresh stock. 18,000 Travilla tire users get 8,000 to 10,000 miles of service. After one trial, you will be our [illegible] customers.

Size	Tires	Tubes	Size	Tires	Tubes
30x3	$6.00	$2.00	34x4	$12.00	$3.25
30x3½	7.00	2.50	33x4½	11.00	3.50
32x3½	8.25	2.50	34x4½	13.00	3.50
31x4	9.50	2.75	35x4½	15.00	3.50
32x4	10.00	3.00	36x4½	16.00	3.50
33x4	11.00	3.00	37x5	16.00	3.50

Send no money. Tires shipped out of town C. O. D. subject to examination. When ordering specify clincher or straight side. Send [illegible] Orders filled same day as received.

TRAVILLA TIRE CO.
322 Lake Street, Dept. 15, Maywood, Ill.

FREE DIAMOND RING OFFER

[illegible] our famous Diamond [illegible] the greatest known to mail [illegible] We will send [illegible] by mail, [illegible] Write for [illegible] paid. Two [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

USE SLOAN'S TO WARD OFF PAIN

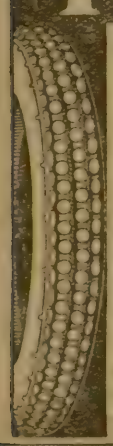
You can just tell by its healthy, stimulating odor, that it is going to do you good

"IF I only had some Sloan's Liniment!" How often you've said that! And then when the rheumatic twinge subsided—after hours of suffering—you forgot it!

Don't do it again—get a bottle today and keep it handy for possible use tonight! A sudden attack may come on—sciatica, lumbago, sore muscles, backache, stiff joints, neuralgia, the pains and aches resulting from exposure. You'll soon find warmth and relief in Sloan's, the liniment that penetrates without rubbing. Clean, economical. Three sizes—35c, 70c, $1.40.

Sloan's Liniment Pain's enemy

FREE
PUNCTURE PROOF
TUBE



6000 MILES GUARANTEED

This fresh rubber Puncture Proof tube FREE with each tire ordered, for limited time only. Tires virtually new—guaranteed 6000 miles—not rebuilt or double tread—only slightly used on demonstration cars. Customers get up to 10,000 miles.

Special Price Reduction
Price includes tire and tube

30x3	$7.50	34x4	$12.50
30x3½	8.45	34x4½	13.00
32x3½	9.50	35x4½	13.75
31x4	10.15	36x4½	14.75
32x4	10.75	35x5	14.90
33x4	11.60	37x5	15.90

Money back if not satisfied. Send $2.00 deposit for each tire ordered, balance C. O. D. after examination. 6% special discount if full amount accompanies order. State whether S. S., Cl.. plain tread or non-skid is desired. MAIL ORDER NOW—WE SHIP AT ONCE.

GUARANTEE TIRE & EQUIPMENT COMPANY
Dept. 116, 3546 Michigan Ave., Chicago

10 PRESENTS FREE to GIRLS

GIRLS Get a Beautiful Heart—Locket and Chain, Bracelet, Hawaiian Ring with beautiful mounted stone in colors. Also Plain Band Ring, U. S. Patriotic Ring, 2 Ear Pendants, Beauty Pin, Flag Pin, Locket and Chain and Beaded Necklace. All 10 given FREE for disposing of only 8 of our Famous Art Pictures, on our Special new Easy Offer at 30 cents each. Send for the Pictures—a Postal will do.

M. A. PACE, Mgr. 615 W. 43rd St. Dept. 106, New York

FREE

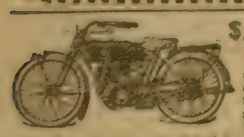
If you want to get the best feather bed or pillows that money can buy at rock bottom factory prices—write today for our new big bargain catalog, filled with beautiful colored pictures of our new, sanitary feather beds and pillows, all fully described. We are the largest firm of our kind in the world. You take no risk buying from us. We guarantee satisfaction or money back. That's the way we do business.

Get Our FREE BOOK —Let's Get Acquainted

Our new big book is running over with bargains—it will open your eyes with our prices smashed way down. This is the year we can save you more money than ever before buying any feather bed at any price. Let us prove our high quality and low prices. Send your name and address on a postal or letter, today, for this free book and sample of feathers. Agents wanted everywhere.

American Feather & Pillow Co. Dept. 24 Nashville, Tenn.

Write To-day



$40 Motorcycle

We have the largest line of new and used motorcycles in the country at the lowest prices. Every machine guaranteed. Send for catalog. We are the largest and only exclusive motorcycle supply house in the world. REPAIRS A SPECIALTY. SEND US YOUR MACHINE TO BE OVERHAULED. Motors and castings for airships and railway velocipedes.

Harry R. Geer Co., 900 McLaran Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

BIG CAMERA FREE
Genuine Eastman
Film Pack Camera. Takes snap shots or time exposure pictures 2¼ x 3¼. Has finder & handle. Sent prepaid for selling 24 beautiful, easy selling pictures at 15c.
GAIR MFG. CO. Dept. 17C CHICAGO

of his own, was trying to be pleasant in a rough, boisterous way, probably in an attempt to lull any suspicion which might have been aroused in Varden's mind. Nash, on the other hand, was palpably uneasy. From his quick glances at, first one man then the other, it looked as if the animal catcher were afraid of both Moreau and Varden; while Ruth was trying in a quiet way to keep the peace on all sides. Of the two men sitting before him, the American had to admit that Moreau showed to the better advantage. His face did not show the craftiness of the older man's, and he acted more at his ease, altho Varden had been told that Moreau was the one he should guard against. As he watched them both the visitor mentally concluded that he must have a long talk with Ruth at the very first opportunity, for he must know more than he did now before he could successfully carry on his own role.

CHAPTER IV.
A STRANGE MESSAGE.

WHEN Moreau had finished his meal he pushed his chair back from the table and turned abruptly to Nash, who had eaten nothing and had not spoken a word since they entered the room.

"Well, Dad," he burst out genially, ignoring the sour expression of the other's face, "I guess you and I better go into executive session. There's a lot to settle between us before we can take Varden here into partnership. What do you say, huh?"

Nash looked from his daughter to Varden and then back to Moreau before he replied.

"I don't know it's necessary," he said gruffly. "Varden's not asking to be let in on our deal—it's Ruth's idea more than his. And while we're at it, Victor, I've a word to say about the way you talk before my daughter. I don't like it. Understand? You cut the rough stuff out from this on if you want to keep friendly with me. Do you hear?"

For a short interval the room was dead silent after this speech. Except for his burning eyes, which were fastened on Nash's face, Moreau's features were masklike in their inscrutability, but his eyes were venemous. Nash fidgeted uneasily beneath them and his fingers began to pick at the edge of the table. Suddenly the Eurasian broke into a laugh.

"Why, you old fool!" he exclaimed. "Can't you take a joke? Who's hurting Ruth? We're partners, ain't we, and she's my wife, ain't she? You don't suppose I mean everything I say, do you? Can't I joke a little to pass the time without getting you all riled up? Come on, Dad. It's growing late."

He turned to Varden with an odd smile.

"We'll see you in the morning, if not before," he continued. "In the meantime I'd stick close to the house if I were you. I've told Chaka to keep his young men in hand, but they're pretty sore about that fellow you wiped out and they might try to take your head if they saw a chance. By tomorrow they'll be quieted down a bit."

Nash got up and started toward the door with Moreau, leaving Ruth and Varden alone in the room together. When the slam of a door somewhere at the rear told her they were beyond earshot the girl turned to her companion.

"Well," she broke out, "you heard what he said. It's true. I am Victor Moreau's wife in name, at least. I meant to tell you before, but—but I couldn't, somehow. Even now I can hardly bear to speak of it. Oh! please don't think that I—that I. . . . She stopped suddenly, seemingly unable to finish.

"I really don't know what to think," Varden said frankly. "How did you ever come to marry the man if you hate him so? And why does your father seem to distrust me? I don't exactly see the point in that after what you've told me."

"Dad is merely suspicious of you," she answered, evidently glad of an excuse to steer the conversation away from herself. "He has been taken in once and he doesn't propose to let it happen again. He's afraid of Moreau, too; afraid that he'll lose his share of the treasure if he angers him. Victor is all powerful here, you can easily see that, and until the right moment comes we daren't cross him. We should be almost helpless if the Dyaks turned against us."

"Yes, I know, but . . ."

"Sh-h-h!" she interrupted, raising a warning finger. Then with a meaning look she hurriedly began to clear the table, while he took his pipe from his pocket and started to fill it as well as he could with one hand. The conference, it seemed, had not lasted very long, for some one was coming along the hall.

Moreau strode into the room an instant later and sat down facing Varden.

"Now, Mr. Varden, what's this big idea about you joining in with us?" he began abruptly. "What business have you got in this part of the jungle, anyhow? How did you happen to come along so opportunely?"

"I thought I had explained that," Varden replied evenly, trying hard to ignore the other man's tone. "I am an orchid hunter and I was on my way to the coast when I met R——, your wife, and that Dyak I was obliged to kill. Afterward, on the way here, I was attacked by that big ape, and when I regained consciousness I was here in this house. I . . ."

"I've already told you how it all started, Victor," Ruth interposed. "Mr. Varden saved me from the Dyak and I brought him here afterward. After all, this is my home, you know."

Moreau stared hard, first at her and then at Varden.

"THAT'S not the point," he said finally. "I want to know the reason for this partnership talk. What have you two been hatching up, huh? Why should you think we need a new partner, when the fact is that we don't?"

"Because I thought an experienced man might help us," Ruth answered glibly. "Mr. Varden is an old hand in the jungle, and if we should have trouble with the natives his help might prove almost invaluable."

"The natives—bah!" Moreau laughed contemptuously. "Barring Maka, and he's too old to count, they'll all eat out of my hand. They know who's boss around here. We don't need any help. We've got enough already to do the work and share the profits. He'd better go back the way he came."

Ruth's eyes told Varden that he must make some sort of answer to this. He thought rapidly. If his shoulder had been sound and they two alone had been concerned he would have welcomed a showdown with the Eurasian then and there, but there were others to consider. Suddenly Ruth's partial description of the treasure they were seeking recurred to him.

"Of course, Mr. Moreau," he replied calmly, "if you feel that way about it there's nothing more to be said. I will take the trail in the morning. I shall probably be able to find what I'm looking for without any help from you."

"What you're looking for," Moreau repeated, his yellow eyes narrowing. "What are you looking for?"

"Orchids, as I've told you," Varden answered coolly, "and—other things. I heard up country that diamonds had been found in this region. Talked with a native, in fact, who had actually seen some of them, and in return for some small service rendered he gave me a map of the locality."

"He gave you a map!" Moreau's eyes were fairly blazing now. "You have it with you?"

"Yes, here," Varden tapped his forehead. "I memorized it and destroyed it, you know. It seemed safer that way."

A look of disappointment showed for an instant in Moreau's face; then he laughed good-naturedly and gripped Varden by the hand.

"A wise thing, too," he said genially. "Why didn't you speak up sooner, man. We've heard of this treasure you're hunting and I think we can help each other. It's a big one if there's anything at all in the reports. Suppose we forget what's happened and talk things over a bit?"

"Suits me," the American agreed, inwardly chuckling at the success of his ruse and the look of joy which crept into Ruth's eyes, when she saw that his bold lying had temporarily fooled Moreau. "You know this country better than I do, and if there is anything at all in this treasure talk there should be enough for us all."

"Of course," said Moreau. "It's funny, tho. I never heard before that anybody had actually seen the diamonds, outside of Maka that is. It's supposed to be a tribal secret that's handed down among the witch-doctors—nobody else is supposed to know about it."

"Well, this native seemed to know of it. He had seen the place when a boy, he told me, and he described it with all the vividness these people have for such things. The pits where the diamonds were found are at the bottom of some great caves, and they have been guarded for ages by men who look like apes. He told a pretty straight yarn, and I believed enough of it to go a hundred miles out of my way to get here."

"You said you were going to the coast," Moreau remarked, with a cunning look. "Why didn't you mention this before?"

"Why should I? I was going to the coast, but I meant to look for the treasure on the way."

"I see. Humph! Well, there's caves enough in the hills hereabouts, God knows. Caves are strong medicine, too, with the Dyaks; they hide all their valuables in 'em. As for monkey-men, there's no tribe that looks the part better than the Bamangani, and they're cave-dwellers, too. We'll have a try at it, Varden. The sooner the better, at that. If this thing is getting noised abroad we'd better get busy before somebody else comes butting in."

Ruth drew a deep breath of relief. Over Moreau's shoulder she shot a look at Varden which made him very glad for what he had done.

"That's such a relief, Victor. Dad will be wild at the good news. The treasure is his sole thought these days."

"It's worse than that," Moreau chuckled. "It's his religion, just like it's mine. We'll find it, too. We'll take

Send No Money With Your Order

Take Advantage of This Unusual Bargain

ACT NOW!

Do not send any money with your order. Just your name and address on a postal card stating your choice of color and size required.

SEND YOUR ORDER WITHOUT DELAY for one of these handsome all silk satin dresses. Nothing but fine lustrous material is used in the making of this dress, giving it an air of elegance. You cannot duplicate this great value elsewhere.

The Eton Jacket and Full Accordion Pleated Skirt Are Made of Beautiful Silk Satin.

SMASHING PRICE

$12.98 ONLY

Delivered **FREE** To Your Door

Order by Number A 6543

SILK SATIN

Read This Description

Here is a fashion that is undeniably the most popular and attractive creation of the day. Every detail is tastefully blended to give the desired effect. The Eton jacket with its long tailored sleeves, neck, front and bottom are edged entirely with soutache braid loops. The vestee is of tucked silk georgette crepe and the wide belt and sash is of Persian design silk ribbon. THE SKIRT is in full accordeon pleated style. When the postman arrives, pay him $12.98 only, and after trying the garment on you do not find it exactly as we say or as you expected it to be, you can return it and get your money back at once. You must see this sensational bargain. It will convince you of our price smashing policy.

Owing to the scarcity of print paper we are only sending our price smashing catalogue of up to date styles to those who ask for it. Send for your copy today. IT'S FREE.

Don't fail to state size and color. Misses' sizes 14 to 20 years. Women's sizes 34 to 40 inches bust measure.

Order by number A 6543. Your choice of colors: Black, Navy Blue, Taupe, or Copenhagen Blue.

Send No Money. Just Your Name and Address.

GORDON'S CLOAK HOUSE
Dept. 811, 115 S. Dearborn St., Chicago

$25.00 FOR THIS
MADE TO YOUR MEASURE
ALL WOOL SUIT

Every suit made to individual measure from the exact fabric you select and according to your exact specifications. We ship it on approval, delivery charges prepaid, for you to try on, to inspect and examine. Unless you are well pleased your trial order will not cost you a cent.

BIG CATALOG FREE Send postal today for copy of our big catalog and style book with 52 cloth samples of the very finest, high grade fabrics and latest, New York and Chicago styles. It shows how any member of your family can take your measures. We guarantee a perfect fit. By dealing direct with us, the manufacturers, you save the unnecessary expense and profit of agents and obtain the very highest grade of tailoring at a saving of 25% to 40%. Write today for catalog and information.

The BELL Tailors

THE BELL TAILORS
Adams at Green Street, Dept. 1224, Chicago, Illinois

FREE **POWERFUL AIR GUN AND 500 BUCK SHOTS**

Big 31-inch lever-action rifle, fine walnut stock, free for selling 24 large colored Pictures or 24 pkgs. Post Cards at 15c.

Order your choice. GATES MFG. CO. DEPT. 845 CHICAGO

Officer's Army Shoe

For work or dress wear

Every pair inspected

Direct from Boston Makers to you, of exceptional quality, soles sewed, not nailed, solid leather thruout, neat, comfortable, guaranteed to wear or a new pair free: $12.00 value, worth twenty-four in wear.

Munson Last

Send No Money

$6.98 Pay on arrival. Postage Free.

Mail coupon today to Reliable Mail Order Company, Dept. 58, 25 Huntington Ave., Boston, 17 Mass.

Send.....pairs. I'll pay postman on arrival.

My money back if I want it. Size.....

Name .....

Address .....

Varden to the White Cave and see how his description tallies with what he finds there. I always thought the diamonds were cached somewhere in those tunnels. I'll have to lay down the law pretty strong to Chaka; it won't do for his young men to be laying for Varden. And for God's sake, Ruth, pen up Rajah! He's half killed the man already."

"I'll attend to Rajah," Ruth agreed quietly; and Varden smiled to himself. This deep solicitude for his welfare from one who had so recently been his enemy was rather amusing.

"On the whole," Moreau continued, "I think we'd better start tomorrow. For one thing, it will forestall any deviltry that the natives may be working up and there's no use in delay anyhow. The country around the White Caves is taboo ground, and they daren't attack us there—we'll have nobody to contend with but the ape-men. It's not far, and after we get into the sacred area we can take our time."

WHEN Varden entered his room half an hour later he stopped short just inside the door and his eyes narrowed in surprise. When he left the room his knapsack had been hanging on the back of a chair and the lamp, tho lighted, had been turned very low. Now the knapsack was lying wide open on the floor and the lamp was blazing at full blast. For a moment the American stood staring about uncertainly; then he glanced toward the window.

Unlike those of the living-room, this window was not glazed. It was filled instead by a hinged wire screen and outside of the screen was a heavy wooded shutter which could be firmly secured by means of a bar on the inside. When he left the room the shutter had been swung back against the outer wall, but the screen had been closed. Now both were wide open.

For several minutes Varden stared at this evidence of some prowling intruder without making a single movement. He was thinking hard. At first his thoughts had instinctively raced to Moreau as the culprit, but almost instantly he shook his head. Moreau had not had time, he had not been absent from the living-room long enough, neither had Ruth. Both had been in the larger room with Varden nearly all the evening; but Nash! . . . When the visitor got this far in his reasoning he smiled grimly. Always allowing, of course, for the possibility that the intruder had been a Dyak, Gilbert Nash was the only person who could have entered the room that evening.

At first Varden had a strong desire to tell both Ruth and Moreau of what had happened, but he thought better of it. He was certain in his own mind that Nash was guilty, and if this were so, Moreau, at least, must be aware of it. The idea that Ruth could be mixed up in such underhand doings was too abhorrent to be even considered; but her father was a horse of another color entirely. From the very beginning the animal catcher had been an enigma to Varden. The American was becoming more and more convinced that there was an unaccountable and mysterious undercurrent in the lives of these people among whom he had been thrown of which Ruth was nearly, if not quite, as ignorant as he was himself. Ruth's fear of her half-breed husband and her wish to save herself and her father from him were not the only things that were wrong in that household. There was something else. And Varden believed that Nash was at the bottom of it.

A keen feeling of rage flashed thru him as he wondered if Nash could be plotting against his own daughter. The thing seemed so unnatural to him that he could hardly stomach the thought, and yet in the face of what he had discovered it looked possible, altho it was counterbalanced to some extent by Nash's defense of the girl at the table. Still, all that byplay with Moreau might have been carried on for a purpose For a little the American pondered there in the center of the room; then, not without a slight feeling of trepidation, he turned to close the screen.

He was in the act of swinging it into place, when a sudden movement in the dark depths of some bushes that grew close to the wall caused him to duck instinctively. At the same instant something flashed across his shoulder and struck the wall behind him with a soft thud. With the speed of a sriking snake Varden's left hand streaked to his automatic and whipped it from its holster, but quick as he was he was too late. There was a crashing of the bushes, a dark body showed for an instant in the shaft of lamplight, and the intruder was gone. For a moment, pistol in hand, Varden stared into the darkness; then he shrugged his shoulders and reached out for the heavy shutter, which he closed and barred securely. When he turned around and looked across the room he smiled grimly.

Sticking into the log partition about six feet from the floor, was a short, broad-bladed spear of the type used by the Dyaks all thru Borneo. It was an ugly weapon, razor-edged, and heavy enough to split a man's head like an apple. It had been thrown with no small force, for when Varden pulled it out of its bed he was obliged to use considerable strength. For a few seconds he examined the thing thoughtfully, noted the dull stain which told that the blade was poisoned, and shuddered. If the keen steel had so much as pricked him, he would have been in his death agony at that moment.

Suddenly his eyes lighted up with interest and he bent closer over the haft of the spear to fuss with something which was wrapped around it a few inches above the blade. The thing came away in his hand and proved to be the dried leathery leaf of some jungle plant. Filled with curiosity now, Varden turned the leaf over in his fingers and held in nearer to the light. When he did this he caught his breath in surprise. The inner surface of the leaf was covered with written words! And they were English words at that!

From the first moment that he had met the unusual woman whose willing knight he had become, Hugh Varden had encountered unfathomable mysteries. Now he was the recipient of a queer form of communication—a tropical leaf bearing a message in his native tongue. When you get your next Ledger turn at once to the installment of Jungle Treasure which it contains. It will tell you what the scrawled words said.

* * *

Then Came the Street Car Strike.

"THAT street car strike was an outrage," observed the householder who had discovered a Saturday afternoon leak in the kitchen water pipe.

The plumber adjusted his blow torch, then lit a perfecto and puffed for a few moments with deliberation.

"I wouldn't exactly say that," he replied at last. "Fact is, it done a lot o' good, to my way o' thinking."

"You mean, it boosted trade for the shoe dealers?" asked the householder in some surprise.

"Naw," replied the plumber. "Not that. It took a lot o' these white collared office clerks an' typewriter punchers an' made 'em take some exercise.

"There's that guy who lives next door to me f'r example. Name's Archibald Simmons. Archie come out o' the Army a year ago or so with an increased chest an' a decreased waist measure, due to setting up exercises.

"Did he keep in condition? He did not. The gentle voice o' the first sergeant was missing. Likewise them sweet notes o' reveille which, my kid tells me, produced more cussing in the Army than any other bugle call.

"He loafed around the front porch when he wasn't downtown playing filing clerk and flirting with the pretty stenographers when the boss wasn't looking. His chief occupation at night was keeping a cigarette lighted. His idea o' strenuously keeping fit was to saunter down to the drug store with a sweet young blond who lives across the street and dissipate with a chocolate sundae or something worse.

"In between times he worried something fierce. You see, the blond was the daughter of a high salaried electrician, while his dad was nothing but an ex-college professor. Trying to marry beyond his station, it was.

"Then came the street car strike. The motor trucks were pretty well filled out our way and Archie had to walk until things got running better. He took a full chest full o' ozone for the first time since he left the Army. Instead o' loafing nicely on a broad seat in a street car, he had to use his leg muscles. And his feet hurt him so that he forgot about the blond daughter o' the electrician across the way.

"Course he's sliding back into his old habits o' laziness, but just think what that strike may have done. That two days o' hiking perhaps saved him from consumption. You never can tell."

"Talking of sore feet," remarked the householder. "You must have had a pretty tough time, lugging that heavy bag of tools around with you while you walked to your various jobs."

"Me?" said the plumber. "I should say not! That street car strike never worried me a bit. I used my automobile!"

A Different Line.

"It's too bad," said a condoling friend. "I thought you were right in line for promotion."

"No," mournfully replied the other, "I was right in the firing line."

ACTRESS TELLS SECRET

Tells How to Darken Gray Hair With a Home-Made Mixture.

Joicey Williams, the well-known American actress, recently made the following statement about gray hair and how to darken it, with a home-made mixture:

"Anyone can prepare a simple mixture at home that will gradually darken gray, streaked or faded hair, and make it soft and glossy. To a half-pint of water add 1 ounce of bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and ¼ ounce of glycerine.

These ingredients can be bought at any drug store at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This will make a gray-haired person look twenty years younger. It does not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off."

FREE CATALOG!
Lowest Prices in the U.S.A.
Send Postal Today
280 Pages of Bargain Offers
Only $2.98 for This Dress
Cheap at Six Dollars—One of the Thousands of Marvelous Bargain Offers
Send for Philipsborn's Latest 280-page Catalog
8X14000—An extremely serviceable dress for both women and misses. Good quality serge in popular one-piece style. Long, straight lines from the shoulders. Sash belt of self-material. Shirrings below the patch pockets give charming effect. Artistic two-tone silk embroidery trimming ornaments the round, collarless neck, yoke front, sleeves, pockets and sash ends. Contrasting piping in color to harmonize with the embroidery finishes the neckline and cuffs. Average sweep of skirt 58 inches. COLOR: Navy blue only. SIZES: Bust 32 to 44. Skirt lengths 36 to 42. Price, delivered to your home.....only $2.98
Only $2.48 For $5 Value
SHOES
5X10000—This amazing offer is just another proof that Philipsborn's prices are absolutely the lowest in America. Exceedingly fashionable women's 9-inch English walking model. Black kid finished leather vamps and harmonizing black cloth tops. Wing tip. Smartly perforated. Cuban walking heels.
SIZES: 2½ to 8. Widths EE, E, D and C.
PRICE, delivered to your home, $2.48
We Prepay All Charges right to your home.
Money back guarantee of Satisfaction
Rush a Postal
Get PHILIPSBORN'S big FREE 280-page Catalog of Fall and Winter Bargains. Lowest prices in America absolutely guaranteed.
Write at once.
Novelty Bib Apron
47c Regular Value, 89c
6X1[illegible]—Here is a Special Bargain [illegible] page Book. A convenient [illegible] in a bib apron of novelty printed percale—Regular 89c value.
COLORS: Assorted patterns, light grounds.
SIZES: 60 inches long; width at center, 30 inches. PRICE, delivered, 47c
PHILIPSBORN'S
DEPT. 409
CHICAGO, ILL.
Rush a Postal for Philipsborn's Price-Reducing Catalog—Just Out!

The Dark Mirror

By Louis Joseph Vance

In Case You Missed Last Week's Installment

In her dream, Priscilla saw herself pretending to make love to Red, to swerve him from his purpose of killing Mario. Then a tenement fire swooped down on them. And once more she found herself in the arms of Mario, Red disappearing in the confusion. And from this dream, for she awoke, sobbing as tho her heart would break.

Two days later Fosdick reported to her. The real Carnehan, he said, had been supposedly found dead in a burned tenement building. The real Leonora and the real Mario had registered at a hotel as man and wife, evidently having married. He had also located a

MOTHER O'MORE, with whom the girl Leonora had at one time lived. Priscilla, encouraged, worked and played night and day—and took sleeping potions, so that the dreams might not come. Standing one day in front of her framed picture in an art gallery window, she came face to face with Harry the Nut and Inez. This time it was no dream! She was facing two real persons. And they appeared to recognize her as Leonora.

Harry Chilvers—Harry the Nut—followed her to her home, and demanded his "rake-off" from her present style of living, thinking her Leonora. She got rid of him, however. Then she called in Fosdick. She asked him to hypnotize her, and see if he could establish a dream connection with Leonora. He decided at last to do so. And in the trance, she saw Leonora's dead body floating in a pool in the dark woods. Coming out of the trance, she knew Leonora was dead. Then Mario, the real Mario, must be free!

This story began in No. 37 of the Ledger for Sept. 11. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or newsdealers.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE LINK.

FOSDICK pressed a call button on his desk and put the telephone receiver to his ear. His assistant responded promptly. Fosdick asked:

"Is there anybody waiting to see me?"

"Two patients with appointments, sir, and one without any—Mr. Andrews. I told him you couldn't possibly see him today. He said he'd wait till the cows come home."

"Get rid of the others," Fosdick instructed; "tell them I'll be indefinitely engaged. Then send Andrews in."

He put the telephone aside and went back to the couch. Priscilla had not stirred since obeying his injunction to sleep naturally. She seemed to be resting easily; there was no indication of distress in her expression, more than the physical signs imprinted by the emotional strain of the last several days; pale, bluish shadows beneath her eyes, a hint of weariness about her mouth, the mouth of a child punished for no fault that it understands, and a faintly perceptible contraction between her eyebrows. . . .

Fosdick gave a gesture, infinitely unhappy, of renunciation.

He bent over and let his lips touch lightly her hair, the nearest approach to such a caress he had offered Priscilla since her childhood.

She never knew . . .

When Andrews came in, a folding screen shut off the couch and its occupant from the rest of the room; Fosdick was behind his desk, amiable, keen, composed.

"Well, Andrews?"

"G'daft'noon, doc." Mr. Andrews seated himself, balanced his hat on his knee, and reinserted in his mouth the unlighted cigar which had been removed in deference to an influential client. "Just blew in from up State—Duchess County," he announced. "The party you're interested in——"

"Mother O'More?"

"Yeah; she's up there in a private inst'ution for the aged. Bought her way in 'bout ten years ago. Seems she gets an annuity from some insurance company, enough to pay for her board and keep. Must be a sick insurance company; the old dame's a hunnerdaneighty if she's a day and ain't much as thinkin' of kickin' out."

"Did you see her to talk to?"

Mr. Andrews corrected gravely: "I seen her to talk to her, but that's as far's I got."

"Is her mind clear? I mean, do you think she remembers——"

"Remembers? Say, that old lady remembers more'n you and me'll ever forget. Her mind's as clear's consummy soup in a French table de hote."

"Won't she talk? Why?"

"Cussedness," Mr. Andrews opined—"or else she's been paid to keep her trap shut. I got a hunch she bought that annuity with hush money."

"Will anything make her talk, do you think?"

"Jack might."

"Jack who?"

"No, not Jack anybody—just jack—coin, youno—money."

"Oh!" Fosdick's smile swiftly faded into a look of thoughtfulness. "Presume I'd better see her myself."

"Would, if I was you. She hasn't got no use for me a-tall—spots me for a detective at sight and spits like a mad cat every time I opens me mouth."

"Where do you say she is?"

"Place near Pawling—there's the address." Mr. Andrews gave Fosdick a slip of paper. "Visitors' hours every afternoon, 3 to 5."

"I'll see her tomorrow," Fosdick said. "Meanwhile, you can be working on another lead. There's reason to believe the girl I'm looking for—this Leonora—is or has been for several days living up in the Catskills, in a private camp, probably rented, somewhere back of Kingston. Her husband came down to New York today, according to my information and belief, and is returning tonight. He drove from the camp to Kingston in a car, which he probably left in a garage near the railroad station. That may help you to trace him."

"I'll run up there tonight, be on the job first thing tomorrow. If I have any luck I'll give you a Long Distance buzz. But I dunno. . . . If you're goin' to run up to Pawling in the aft'noon, you won't be back till after dinner. I might be back myself by that time. Mebbe I'll be waitin' for you."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

AFTERMATH.

MR. ANDREWS presently took himself off. Fosdick glanced at his watch, turned to the screen, folded and set it aside.

Priscilla had not yet moved, but by every sign the subconscious monitor was reminding her that the half hour had elapsed. Her breathing was less regular, the silken lashes were restless upon her cheeks. While Fosdick watched they lifted, disclosing confused eyes.

Recognizing him, she smiled uncertainly. Fosdick uttered her name in a reassuring voice, took her hands, and helped her to a sitting position.

"How do you feel?"

"I don't know," she said in a low, puzzled tone. "All right, I guess, but. . . . There's something wrong. . . . Have I been asleep?"

"Yes. Didn't you know?"

She shook her head impatiently, staring at the floor, struggling to recollect loose ends of memories.

"You—you hypnotized me, Philip?"

"Yes, 'Cilla."

"Was it difficult?"

"On the contrary, you proved one of the most willing subjects I've ever had—went off like a shot, practically at the first suggestion."

He filled a glass with water from the silver pitcher on his desk; but when he took it to her, she was on her feet, her eyes desperate.

"Philip!" she cried gustily—"she is dead—Leonora——"

"I know; that is, I know you think so; you told me."

She did not answer, she was heedless of the meaning of his words; but as if instinctively feeling it intolerable that another's eyes should pry into her grief, brushed aside the glass of water, and with a stricken face stumbled past him to a wide and deeply recessed window.

For several minutes she stood there, her back to Fosdick, looking out blindly, slender shoulders shaken with silent sobs, a hand with a handkerchief dabbing at her eyes.

A wise physician, Fosdick offered no phrases of false comfort, but was patient.

That the storm of her emotions spent itself swiftly, that it was not long before she was able to talk calmly, was no revelation of heartlessness, but largely the work of the suggestion implanted in her while she was in hypnosis.

"The pity of it," she said after a little time: "Oh, Philip! the pity of it! She was so happy—and now she is dead."

"Perhaps."

Priscilla swung sharply round. "Why do you say that? I know—I saw her—I saw her lying drowned in a pool——"

"I know, you told me."

"But how could I?" She was startled out of her sorrow. "I haven't had time. I've only just remembered——"

"You told me while in the hypnotic trance. I questioned you and you told me all you knew, everything you experienced. You were talking almost continuously until I threw you into normal sleep. So I heard about your vision."

"Strange!" she said in a stare of wonder—"strange I should recall nothing of that."

"Not so strange; your speech was something purely automatic; once started, it went on, just as your heart went on beating and your lungs inhaling and exhaling air, while your attention was absorbed in other matters. It's like the automatic writing that people produce, believing themselves under the influence of disembodied spirits. Not necessarily even under the hypnotic influence; their attention is elsewhere, they may be talking or reading on utterly immaterial subjects, while their hand, without their knowledge, writes and goes on writing—just so you went on talking."

"I don't understand. It's—it's incomprehensible. Not that I doubt what you say. I must have told you what I saw, there in the forest. . . ." Her eyes filled again, tears ran down her cheeks. She averted her face. "Oh, the pity of it!" she repeated. "Just when life seemed about to compensate her for all she had never had . . ."

"Don't let go like this, 'Cilla. Remember, nothing is certain."

"No—you are wrong. I saw her. I know."

"You think so."

"Why do you persist in saying that? Have my dreams ever proved groundless?"

"We don't know, yet; perhaps some of them were. But this wasn't one of what you call your dreams; it was a vision, possibly a hallucination, in hypnotic trance. It may have been a true phenomenon of telaesthetic communication; assuming that Leonora was really dead, your spirit may have found some means, by some extraordinary effort, to surmount the obstacles, whose very nature is unknown to us, that stand between the living and the dead, prohibiting communication. . . . If there is such a thing as communion with the spirits of the dead, if there remains after death a thinking individuality to communicate with. . . . But we don't know."

He argued earnestly, with intention, seeing he had already engaged her interest to such extent that she was forgetting to grieve.

"On the other hand, we do know it's easy to fool ourselves. Remember, you have gone about all day fretted by a feeling that something was wrong with Leonora, some danger threatened her happiness. Quite possibly that feeling had no more excuse than an element of nightmare in your dream, or vision, of this morning, that made you think Leonora had some unreasoning fear of the forest. Therefore, your subconsciousness reasoned, there must be something to fear. Therefore, Leonora is in danger. In danger of what? Of what but death? You passed into the hypnotic trance already prepared to see the worst. You saw it. But the question remains unanswered, and for the time being unanswerable: Did you see truly, or did you see a fantasy conjured up by your own imagination influenced by fear?"

"If I could only think that, Philip——"

"Why not try?"

But he was arguing against his own conviction, his argument lacked conviction. Her drooping head described a movement of rejection.

"No," she said, "the trouble is—I know."

Appreciating that in her present temper contradiction or contention would only serve to excite her, Fosdick dropped the subject temporarily, and used the telephone to order his car from the garage.

"I'm going to take you home now," he told Priscilla. "Now, about tonight: Have you anything on?"

"Don't ask me to do anything tonight, Philip!" she protested. "Night after night I've gone about with an aching heart, to please you, because you thought it would do me good. But tonight—I simply couldn't."

"I agree. I was merely going to advise cancellation of any engagements

"Ladies and Gempmun!" She Proclaimed in a Flat, Professional Bawl; "I Have the Honor to Present to You T'night the Only Certified Two-in-one in Captivity—Miss Priscilla Maine."

Send No Money

Let Us Send You a SILVERTONE Phonograph for Two Weeks' Trial in Your Home Without Expense to You

WE WANT you to try one of these beautiful SILVERTONE Phonographs in your own home for two weeks without a cent of expense and without obligating you to buy if you are not fully satisfied with the instrument.

Select any SILVERTONE Phonograph shown on this page, fill in the order blank and mail it to Sears, Roebuck and Co. today. We ship SILVERTONE Phonographs on two weeks' trial. You take absolutely no risk, nor do you obligate yourself in any way by taking a SILVERTONE on trial. All we ask you to do is to give the phonograph a thorough test. Examine its mechanical features, cabinet work, workmanship and finish. Try it with any disc record you desire, and note its beauty of tone and fidelity of reproduction. Give it every test necessary to prove the truth of our claims for it. And then compare the price of the SILVERTONE with that of any other phonograph of the same size, beauty and musical excellence.

If, at the end of two weeks' trial, you are not fully satisfied with the SILVERTONE, if you do not believe that it is in every way the equal of any phonograph on the market selling at prices from 25 to 50 per cent higher than the SILVERTONE, simply notify us and we will take away the phonograph at our own expense and will refund any transportation and cartage charges you have paid. The two weeks' trial will not have cost you one cent nor placed you under any obligation.

Play as You Pay—Very Easy Terms

If, after two weeks' trial, you are fully satisfied with the SILVERTONE and desire to keep it, simply send us the first monthly payment and then the same amount each month until the total is paid. The amount of the monthly payment on each instrument is shown under the illustrations.

Compare our terms with those offered on any other phonograph of the same high quality. The small monthly payment required on even the highest priced models makes it easy for you to own a really fine instrument without incurring a heavy financial burden.

This Liberal Selling Plan Is the Best Guarantee of SILVERTONE Quality

We know that the SILVERTONE Phonograph is right in every respect—musically, mechanically and in design and finish. That is why we can offer them on this liberal no money down trial basis. We know that when you get a SILVERTONE Phonograph in your home for two weeks' trial you will be convinced of its high quality and will agree with us that it is the best phonograph on the market at anywhere near the same price. We have sold over 330,000 SILVERTONE Phonographs, and the unanimous praise of their owners is the most convincing proof of SILVERTONE quality.

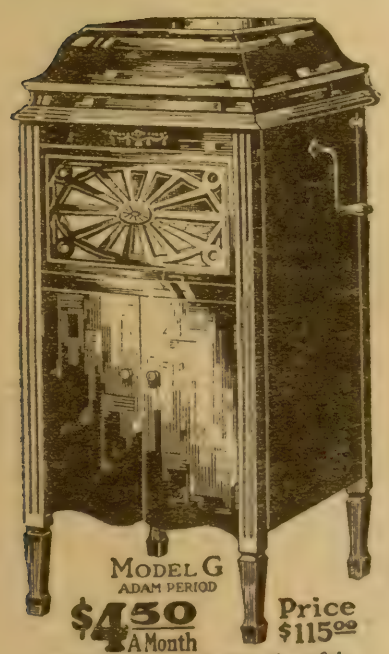
Plays All Disc Records

The SILVERTONE convertible tone arm is so constructed that it permits the playing of any make of disc record, either vertical or lateral cut. It is almost as easy to adjust the reproducer for different types of records as it is to change needles.

MODEL J
LOUIS XV PERIOD
$6.00 A Month Price $165.00
Mahogany, Walnut or Fumed Oak
Gold Plated Metal Parts

Specifications.

Height, 46¼ inches; width, 21 inches; depth, 21¼ inches. Net weight, ready to play, about 85 pounds.



MODEL G
ADAM PERIOD
$4.50 A Month Price $115.00
Mahogany, Walnut, Golden Oak or Fumed Oak

Specifications.

Height, 43¼ inches; width, 19⅞ inches; depth 22 inches. Net weight, ready to play, about 75 pounds.

Model K
SPECIAL
$4.00 A Month Price $79.00
Quarter Sawed Fumed Oak

Specifications.

Height, 42¼ inches; width, 18¼ inches; depth, 21⅜ inches. Net weight, ready to play, about 66 pounds.

MODEL H
LOUIS XVI PERIOD
$5.00 A Month Price $135.00
Mahogany, or Walnut

Specifications.

Height, 45¾ inches; width, 20 inches; depth, 22 inches. Net weight, ready to play, about 75 pounds.

MODEL C
$3.00 A Month Price $55.00
Mahogany or Golden Oak

Specifications.

Height, 14 inches; width, 17 inches; depth, 20½ inches. Net weight, ready to play, 40 pounds.

Sears, Roebuck and Co.
Chicago · Philadelphia · Seattle · Dallas ·

Mail to the Nearest of Our Four Stores

Order Blank

79B91

Date _____ 192__

SEARS, ROEBUCK AND CO.

You may ship me the SILVERTONE Phonograph which I have marked with an (X), without any obligation on my part to buy unless I am perfectly satisfied.

If, after two weeks' trial, I decide to keep and use the instrument, I will send you the first payment for the phonograph and pay the same amount each month, until paid in full; then the SILVERTONE becomes my property.

Should I decide, after two weeks' trial, that the SILVERTONE is not satisfactory, I will notify you, and you are to give me instructions so that I may send it back at your expense. You are also to return to me any transportation and cartage charges I have paid.

I have always been faithful in paying my obligations and am making this statement for the purpose of inducing you to grant me these terms, and I give you my pledge that you may feel safe in trusting me to pay as agreed.

Sign Here _____ R. F. D. No. _____ Box No. _____ Street and No. _____

(Sign your name here plainly and carefully. If under age, some member of your family who is of age and responsible should sign this order with you.)

Postoffice _____ County _____ State _____

Shipping Point _____ County _____ State _____

I have been located in this town since _____ If less than 5 years, give former address _____

My business, occupation or profession is _____ Do you wish shipment made by express or freight? _____ (State which)

Please give name of head of household to prevent mistakes and simplify the keeping of our records.

NAME OF HEAD OF HOUSEHOLD _____

REFERENCES:

(Please give names of TWO references.)

Name	Address	Business or Occupation

Model C.
☐ Mahogany.
☐ Golden Oak.
Price, $55.00
Payment, $3.00 a month.

Model K.
☐ Fumed Oak.
Price, $79.00
Payment, $4.00 a month.

Model G.
☐ Mahogany.
☐ Walnut.
☐ Golden Oak.
☐ Fumed Oak.
Price, $115.00
Payment, $4.50 a month.

Model H.
☐ Mahogany.
☐ Walnut.
Price, $135.00
Payment, $5.00 a month.

Model J.
☐ Mahogany.
☐ Walnut.
☐ Fumed Oak.
Price, $165.00
Payment, $6.00 a month.

FREE—WRITE HILL

For SECRETS OF THE BIG TRAPPERS

Every trapper needs this wonderful book—it's bigger and better this season than ever. Tells the secret methods of experienced trappers—how to increase your catch—how to handle your furs and where to ship to get the most money.

SENT ABSOLUTELY FREE

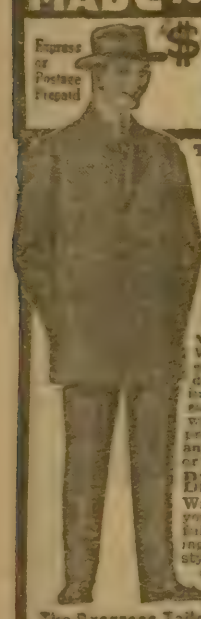
Together with Game Laws, Supply Catalog, Official Fur Price Lists, shipping tags and particulars of our $500.00 Cash Prize Offers to trappers only. Write today—get acquainted with HILL BROS.—the house that pays highest prices for all furs and No Commission Charged. Use coupon or a postal card will do.

MAIL COUPON TODAY

HILL BROS. FUR CO.
350 Hill Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.
Send me FREE "Secrets Of The Big Trappers", Official Fur Price List, Game Laws, etc.

Name.....
Town.....
State.....R. F. D.....

MADE TO MEASURE



$15.00

This offer is one of the biggest, most generous ever made by any tailoring house. It's your one big opportunity to get a finely tailored-to-measure 2 piece suit with box back, superbly trimmed and cut in the latest city style for only $15.00.

We're out to beat high tailoring prices

You save $9.00 to $15.00. We may not save 50% on your next suit. We have such a tremendous business, buy all materials in such large quantities and have such a perfect organization that we can make these wonderful prices—and remember we guarantee style, fit and workmanship or your money back.

Big Sample Outfit FREE

Write us today and we will mail you absolutely FREE our beautiful illustrated pattern book showing dozens of the latest city styles and designs, also many large size cloth samples to choose from. Don't delay; we urge you to act quick; today.

The Progress Tailoring Co., Dept. 330, Chicago

Deafness

Perfect hearing is now being restored in every condition of deafness or defective hearing from causes such as Catarrhal Deafness, Relaxed or Sunken Drums, Thickened Drums, Roaring and Hissing Sounds, Perforated, Wholly or Partially Destroyed Drums, Discharge from Ears, etc.

Wilson Common-Sense Ear Drums

"Little Wireless Phones for the Ears" require no medicine but effectively replace what is lacking or defective in the natural ear drums. They are simple devices, which the wearer easily fits into the ears where they are invisible. Soft, safe and comfortable.

Write *today for* our 168 page FREE book on DEAFNESS, giving you full particulars and testimonials.

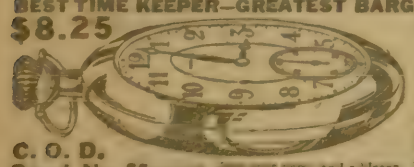
WILSON EAR DRUM CO., Incorporated
183 Inter-Southern Bldg. Louisville, Ky.

AMERICA'S LEADER $8.25 C.O.D.

Thin 1921 model. Popular size for men and women. Seven jewel high grade guaranteed movement, stem set and stem wind. Fitted in twenty-year plain or fancy Gold-filled guaranteed case.

BEST TIME KEEPER—GREATEST BARGAIN

$8.25



Thin Model

C. O. D.
Send No Money

LEADER WATCH CO., 160 North Wells Street, Dept. [illegible] Chicago

CORNET FREE

Given for selling 25 Jewelry [illegible] at 10c each. Write today. We trust you. Eagle Watch Co., [illegible] East Boston, Mass.

TRAPS-GUNS Hunting Search Lights, Animal Traps, Trappers' Supplies at lowest prices. Write for Trappers' Guide, Catalog of Trappers Supplies, Game Laws. For market information. All sent FREE. E. W. BIGGS & CO. 142 Biggs Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

you might have. You must rest, get a long and sound night's sleep."

"If I can . . ."

"You still have some of those powders I prescribed? Take two tonight, one after dinner, one when you go to bed. And don't stay up late on my account." She assented listlessly. "Don't hesitate to send for me if you need me. And in the morning, if I haven't heard from you meantime, I'll call up—about 10. I shall be out of town in the afternoon, but at night I'd like to see you, if you'll be at home."

"I shall," she sighed. "Of course. I shall be packing. We leave for Southampton day after tomorrow."

"Glad of that. Once you get out of his memory-haunted atmosphere, and especially since you will have no more dreams——"

She looked round sharply: "You think that?"

"If you're right, if Leonora's dead"—he was doing his best to drive conviction home—"you need not hope to follow her life after death, in your dreams."

"I don't know," she doubted. "I shan't soon forget . . . But the mystery and the horror of such an end . . . Philip; who could have killed her?"

"If she is dead, as you think—need we accuse anybody of murder? It might have been suicide——"

"Oh, no"—she interrupted almost scornfully—"never! Why should she do such a thing? She was so happy, she loved Mario, he loved her devotedly."

"Or an accident, perhaps . . ."

She seemed to try to adopt this theory, she pondered it at length, but in the end could not accept it.

"No," she declared; "it was neither suicide nor accident, it was what she had been afraid of all along, death by violence . . ."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

DEFIANCE.

LATE in the evening the telephone interrupted the supervision of her packing, with which Priscilla was endeavoring to divert her weary thoughts—and with no great success.

Her maid being busy at the moment, Priscilla answered in person, and suffered a slight shock when she heard the studied accent of Harry Chilvers—so completely had she forgotten the man.

"Hello; put me thru to Miss Maine, will you?"

Priscilla countered with the stereotyped query; "Who is calling, please?"

But she was too indifferent to disguise her voice; and Mr. Chilvers chirped briskly:

"Oh, hello, Nora! This is Harry. What happened to you this afternoon? Forget our date for tea? Or did something get in your way?"

Quite evidently Mr. Chilvers was prepared to be a good fellow and overlook that slight. But Priscilla replied with an apathy nothing short of cynical:

"Miss Maine is not at home."

An oath of resentful incredulity was cut in two as she clicked the receiver into its hook; but the picture suggested, of the Nut raging at a mute and unemotional telephone, failed to excite even the ghost of her smile.

The death of Leonora had bereft the man of all claim upon her consideration, rendering him hopelessly incompetent for harm. He had become nothing to her, less than nothing. The incident served merely to remind her that she had neglected to tell Fosdick about the fellow, his effrontery, the insolence of his ill-veiled threats.

Not that it mattered; she could tell Philip at any time; tomorrow or whenever she happened to remember and be in the mood. . . .

Now the bitterest melancholy oppressed her, a desolation indescribable; the vision of the pool was constant in her imagination, obscuring even material objects that passed under her regard; the sense of loss, a living anguish from which there was no escape . . .

It was, she told herself, as if a part of her very soul had ruthlessly been lopped off by some malign power, leaving her incomplete, a cripple. She had read of soldiers who, having lost an arm or leg, were still unable to lose the sense of union with the missing member. So her spirit yearned without ceasing for that which had been taken away from it, and would not be comforted; and she was never without the frustrated feeling of groping sickly for that which was no more . . .

Only in sleep did she find surcease; then there was oblivion of a sort, the dubious boon of Fosdick's prescription, in a sleep heavy and hot and thick, in which she lay inert like something submerged in a trepid, black, viscous fluid, from which she emerged with throbbing head and sluggish pulses, unrested, despondent.

With sinking heart she contemplated the tedium of the day to come, its appointed round of tasks—packing, shopping, visiting the studio to close it up for the summer.

Fosdick called up about mid-morning and, hearing her report on the effect of the drug, told her to discontinue it, promising to bring a substitute when he called in the evening. He could get in from the country about half past 8, he said, and be at the house on Park avenue as soon after that hour as a taxi could fetch him.

She promised to be at home to him alone.

Later her maid summoned her to the telephone a second time; Mr. Chilvers was on the wire. "Tell him I've left town for the summer," Priscilla said, too depressed to feel annoyed by his persistence.

But when she was leaving Altman's in the afternoon after an hour or two of perfunctory shopping, Mr. Chilvers waylaid her in the carriage entrance.

He saluted with a wide flourish of his beaming topper and a smirk of poisonous amiability.

"Saw your car up the street," he announced cheerfully—"thought perhaps you wouldn't mind givin' me a lift."

She stopped, reading darkly his shrewd, narrow, ratlike face, reading the threat and triumph in those small, black, close-set eyes, surmising that without a public scene there could be no escaping the interview he demanded.

"But really you ought to speak to that maid of yours," he proceeded, unabashed. "She had the impudence to tell me this morning you'd left town for the summer."

She shrugged, and in silence led on out to the sidewalk. Her car was waiting across the way. Seeing her, the chauffeur pulled round to the curb.

Mr. Chilvers slipped a gallant hand under her arm to help her in, but before he could follow Priscilla pulled the door to. Immediately his manner changed. Scarlet with anger, he laid a hand on the ledge of the window.

"What's the big idea?" he demanded. "You ought to know better than to think you can gyp me without a struggle."

"There will be no struggle," Priscilla replied quietly, talking from the window. "You see, for reasons of my own, day before yesterday, I chose to let you think me somebody who I am not. These reasons no longer exist. Therefore I need no longer tolerate your impertinence."

"Well," Mr. Chilvers commented in a pained manner, after a brief pause, "I won't say I wasn't lookin' for a stall of some kind, because I was. But I got to admit I didn't think you'd try to get away with anything so kindergartenish." He adopted a mincing accent: "'Unhand me, sir! I am not the one you take me for.' Say, where do you get that stuff, anyway?"

"I let you believe I was Leonora." Priscilla explained coldly, "because I wanted to shield her——"

"Oh, no doubt, no doubt!"

"But my motive doesn't matter. Leonora died yesterday. So there's no more need of my pretending. One moment, please!" She forestalled a threatened interruption. "Listen to me! I am not Leonora. My name is Priscilla Maine. I have lived all my life in New York, in the Park avenue house which belonged to my father. Should we ever meet again, don't presume on the acquaintance I have permitted you to claim but which is now closed. And before you threaten me again, let me advise you to find out the truth about Priscilla Maine."

SHE put her finger on the telephone button.

"Let go of the door, please," she said, looking calmly into his infuriated eyes. "Will you oblige me? Or shall I send my chauffeur to ask the policeman over there to step this way for a moment?"

Mr. Chilvers opened his mouth, but shut it without speech. A second attempt was more successful.

"If you think you can put it over on me like this——!"

But Priscilla was already speaking into the telephone:

"All right, Arthur; to the studio, please."

The car swept forward so suddenly that Mr. Chilvers was almost dragged off his feet before he remembered to loose his hold.

Satisfied that she had seen the last of him—he would hardly find a second opportunity to annoy her that day, or neglect to make the inquiries she had advised; and tomorrow would see her well beyond his reach, in Southhampton—she sank back in the seat and once more delivered up body and mind and soul to melancholy.

At the mouth of the Alley she dismissed the car. "Mrs. Trowbridge will use you for the rest of the afternoon," she told Arthur. "I'll call a taxi to

THIS GIRL IS A WONDER

Do you want more money than you ever possessed? If so, learn to make nut and fruit bonbons—the business will net you $90.00 to $300.00 per month. You can work from your own home; all who sample your bonbons become regular customers. You start by investing less than $10.00 for supplies. Mary Elizabeth started her candy kitchen with $5.00 and has made a fortune. Cannot you do likewise? I will tell you all about the business and help you start, so you can become independent. Now is the psychological time to make big money, as sugar is cheaper and fine bonbons command phenomenal prices. Write to-day. Isabelle Inez, 314 Morewood Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.—Adv.

60,000 Pairs of U. S. ARMY

Reclaimed Field and Trench Shoes

1.95

10c extra for Parcel Post

Perfect Condition

Army Trading Co.

21 to 27 Clifton St., - NEWARK, N. J.

New Life for Sick Man

Eatonic Works Magic

"I have taken only two boxes of Eatonic and feel like a new man. It has done me more good than anything else," writes C. O. Frappir.

Eatonic is the modern remedy for acid stomach, bloating, food repeating and indigestion. It quickly takes up and carries out the acidity and gas and enables the stomach to digest the food naturally. That means not only relief from pain and discomfort but you get the full strength from the food you eat. Big box, only costs a trifle with your druggist's guarantee. Sample Free. Address, Eatonic Remedy Co., 1020 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago.

ROUGH ON RATS

Rough on Rats

Eliminates rats and mice from houses, barns, outbuildings, etc. Economical and sure.

Better than cats and traps. Mix it with any bait that rats and mice eat. At drug and general stores—Write for Booklet—"Ending Rats and Mice."

E. S. WELLS, Chemist
Jersey City New Jersey

Why Fear Child Birth

DR. J. H. DYE, obstetric specialist, devoted his life to women's sorrows. He discovered a means of lessening the suffering of labor and unnecessary pain. Write us about irregularity and sterility.

Illustrated Booklet FREE, Sent in Plain Wrapper.

If you wish to give birth to healthy babes, without unnecessary pain, write today for your copy of this booklet. Thousands benefited in last forty years.

Dr. J. H. Dye Medical Institute,
101 Lincoln Building, Buffalo, N. Y.

BECOME A GRADUATE Practical Nurse

[illegible] to $35 a week in this noble profession. Everywhere. Our simple, easy, home study course fits you for this [illegible] profession. No special education necessary. Course may be completed in five to ten weeks' spare time by [illegible] Lessons and [illegible] Write TODAY for FREE sample lesson.

WALTER SCHOOL OF NURSING
1560 N. Halsted Street, Box 10 CHICAGO

ALL THIS FREE

High class gold plated Secret Locket with chain, Beautiful Bar Pin set with Sparkling Brilliants and Handsome Stone Set Ring all Free for selling 24 Beautiful Easy Selling Pictures at 10c. Order pictures. Satisfaction guaranteed.

GAIR MFG. CO., Dept. 170 CHICAGO

FREE LARGE GENUINE EASTMAN

Premo Film Pack Camera, for selling 24 large colored postcards at 25c each, post cards at the [illegible] Order [illegible] today. Sent prepaid.

GATES MFG. CO., DEPT. 545 CHICAGO

TO PROTECT

To allay coughs, to soothe sore, irritated throats and annoying colds, depend upon Piso's. Its prompt use protects you by keeping little ills from becoming great. Buy Piso's today—have it in the house ready for instant aid. It contains no opiate—it is good for young and old.

35c at your druggist's

PISO'S
for Coughs & Colds

Made-to-Measure
Express Prepaid $3.45

Pants cut in the latest style. Made-to-your individual measure. Fit, workmanship and wear guaranteed.

No Extra Charge
for peg tops, no matter how extreme you order them.

Agents Wanted A good live hustler in every town to take orders for our celebrated made-to-measure clothes. Samples of all latest materials **Free.**

We Pay Big Money
to our agents everywhere. Turn your spare time into cash by taking orders for our stylish clothes. Write today for beautiful **FREE** outfit.

WASHINGTON TAILORING CO.
Dept. 317 Chicago, Ill.

Oh Boys, Girls! Great Sport with CLAXOPHONE
Voice Thrower

Throw your voice under the **table, back of a door,** into a **trunk,** desk in **School,** any old place. **Big FUN** fooling **Peddlers, Policeman, Friends,** anybody. This **Claxophone** is a small device that lays on your tongue unseen, **always ready for use by anyone. Claxophone** with **full instructions; also Set of Secret Writing Tricks,** all sent for one dime. (No Stamps) **10c**
Trade Mark Regd.

CLAXO TRICK CO.,
Dept. Y, New Haven, Conn.

HAMILTON 22 CAL. RIFLE WITHOUT COST

1000 SHOT ALL STEEL MAGAZINE AIR RIFLE FREE

WE GIVE TO BOYS
Choice of Six Guns (on four easy plans) for selling our Magic Healing Wav-o-Lena at only 25c Box. **WE TRUST YOU!** Order Six Boxes Today On Postal Card—We send promptly, Prepaid! Easy to Sell—the Healing Ointment needed in every home! Sell at once, return money, as we direct, choosing your Gun according to one of the Plans shown in our Big Premium List. 200 Other Gifts! Or Big Cash Commission! Just for promptness a Free Gift—**So Order Today!**

350 SHOT REPEATING AIR GUN GIVEN

WAVERLY SUPPLY CO. 207 Tower Bldg. Monongahela, Pa.

GIVEN

These 5 pieces of Jewelry, guaranteed 5 years, given FREE for selling 12 boxes of **Rosebud Salve** at 25c per box. Household remedy for burns, tetter, sores, piles, catarrh, corns, bunions, etc. We send salve postpaid *on credit*, trust you until sold. **BIG CATALOG** other premiums, watches, curtains, phonographs, etc. sent with salve. Write today and get started.

ROSEBUD PERFUME CO., Box 200, WOODSBORO, MD.

Big Band Catalog Sent FREE

Anything you need for the band—single instrument or complete equipment. Used by Army and Navy. Send for big catalog, liberally illustrated, fully descriptive. Mention what instrument interests you. Free trial. Easy payments. Sold by leading music dealers everywhere.

LYON & HEALY
62-79 Jackson Blvd., Chicago

Hair Grown on Bald Head

After being almost totally bald, a New Yorker happily found something which brought out a new luxuriant growth of hair of which he is so proud that he will send the information free to anyone who asks for it. Write: John H. Brittain, BH-178, Station F, New York, N. Y. Many women and men have grown hair after all else failed. Cut this out, show others; this is genuine.

FREE TRIAL

Let us send this fine Razor for 30 days free trial. When satisfied after using, send $1.85 or return razor. Order Today. **JONES MFG. CO., Dept. 808, CHICAGO, ILL.**

LEARN PIANO BY EAR—IN ONE WEEK
Play correct BASS at once with my method. Most anyone can learn in a week.
F. W. Little, Box 36 Arsenal Sta., Pittsburgh, Pa.

MENDING TISSUE THE WONDER OF THE AGE. No sewing or darning. Repairs clothing, silk, satin, cotton goods, ribbons, fabrics of all kinds, kid gloves, mackintoshes, umbrellas, parasols, stockings, etc. Package, postpaid, 15 cents, two packages, 25 cents. Address, **PENN PUBLISHING CO., Blairsville, Pa.**

take me home when I'm ready."

Her business in the studio proved more exacting and fatiguing that she had anticipated. It was a matter of several hours before she had finished sorting out and packing up tubes of paint, bottles of medium, brushes, palettes, unpainted canvases on stretchers, her sketching umbrella, easel and stool. And yet it was work no one could have done for her; no servant could have known what she needed to take down to the country with her, what to leave behind.

The afternoon was as unseasonably warm as any that spring had brewed. Weary to start with, she worked steadily, heedless of the passage of time. It was something past 6, when pausing to survey the result of her labors, she discovered there was little more to do. At once she realized her weariness like a dragging weight, and felt that it would be utterly impossible to continue before she had rested for a little.

It required an effort of will to drag into the kitchenette, fill a teakettle, and place it on an electric stove. Then she returned to the studio to wait for the water to boil.

The invitation of the divan proved too tempting. She lay down, sighing.

Sleep possessed her without any warning, without an instant's grace.

CHAPTER XL.
TRANSLATION.

AS ON that first occasion when sleep had stolen upon and overcome her unawares in the studio, her unclosing eyes comprehended only darkness absolute.

Unlike that time, when she had roused instantaneously, self-consciousness springing suddenly, full-witted, full-powered, clear, out of nightmare imprisonment, now she awoke slowly and at expense of effort almost painful; senses struggling long and arduously to break the embrace of a sleep so deep and undisturbed that the self-sense had lain in it benumbed and stifled.

In the confusion of those first waking moments she believed herself to be at home, in bed.

But the darkness of her bedchamber had never been sheer; there was always a diffused glow from the lights in the street to temper it.

Then she remembered, dully, the studio and the weariness that had weighed upon her in the afternoon.

She must have slept several hours at the least reckoning, for it had been broad daylight when she lay down, the evenings were long, and it was now, judging by the blackness of it and the silence, dead of night.

But she looked in vain for the violet-tinted rectangle of the north-light.

And mysteriously the windows were shut which had been open when she stretched out to rest while the kettle boiled. For there was not only an utter absence of light but a smothering lack of fresh air. She could not remember a time when the atmosphere of the studio had been so close. Worse than merely close, indeed; it was foul, gravid with stagnant smells unfamiliar to her nostrils; a pungent order of stale fermentation, a rank aroma of tobacco smoke, and with these a stealthy and subtle elluvium, cloying, insidious, insinuative, at once flattering and disgusting, sinister and seductive . . .

There were lesser odors, too, in multitude, and there was a grim pitch of heat, to help make the atmosphere suffocating.

Her lungs starving for clean air, she lay for some time stupidly contemplating the exertion that would be needed to rise and open one of the windows. Somehow she could not seem to nerve herself to it.

She was feeling actually ill, squeamish. Her limbs were stiff and heavy, her hands hot, her cheeks and forehead afire, a prickling sensation afflicted her body, she was athirst and the taste in her mouth was evil; and when she moved her head upon the pillow, pain like a brutal blow crashed from temple to temple and back again and again, forcing feeble groans past her lips.

Nevertheless conditions such as these were unendurable. At whatever cost, she must have water and fresh air. . . .

She steeled herself and presently, by a supreme exertion of will power, forced herself to sit up. For the time being she could no more. The pain rocked and smashed about like a mad thing, till she wondered would it break her skull. And as by degrees those transports subsided, she was taken with qualms of nausea.

There was nothing to do but discipline herself to patience till pain and sickness wore themselves out. Despite the ache, her head was clearer now, she could think more connectedly, her perceptions were less like things buried alive in cotton wool; the physical circumstances of her surroundings began to register.

She must have kicked off her shoes in her sleep. At least, she could not remember removing them before lying down. At all events—whatever had become of them—they were gone. Beneath her stockinged feet the floor was bare and rough, of unfinished wood. Now there was a rug beside the divan in the studio. And even had it been spirited away like her shoes, the studio floor was

Extra: *"You tell 'em splinter, you're a chip off the old block!!"*

Chicago,

OLD PAL PETE: Wednesday.

This is a P. S. to the letter I wrote you on the buzzing Limited. Kid, for a fact, I'm hitting 13 on making up Camel advertisements. *And, I'll say it right here!* Porter, give us the lights!

Just skimmed another swell Camel fact! Stop this: Guess I've smoked a million Camels! Pete, they never tired my taste yet!!!! And, old socks, *put Camels to the test!* Then you'll wise up that Camels leave no unpleasant cigaretty aftertaste nor unpleasant cigaretty odor!

That's some smoke news, I'll say, when you been trying to fuss the "straight" brands! And, old shoe, *you ought to know,* they gave you a lacing!

What makes a dent on my disposition is that while Camels are the mildest cigarette and the mellowest cigarette any man can buy they've *got all the "body" you ever heard tell of!*

Why Pete, I've got as many new selling ideas about Camels as there are hairs on a purr-kitty's tail!

Drop your old lamps down here,—how's that for blazing the joy Camels pass out!

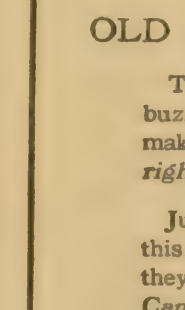
Me for more of 'em

Shorty.

—"The Camel Kid!"

Camel

Semi Cord Tires 8000 MILE SERVICE 66⅔ SAVING-FREE TUBES



Most modern and lasting of reconstructed tires. Semi Cords are reinforced with Standard Cord tops as shown in picture. Their tough cross strands of cord, woven into and under a heavy, perfectly cured rubber tread, give the greatest wearing quality of any other grade of tires. These are sold by us only and our usual mileage guarantee given. As an extra inducement to try them we include **one new Standard Make tube free with every tire.** Buy now at these low prices. **Written guarantee with each tire.**

30x3	$ 7.50	32x4	$12.20
30x3½	9.10	33x4	12.50
32x3½ S.S. only	10.20	34x4	12.85
31x4	11.90	32x4½	13.40
30x3 in Fabric only		33x4½	13.95
34x4½	$14.55		
35x4½	14.90		
36x4½	15.50		
35x5	16.45		
37x5	17.50		

Send $2.00 deposit for each tire ordered, balance C. O. D. subject to examination. If full amount sent with order, deduct 5%.

SEMI CORD TIRE CO. 38A Roosevelt & Robey St., Chicago, Ill.

This Davis Phonograph **$39.75** Yes—a machine superior in workmanship and tone quality to the ordinary $100 machine for only $39.75—a FULL SIZE genuine black walnut machine, finished natural color, oak or mahogany, and equipped with the finest quality double spring motor of the worm gear type—a machine that plays all makes of records better than you have ever heard them played before—for only **$39.75.** It may seem too good to be true, but when you stop to consider the enormous savings effected

By Our Direct Offer —which does away with jobber's and dealer's profits—printing and mailing of costly catalogs—bookkeeping, collection expenses, losses, etc. on installment accounts—all of which must eventually come out of the retail customer's pocket—you will realize why we can sell a better machine for **$39.75** than the installment house sells for **$100,** and still make a fair profit for ourselves.

FREE For a limited time only, we will give five double records, $4.25 worth, FREE, with every machine, so better not delay, but order an outfit at once on

30 Days FREE TRIAL

Send only **$2** with the coupon, and this superb **Davis Phonograph,** together with **$4.25** worth of records, will be forwarded to you at once, c. o. d. **$37.75.** When the outfit arrives, accept it and pay the c. o. d.—entertain your family and friends for full **30** days; then, if you are not more than pleased, return the outfit at our expense, c. o. d. **$39.75,** and the transportation company will get all your money back for you. This simple and direct method of doing business **SAVES YOU $60.25** in addition to the cost of the free records, so better grasp this opportunity at once.

Has the Sweetest, Purest, Strongest and Clearest Tone

TRIANGLEPHONE CO., Dept. S 1, May & 61st Sts., Chicago

Ship me, exactly as per your offer, one Davis Phonograph, Genuine Black Walnut, Natural Color ( ) Mahogany ( ) Oak ( ), also five double records (10 selections). I enclose herewith **$2** deposit, and will pay balance **($37.75)** on delivery. I reserve the right to return outfit, c. o. d. **$39.75** plus transportation charges, within **30** days after receipt, if I do not wish to keep same.

Name.....

Address..... Shipping Point.....

Dont Send a Penny

No money now—just the coupon and we send this smartly tailored skirt on approval—just to show you what Leonard-Morton values really are. A startling bargain at our special price and you pay nothing—not a cent—when skirt arrives. If you don't want to keep it, send it back and your money is returned at once. You risk nothing.

Navy Blue Serge Skirt ONLY $1.69

A beautiful skirt with all the snap and style of much higher-priced garments. Made of good quality serge that will give splendid service. You will wonder how we can give such a bargain.

Season's Smartest Style

Two deep cut novelty pockets at sides, trimmed with gold tabs of self material and metal buttons—a very smart effect. Skirt is shirred all around the waistline to fall gracefully over hips. Belt is lined with contrasting satin and buttons trimmed to match the pockets. Comes in Navy blue only. Waist measure, 22 to 40 inches. Lengths, 34 to 42 inches.

Send Coupon While Bargain Price Lasts Just send coupon or letter. Pay only the bargain price, $1.69, and postage when skirt arrives. Compare with skirts at $3.00 or $3.50, and if not satisfied that this is a bargain that you simply must not miss, send it back and we will refund money. Don't wait—send coupon today. Give your size.

LEONARD-MORTON & CO. Dept. 7928 Chicago

Send me the Navy Blue Serge Skirt No. BX1169. I will pay the bargain price, $1.69, and postage on arrival. If not satisfied, I will return skirt and you will refund the money.

Waist..... Length.....

Name.....

Address.....

$15.00 SUIT MADE TO ORDER SAVE

To prove our statements as to values and get your money's worth we make your suit to your measure for only $11.50. Your choice of the pattern of any one of the 150 style combinations to select from. One year's satisfaction guaranteed or every penny back—quick.

NO EXTRA CHARGES

You pay just what we say, not one penny of extras for anything. We even pay all postage and express. You save one-half—like before the war.

EARN $60.00 CASH WEEKLY

You can take orders easy for these clothes in spare time and make $3000 a year and up at home. Experience and capital unnecessary. **SEND NO CASH**

FREE—BIG SAMPLES New samples show latest styles and 80 real cloth samples. Buy at Jobbers' Wholesale prices. Write now for Big Free Outfit.

SPENCER MEAD COMPANY
Wholesale Tailors Dept. 903 Chicago

STANDARD TIRES LESS THAN 1/2 Price

Send No Money

Don't miss this chance to cut your tire cost 50% and more. We ship at once on approval. These are *standard make* used tires, excellent condition, selected by our experts—rebuilt by expert workmanship. Can readily be guaranteed for 6000 miles.

NOTE: These are not sewed together or have known as double treads.

SEE THESE LOW PRICES

Size	Tires	Tubes	Size	Tires	Tubes
30x3	$ 5.70..	$ 1.60	34x4	$ 8.75..	$2.60
30x3½	6.60..	1.75	34x4½	10.00..	3.00
32x3½	6.75..	1.85	35x4½	11.00..	3.15
32x3½	7.00..	2.00	36x4½	11.50..	3.40
32x4	8.00..	2.25	36x5	12.50..	3.50
33x4	8.25..	2.40	38x5	12.75..	3.60
34x4	8.50..	2.50	37x5	12.75..	3.60

WRITE Remember, we guarantee your perfect satisfaction. Pay only on arrival. Examine and gauge for yourself. If not satisfied—send them back at our expense. We will refund your money without question. Be sure to state size wanted—Clincher, S. S., Nonskid, Plain.

CLEVELAND TIRE AND RUBBER CO.
2100 Michigan Avenue Chicago, Ill.

WETO GRAPH SECRET WRITING SYSTEM

Invaluable for lovers and for keeping recipes, addresses, secret memorandum or other information safe and private. No stranger can read your postals if you use the Weto Graph. Great fun for lovers or friends. Don't miss it. Send 10c and we will send the Weto Graph by mail, with full instructions. Address

PENN PUBLISHING CO., Blairsville, Pa.

of hardwood neatly joined and polished till its surface was like glass.

Then a hand that she dropped to the edge of her couch encountered the coarse ticking of an uncovered mattress, instead of the silken rug that clothed the divan.

Slowly it was borne in upon her that she was neither in her bedchamber nor in her studio.

This conviction struck home to her understanding with a shock that brought her to her feet. And for a long minute she stood swaying in the darkness while the agony thundered in her temples, flashes of weird light seared her eyeballs, and moans found a way thru her clinched teeth . . .

What had happened? Where was she—and who?

Was she Priscilla Maine delirious?

Or was she Leonora—yet once again that puppet of her life in dreams, embarked upon some new and still more terrible adventure?

But Leonora was no more . . .

What then? Did people deranged by illness suffer such awful hallucinations and at the same time know that they were impossible, unreal, insane inventions of an unhinged mind?

She took a blind step into obscurity, and another, blundered into a chair and knocked it over with a clatter.

While she waited, dashed, hands clutching wildly at vacant blackness, a key turned in a reluctant lock, a door opened, closed, and was relocked.

Priscilla failed to elicit more than a harsh, inarticulate whisper from a swollen throat.

A match rasped and spluttered in the murk, a gasjet hissed from a wall-bracket, spreading a fanlike flame with a body of ghastly blue and a border of tawny yellow.

It revealed a mean and ugly cubicle, perhaps six feet by eight, with dingy walls to whose crumbling plaster clung a few dismal rags of ancient paper. The single window was stoutly boarded on the inside. The begrimed floor was a stranger alike to carpeting and soap and water, had apparently been so since time out of memory. For furnishing there was a small table of painted wood, the overturned chair, and a scorbutic iron bedstead with swayback springs, a lumpy mattress and one emaciated pillow.

Silent beneath the wheezing gaslight, the woman Inez bent upon Priscilla a leering regard.

CHAPTER XLI.

INEZ.

"WELL," Inez drawled in overcolored surprise, "would you look who's here! As I live 'tis none other than the Duplex Kid—Little Nora of the Double Life—and Face!"

Arms akimbo, with fleering mouth and hostile eyes, she waited hopefully for her gibe to draw the spirited response which might have been expected of Leonora, and so provide excuse for further insolence.

She was disappointed. Her victim was too far gone in wretchedness to know or care whether she were the butt of ill-natured derision. Added to the misery of her body, she had now to cope with an intellectual confusion that seemed past raveling. Every circumstance contributing to this latest phase of her ill-starred destiny was incomprehensible—other than as proof of either a mind disordered or a translation of identity more absolute than any she had as yet experienced.

She had fallen asleep in the tranquil spaciousness of her studio; she was awake in this confined place of unspeakable squalor. She had been free and alone; she was now in a manner jailed, at the mercy of this truculent vixen. No later than this afternoon she had been Priscilla Maine; tonight she was cast for the role of Leonora. Reconciliation of reason with propositions so paradoxical was impossible, the mental effort agony. Both hands clasping her tortured head, as if to prevent its splitting asunder, the girl stared at Inez with distraught eyes in a haggard countenance.

"Thought you'd pay the old place a visit, did you? Found Fift' avenue and all too rich for your stummick, I presoom. 'How's it feel to be back on the farm? Like Old Home Week, I guess."

Again Priscilla tried to speak; but her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth. The sounds, when at length they came, were unrecognizable as her own voice.

"Water," she croaked—"in pity's name—water!"

Momentarily the other seemed of a mind to refuse her. A grin of gratification formed on the hard-lined mouth. Then, perhaps because she saw she would get no satisfaction from her prey otherwise, she decided to indulge her.

"All right, dearie; I'll fetch you a nice long drink. Back in a minute. Just make yourself perfectly at home."

Deftly unfastening the door, Inez slipped out.

Priscilla swayed back to the bed and sat down, temporarily in total subjugation to her thirst and the promise of its assuagement; all other perceptions in abeyance, only the sense of hearing alert for sounds of returning footsteps, tinkling ice in a glass . . .

She was kept waiting a cruel time.

Whether prompted by need for stealth or by common hatefulness seeking to prolong her torments, Inez chose to return noiselessly. Priscilla, sitting with drooping head, had no warning till she heard the door close softly. Then, seeing Inez posed with her back to it, a large goblet of thick glass held high, the girl lurched to her feet and toward her.

"Please!" she begged huskily.

With a quick movement Inez placed the glass on the little table and met Priscilla with a straight-arm blow on the bosom that drove her reeling back to the bed, whose uprights she grasped to save herself a fall.

"Don't be in such a sweat. You'll get your drink, all right—when you've done what I want you to."

"What—what do you want me to do?"

Inez tossed toward her a bundle of garments she had brought under an arm. "I want that suit you've got on—it's too damn'd good for you—and your rings and that brooch and everythin'. Hand 'em over and you can have your drink."

"I don't understand. You can't—it can't be possible you mean to rob me?"

"Say, lis'n!" With the stride of an infuriated animal, Inez crossed to her and stopped with her shrewish face thrust forward pugnaciously, not six inches from Priscilla's. "I'm goin' to have them swell duds and jools if I have to rip 'em off your back with my own hands—and the skin off your face, too. Get me? I mean every word of it. You're goin' to come down to where you belong this minute, and you're goin' to look the part, too, or my name ain't Inez. You've come the haughty over me for the last time. It's my innin's now, and when I'm finished with you everythin' 'll be perfectly even between you and Inez, forever and ever—a-men!"

She read her answer in terrified eyes, and leered exultantly.

"Well, what about it? You goin' to shuck them clothes, or do you want me to help you?"

With trembling, awkward fingers Priscilla began to pluck at the buttons of her blouse.

Inez retreated to the table, picked up the glass, and rattled the ice musically within it.

"Hurry, dear heart!"

Priscilla removed coat and blouse and stepped out of her skirt, then lifted her hands for the glass. Her tormentor warned her off.

"Wait—a—min-ute! You're forgettin' them rings."

Silently the girl stripped her fingers, dropping their jewels into the greedy palm. Nothing mattered, so that she earned that drink of water.

But yet once again was she put off.

"Don't crowd me so! I might get nervous and spill somethin'. . . . Climb into them clothes I brought you first—and if I was you, I wouldn't waste no time, neither. Can't tell when Harry or some one 'll bump in here and catch you with nothin' on but your pretties. And be thankful I let you keep them . . .

FOR an instant, indeed, the woman seemed disposed to repent of that generosity, enviously eying Priscilla's undergarments of lace and filmy silk. In fumbling haste Priscilla covered them with the cheap and none too clean cotton blouse, the shoddy and ill-fashioned coat and skirt which Inez had brought her.

At last she had her reward. At first in frantic gulps, then more slowly if with no less avidity, she drained the glass; while Inez at the bed snatched up and packed under her arms the spoils of this her first victory over her rival.

"Well, how about it, Nora? Feelin' chirpier?" she inquired with magnanimity when Priscilla put down the empty glass.

"I don't know." Priscilla's feet wove uncertainly toward the bed. Too late she was realizing that the glass had

Why Druggists Recommend Swamp-Root

For many years druggists have watched with much interest the remarkable record maintained by Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder medicine.

It is a physician's prescription.

Swamp-Root is a strengthening medicine. It helps the kidneys, liver and bladder do the work nature intended they should do.

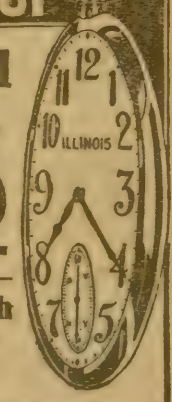
Swamp-Root has stood the test of years. It is sold by all druggists on its merit and it should help you. No other kidney medicine has so many friends.

Be sure to get Swamp-Root and start treatment at once.

However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention the Chicago Ledger.

19 Jewel Adjusted

—To Positions
—To Temperature
—To Isochronism



$3.00 —A— Month

—16 Size Thin Model
—25 Year Gold Case
—Double Roller
—Solid Gold Settings

Send No Money!

Ask For It On Approval

You don't risk a cent. If you send your name and address now (postal will do), we will place this superb 19 Jewel in your own hands for free examination. You will then know that it is the kind of a Watch you want—a real Watch of Railroad quality. Now is the time to own one at our Special low price and easy terms, and to prove all we say, we will send it on

30 Days Free Trial

You take absolutely no chances. Our Special Price is rock-bottom. We guarantee to refund your money if you can beat it for spot cash. Our 20 years experience and large volume of business enables us to make this remarkable offer to wage earners everywhere and throw in our easy terms for good measure. But this Special Offer will not last always. The price may go up. The factory guarantees it will not go down. So write today for our

FREE Catalog and full information on this Big Special Offer. Remember, we sell all kinds of Watches and Diamonds on easy payments but if you want this superb 19 Jewel at this month's bargain price, act now.

HARRIS-GOAR CO. Dept. 109 KANSAS CITY, MO.
We Do As We Advertise

All Fat People

Easily Reduce

The world owes a debt of gratitude to the author of the now famous Marmola Prescription, and is still more indebted for the reduction of this harmless, effective obesity remedy to tablet form. They are so convenient to take, and as pleasant as candy. One after each meal and at bedtime will quickly reduce your weight, two, three or four pounds a week, and leave no evil effects such as loose, flabby skin and unsightly wrinkles. Just go on eating what you like—leave exercise to the athletics—take your little tablet as directed and soon you will be your natural self, cloaked in firm flesh and trim muscles. Marmola Prescription Tablets may now be obtained at all drug stores, or by writing direct to Marmola Co., 211 Garfield Building, Detroit, Mich., and their reasonable price—one dollar for generous package—leaves no excuse for dieting or violent exercise for the reduction of the overfat body to normal proportions.

Vacant Government Land

HOW TO GET A FARM FREE

A Billion Acres Open to Homestead Entry and Purchase : :

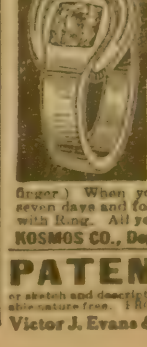
FULL INFORMATION to LAND SEEKERS

About the United States Vacant Lands and How to Secure Them

also, the number of acres and the kind of land described that is open to settlement in each county of every public land state and territory. The Location of Each Land Office to which Applications are made, with blank form of application. It tells about Irrigation and Irrigated Lands, Oil and Saline Lands, how to acquire Townsites and Millsites, with Diagrams and Tables Revised to Date. 112 pages.

PRICE, PAPER COVERS, 50c, POSTPAID.

W. C. WATKINS, Box 1505, Parnassus, Pa.



LUCKY HORSESHOE RING ON 7 DAYS TRIAL

Believed by many to be a Charm of Good Luck. The Horseshoe Top is Solid Gold and the Nail Solid Silver, set with Genuine Garnet. It is odd, unique, attractive, admired by everybody. Send your name, address and ring measure (strip of paper around finger.) When you receive Ring, pay $4.95. Wear it seven days and follow the seven golden rules which come with Ring. All your money back if not entirely satisfied.

KOSMOS CO., Dept. M. 828 North Clark Str., Chicago

PATENTS Write for free illustrated Guide Book and EVIDENCE OF CONCEPTION BLANK. Send model or sketch and description of invention for our opinion of its patentable nature free. PROMPT ATTENTION. REASONABLE TERMS.

Victor J. Evans & Co., 697 Ninth, Washington, D.C.

held something more than mere water. She sat down suddenly and began again to nurse her head. "I'm ill," she murmured faintly—"very ill."

"Well, you got a perfect right to be, dearie, after that jolt of hop Charlie slipped you th's evenin'. It must've been enough to kill a horse. I seen you when they brought you in, and believe me, I thought at first you was dead."

"I wish I were," Priscilla groaned. "Where am I?"

"Meanin' to insinuate you don't know? Ah, forget it!"

"How did I get here?"

"I guess maybe that's somethin' you don't know." Inez laughed spitefully. "And I don't mind tellin'; Harry followed you down Fift' avenue 'safternoon and seen where you stopped, up in McDougall Alley. Then he got Charlie and left him to watch you while he 'phoned for the rest of the bunch. When it got dark and everythin' was quiet, they picked the lock, found you doin' a Rip Van Winkle that looked good for twenty year, give you a shot of the hop to make sure you wouldn't wake up at the wrong time, and brought you down here in a taxi. That's your history up to date. Cheer up; the worst is yet to come. And when it comes—grab this from me—innocent li'l Inez is goin' to have a ringside seat."

"I don't understand . . ."

The words were barely audible; but the termagant heard. Her sneer darkened.

"Well, if you gotta know; the bunch's outside makin' up their minds what to do with you. I haven't got no idear what they'll fine'ly settle on, but it'll be plenty, whatever it is. If it was anybody else I'd feel sorry for them; but you——!"

Her laugh was harsh and jeering. For sole response the cringing figure on the bed suddenly sank in upon itself, then over upon one side, where it lay sprawling, inert, whites of eyes showing under half-closed lids.

Startled, the woman bent over Priscilla. But her breathing went on monotonously. She had merely fainted.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE TRAP.

THE blinding prismatic glare that filled all space dwindled slowly to a hand's-breadth of particolored flame, its thunderous roar to a sustained snore; overhead the stertorous gasjet by fits and starts hissed and spat angrily.

She had no means of knowing how long it had been burning; that is to say, how long she had been insensible; but it was long enough, at all events, for the atmosphere of that stuffy hole to have grown sickening with heat and its aggravation of the native stench.

Her mouth and throat once more were parched. The drink brought her by Inez had served only to render her thirst more intense; a matter of spiteful calculation, in all likelihood; even tho diluted, alcohol in any form is no quencher of thirst, rather the contrary. Inez had not, however, reckoned with its stimulating properties; Priscilla was no less unhappy in body and mind, on recovering from her swoon, but she felt stronger, better able to think and to work out thought in action.

At present, however, two considerations dominated all others: her need of water; the necessity somehow to escape from that place of terror and abomination.

She got up, unsteadily enough, padded to the door, and listened there with an ear to the joint between door and jamb.

Hearing what she believed to be a rumor of distant voices, nothing else, she laid hold of the knob and turned it cautiously. A thrill shot thru her heart when the door opened. Whether by design or inadvertence, Inez had neglected to lock it!

A peering reconnaissance showed nothing but gloom immediately beyond the door. Trembling, the girl opened it wide. The light from the gasjet then revealed a length of badly smelling hallway, broken by two more doors, both closed. At its far end it turned off at a right angle. What lay beyond was unguessable; there was no light.

The air of the hallway was heady with that subtle, sickly smell, alluring and appalling . . . the breath of death. . . . She had smelt it before, somewhere, at some time indefinite. . . . At length she knew it; the reek of opium smoke in the den of Sing Ho, to which she—or Leonora—had gone that night (so long ago! to meet Charlie the Coke.

So that was where they had brought her . . .

The quiet of the house seemed to gain sinister accent from a rumble of discussion that went on and endlessly on, evidently behind one of the two other doors.

She advanced one unshod, timid foot across the threshold, faltered, took another step and closed the door behind her, shutting herself out into untempered darkness, and stole fearfully on, feeling her way with hands that brushed the walls.

The attempt was hazardous. In her heart she believed it fated to fail. But perhaps she was wrong; she might succeed . . . If not, no penalty conceivable could be more awful than the lot that might be hers if she did nothing, but supinely waited . . .

Under her tread, light and furtive tho it was, the flooring, poorly laid and sticky with the accumulated grime of years, creaked loud alarms. At almost every other step she was fain to halt and wait, listening, heart in mouth, her breathing stayed.

She drew near to the farther door. The voices became more definite. Seemingly several persons were closeted in that room, all talking at once, in discordant dissension. Now and again one voice or another would momentarily assert itself; but immediately the others would turn on its as one and cry it down; and once it was disciplined and taught its place, the controversy would proceed as before.

The notion came to her, was entertained and established as an idea fixed, that if she could only win past that door, the rest would be easy, an unhindered way of escape would open out to her.

She was within two paces of success when an especially violent wrangle ended in the harsh rasping of chair-legs on a bare, rough floor; and in a sudden lull heavy heels thumped toward the door. The girl shrank back, instinctively flattening herself to the wall to one side of the door. This last was thrown open, letting out a flood of gaslight and a choking gust of air heavy laden with tobacco smoke. A man came out, turning toward Priscilla's recent prison. Blinded by the transition from light to darkness, he stopped and, cursing, put out a hand toward the wall. It touched Priscilla's shoulder. She winced with a stifled cry. Instantly the hand closed cruelly on her shoulder; its owner uttered an exclamation of mingled wrath and satisfaction, and with one ruffianly swing sent her staggering into the room.

Somehow she escaped a tumble, righted herself, stood cringing, blinking, trembling.

The door closed with a bang. The accents of the Nut, destitute for the time, of all pretentions to polish, announced:

"Here she is now! Caught her just in time—tryin' to do a sneak. Who left the door unlocked on her? You, Inez?"

Coolly the voice of Inez replied: "Maybe I did—don't remember."

"D—d careless of you——"

"Ah, shut up. What difference does it make? She didn't get away, did she? She couldn't, not in a thousand years, without we let her."

Priscilla began to get her bearings, finding herself in that sordid room where she had witnessed the meeting of Leonora and Inez, beside the insentient body of the drug fiend, on the night of the storm. But its bunks now were tenantless, the meager mattresses which had cluttered its floor were heaped in a corner, a large plain table occupied the middle of the room, beneath a sizzling gasolier of four jets. Upon the table were bottles and glasses, plates dedicated to fragments of sandwiches and cigarette butts, an open box or two of cigarettes, one of cheap cigars; round it a number of persons were grouped at random, sitting in common chairs.

Priscilla reviewed face after face known to her thru the associations of her dreams: English Addie, heavy,

$1.00 Down Brings You the Famous "Winter King" 16-in. Men's High Cut Shoe

Just send the coupon and $1.00 and we will send you this splendid high cut shoe on approval. If you are not delighted when you see the shoes, send them back and your money will be returned instantly without a question. You take no risk. See for yourself the strength and tremendous wearing quality that are built into these shoes. The stock is limited. Send coupon now.

16-Inch All Solid pliable high-grade chrome tan leather

Chrome Tan Leather Throughout

16 inches tall. Every inch selected, softest, pliable, tough, storm proof, solid dark chrome tan leather. The best wearing leather in the world and at the same time pliable and easy on the feet. Full oak tanned double soles. Solid leather heels. Bellows tongue, same superb quality tan leather. Full vamp, runs all the way under toe cap. Leather counters. Leather insoles. Back seam reinforced. Two straps and buckles. Positively the best shoe in the world for work or hunting.

Sizes 6 to 11. Order by No. F-4. Be sure to give your size. $1.00 cash, $2.35 monthly. Total $14.95.

Six Months to Pay

Learn to buy the Elmer Richards way as thousands of well satisfied men are doing. Six full months to pay in low monthly sums so small you will never notice them. No charge for credit—not one cent discount for cash. These shoes are a big special bargain. Don't miss this chance; send for pair on approval now.

Send Coupon

Don't be too late. The stock is limited. Send the coupon now with a dollar bill or a $1.00 P. O. order. You take no risk. Money back instantly if you ask for it. Send coupon now.

Write your name and address here. Cut it out and mail it

Elmer Richards Co.
Dept. 3537
W. 35th Street, Chicago

Elmer Richards Co., Dept. 3537 West 35th Street, Chicago, Illinois

Gentlemen—I enclose $1.00. Please send Men's 16-inch High Cut Shoe, No. F-4. Size.....
If I am not satisfied when I receive the shoes, I can return them and get payment back with charges. Otherwise, I will pay advertised terms, $1.00 with coupon, $2.35 monthly. Total price, $14.95.

Name.....

Address.....State.....

Ford Auto

The letters of the alphabet are numbered: A is 1; B 2; C 3; D 4, and so on. The figures in the little squares to the left represent four words. (20 is the letter "T"). What are the four words? Can you work it out? If so, send your answer quick. Surely you want this fine, new Ford auto. Send no money with solution.

SEND ANSWER TO-DAY

We not only give away this Ford auto, but hundreds of dollars in cash and scores of other valuable prizes. Bicycles, Guns, Watches, Talking Machines, something for everybody. Everyone who answers this can have a prize of some sort. There are no losers. Nothing difficult to do. Everybody wins. Someone gets this new 1919 Ford Auto free. Why not you? Address

FORD WILLSON, 141 West Ohio Street, Dept. 38, Chicago, Ill.

80 Pounds 188 Pounds Latest Photo

TUBERCULOSIS

It was when physicians said it was impossible for J. M. Miller, Ohio Druggist, to survive the ravages of Tuberculosis, he began experimenting on himself, and discovered the Home Treatment, known as ADDILINE. Anyone with coughs or influenza showing tubercular tendency or Tuberculosis, may use it under plain directions. Send your name and address to

ADDILINE, - 195 Arcade Building, - Columbus, Ohio

Buy Direct from Manufacturer

THIS SUPERB

SYMPHONY GRAND

"IT'S SIMPLY GRAND"

We will ship this superb instrument direct to your home for

$65

In same size as standard $135 Edison, Columbia and Victrola, with record compartments in cabinet. Plays all records and four with one winding. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

Symphony Mfg. Co., 45 W. 34th St. NEW YORK

Guaranteed 6 years

American movement, stem wind and set watch, fancy design back, wonderful timekeeper, for selling 24 large, colored pictures or 24 packages postcard tablets. Order your choice.

FREE

SENT PREPAID. GATES MFG. CO. DEPT. 945 CHICAGO

DROPSY Treated One Week FREE. Short breathing relieved in a few hours, swelling reduced in a few days, regulates the liver, kidneys, stomach and heart, purifies the blood, strengthens the entire system. Write for Free Trial Treatment. COLLUM DROPSY REMEDY CO., DEPT. L, ATLANTA, GA.

LADIES! I positively guarantee my great Successful "Monthly" Compound. Safely relieves some of the longest, most obstinate, abnormal cases in 3 to 5 days. No harm, pain or interference with work. Mail $2.00; Double Strength $3.00. BOOKLET FREE. Write today. DR. B. C. SOUTHINGTON REMEDY CO., Kansas City, Mo.

BOYS! Get 25 Customers

For The Saturday Blade and Chicago Ledger

We want boys everywhere to sell The Saturday Blade, Chicago Ledger and "Lone Scout." Our agents make 2c profit on every Saturday Blade they sell, 2c on every Chicago Ledger and 2c on every "Lone Scout" they sell. Just a few minutes Friday afternoon or Saturday delivering to your regular customers.

25 People Taking the Blade and Ledger Would Give You $1.00 a Week Profit.

You can't lose. You do not send us any money until you sell the papers.

When you send your first report and if you are accepted by the Lone Scouts of America, the great boys' Organization that is without dues, we will pay for you the cost of sending you the Badge, Certificate of Membership and Booklet of Instructions. Just send me a postcard and say, "I will sell your papers," and sign your name and address carefully.

W. D. BOYCE CO., Dept. 15, 500-514 N. Dearborn St., Chicago

florid and flashy; Charlie the Coke, ghastly of face, shifty-eyed, with his frail, racked body and spasmodic gestures; Inez with elbows planted on the table, a sullen face clamped between two fists; at her side, the Nut, to whose presence nothing of his uptown elegance adhered but the handiwork of his excellent tailor, laboring under the burden of a new part, self-assumed, his bottle-neck shoulders wearing with poor grace the mantle of Red Carnehan, master of gunmen; three or four others, remembered as lesser limbs of Red's gang.

The company sat in silence, staring at Nora with unfriendly, inquisitive eyes. Standing before them, like an accused facing a jury of peers in whose judgment her guilt was already established, her punishment already decreed, she was sensible of an oddly reminiscent feeling; all this, she felt, was but the playing of a scene already familiar thru rehearsal; an effect directly tracing back to that night at Ristori's, when Leonora had come belatedly to the feast.

Precisely so had Leonora on that occasion faced a prejudiced jury of her kind. Only the setting was slightly different, the company decimated, its presiding spirit gone beyond recall. . . .

The pause lasted longer than the patience of Inez. She sat up suddenly and waved an extravagant arm, mimicking the manner of a ballyhoo before a circus sideshow.

"Ladeez and gempmun!" she proclaimed in a flat, professional bawl: "I have the honor to present to you t'night the only certified Two-in-One in captivity: Miss Priscilla Maine, the latest fashion hint from Fift' avenoo, and plain Nora O'More of this Club. Take a good look, ladeez and gempmun, at this peerless freak, the only livin' Two of a Kind. A single price of admission pays for both—one dime, the tenth part of a dollar—and your money back if y'aint sat'sfied!"

The days of dream adventures are over; and now Priscilla Maine is free to face with those same real people which came to her only in her subconscious mind. What will she do? What can she say that will convince them that she is not their "Leonora?" There are but two more surprising parts to this story, next week's and the one following.

The Devil's Own

(Continued From Page 8)

I was struck by the drawn, ghastly look in Beaucaire's face. He had aged perceptibly in the last few hours, and during the meal scarcely exchanged a word with any one, eating silently, his eyes downcast. Kirby, however, was the life of the company, and the miners roared at his humorous stories, and anecdotes of adventure—while outside it grew dark, and the little Warrior struggled cautiously thru the waters seeking the channel in the gloom.

CHAPTER IV.

THE END OF THE GAME.

UNCONSCIOUS that the stage had thus been set for a great life drama, a drama in which, thru strange circumstances, I was destined to play my part amid stirring scenes of Indian war, and in surroundings that would test my courage and manhood to the uttermost; yet, altho I heard it not, the hour had already struck, and I stood on the brink of a tragedy beyond my power to avert.

I left the others still seated about the table, and returned alone to the outer deck. I had no plans for the evening, and retain now only slight recollection as to the happenings of the next few hours, which I passed quietly smoking in the darkened pilot house, conversing occassionally with Thockmorton, who clung to the wheel, carefully guiding his struggling boat thru the night-draped waters. The skill with which he found passage thru the enshrouding gloom, guided by signs invisible to my eyes, aided only by a fellow busily casting a lead line in the bows, and chanting the depth of water, was amazing. Seemingly every flitting shadow brought its message, every faint glimmer of starlight pointed the way to safety.

It must have been nearly midnight before I finally wearied of this, and decided to seek a few hours' rest below, descending the short ladder, and walking forward along the open deck for one last glance ahead. Sometime the next day we were to be in St. Louis, and this expectation served to brighten my thoughts. It was a dark night, but with a clear sky, the myriad of stars overhead reflecting their lights along the river surface, and bringing into bold relief the dense shadows of the shores on either side. The boat, using barely enough power to afford steering way, swept majestically down stream, borne by the force of the current, which veered from bank to bank. We were moving scarcely swifter than from eight to ten miles an hour, and the monotonous voice of the man casting the lead line arose continuous thru the brooding silence. The only other perceptible sounds were the exhaust of th steam pipes and the splash of running water. Thockmorton had told me we were already approaching the mouth of the Illinois, and I lingered against the rail, straining my eyes thru the gloom hoping to gain a distant glimpse of the beautiful stream. We were skirting the eastern shore, the wooded bank rising almost as high as our smokestack, and completely shutting off all view of the horizon.

As I stood there, gripping the rail, half fearful lest we strike, the furnace doors below were suddenly flung open for a fresh feeding of the fire, and the red glare of the fire lit up the scene. Close in against the shore nestled a flatboat, evidently tied up for the night, and I had a swift glimpse as we shot by of a startled man waving his arms, and behind him a wildly barking dog. An instant more and the vision had vanished as quickly as it had appeared; even the dog's sharp bark dying away in the distance. The furnace doors banged shut, and all was again darkness and silence.

I turned back along the deserted deck, only pausing a moment to glance carelessly in thru the front windows of the main cabin. The forward portion was wrapped in darkness, and unoccupied, but beyond, toward the rear of the long salon, a considerable group of men were gathered closely about a small table, above which a swinging lamp burned brightly, the rays of light illuminating the various faces. I recognized several, and they were apparently a deeply interested group, for, even at that distance, I could plainly note the excitement stamped upon their countenances, and the nervousness with which they moved about seeking clearer view. There were so many closely wedged together as to obstruct my vision of what was occurring, yet I felt no doubt but that they watched a game of cards; a desperate struggle of chance, involving no small sum to account for such intense feeling on the part of mere onlookers. Gambling was no novelty on the great river in those days, gambling for high stakes, and surely no ordinary game, involving a small sum, would ever arouse the depth of interest displayed by these men. Some instinct told me that the chief players would be Kirby and Beaucaire, and, with quickening pulse, I opened the cabin door and entered.

No one noted my approach, or so much as glanced up, the attention of the crowd riveted upon the players. There were four holding cards—the Judge, Kirby, Carver, and McAfee; but I judged at a glance that the latter two were merely in the game as a pretense, the betting having already gone far beyond the limit of their resources. Without a thought as to the cards they held, my eyes sought the faces of the two chief players, and then visioned the stakes displayed on the table before them. McAfee and Carter were clearly enough out of it, their cards still gripped in their fingers, as they leaned breathlessly forward to observe more closely the play. The Judge sat upright, his attitude strained, staring down at his hand, his face white, and eyes burning feverishly. That he had been drinking heavily was evident, but Kirby fronted him in

Send $1

Get a Stylish Made to Order Suit or Overcoat

Men—look here! No need for you to wear ready mades. No need for you to stand for high prices and pay all the money down for made-to-measure clothes. America's big tailor shop will make you a suit or overcoat of fine fabric in latest style to your exact measure, guarantee the fit and send it on approval for $1 down. Get our big Style Book and see for yourself that we are world beaters on style, quality, reasonable prices and liberal terms. The free Style Book explains our plan and shows how you get the snappiest styles and save money. Cloth samples also sent free.

5 Months to Pay

Your credit is good here. We trust you. Wear the suit or overcoat while paying for it. No risk to you. If not satisfied return the clothes and we refund your $1. That shows that our garments and work must be best—otherwise we could not make such an offer. Could any house be more liberal?

Send for Style Book

Save $15 to $25

Yes, you keep $15 to $25 (or more) in your pocket when you order a suit or overcoat from us. See our stunning styles and classy tailoring and learn how to save a lot of money. Get in on this now, and save that cash for yourself. You send only $1.00 and your measurements and tell us which cloth you want. We make the suit and ship quick—no delays. Send clothes back if not all or more than you expect.

FREE Style Book

Send for your copy of our wonderful FREE Style Book. Shows pictures of latest styles in suits and overcoats and a big collection of fine cloth samples to select from. Mail coupon, letter or postal today—no charge—no obligation whatever.

Stanley-Rogers Co., 1015 Jackson Bl., Dept. 1036, Chicago
Please send me FREE your new Style Book showing latest Metropolitan Styles, also Cloth Samples and full particulars of your $1 down with Five-Months-To-Pay Offer.

Name.....

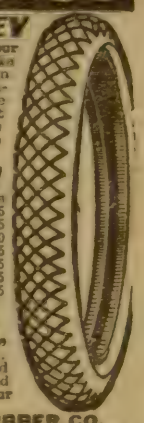
Address.....

Town.....State.....

6000 Miles Guaranteed
Less Than 1/2 Price

SEND NO MONEY

Don't miss this chance to cut your tire cost in half. Our standard make Rebuilt Tires in excellent condition inspected by tire experts are guaranteed for 6,000 miles or more. We ship at once on approval. Don't send any money. Just your name brings tires. NOTE. These are not two tires sewed together.



Prices Smashed

Size	Tires	Tubes	Size	Tires	Tubes
28x3	$ 5.85	$1.60	34x4	$10.90	$2.85
30x3	6.45	1.70	33x4½	11.25	2.95
30x3½	6.95	1.96	34x4½	11.50	3.10
32x3½	7.85	2.15	35x4½	12.96	3.25
31x4	8.95	2.45	36x4½	13.25	3.35
32x4	9.95	2.65	35x5	13.45	3.45
33x4	10.45	2.75	37x5	13.65	3.65

SEND NOW!

Just your name and size of tires wanted. No money in advance. Pay only on arrival. Examine and judge for yourself. If not satisfied return them at our expense and your money refunded.

MITCHELL TIRE & RUBBER CO.
115 East 39th Street Dept. 280 Chicago, Ill.

SLOW DEATH

Aches, pains, nervousness, difficulty in urinating, often mean serious disorders. The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles—

GOLD MEDAL HAARLEM OIL CAPSULES

bring quick relief and often ward off deadly diseases. Known as the national remedy of Holland for more than 200 years. All druggists, in three sizes.

Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation

RHEUMATISM RECIPE

I will gladly send Free to any sufferer a Simple Herb Recipe that has cured the worst cases of Rheumatism.

W. S. SUTTON, 2650 Magnolia Ave., Los Angeles, California

CUT THIS OUT

Old English Recipe for Catarrh, Catarrhal Deafness and Head Noises.

If you know of some one who is troubled with Catarrhal Deafness, head noises or ordinary catarrh cut out this formula and hand it to them and you may have been the means of saving some poor sufferer perhaps from total deafness. In England scientists for a long time past have recognized that catarrh is a constitutional disease and necessarily requires constitutional treatment.

Sprays, inhalers and nose douches are liable to irritate the delicate air passages and force the disease into the middle ear which frequently means total deafness, or else the disease may be driven down the air passages towards the lungs which is equally as dangerous. The following formula, which is used extensively in the damp English climate is a constitutional treatment and should prove especially efficacious to sufferers here who live under more favorable climate conditions.

Secure from your druggist 1 ounce of Parmint (Double strength). Take this home and add to it ¼ pint of hot water and a little granulated sugar; stir until dissolved. Take one tablespoonful four times a day. This will often bring quick relief from distressing head noises. Clogged nostrils should open, breathing become easy and hearing improve as the inflammation in the eustachian tubes is reduced. Parmint used in this way acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system and has a tonic action that helps to obtain the desired results. The preparation is easy to make, costs little and is pleasant to take. Every person who has catarrh or head noises or is hard of hearing should give this treatment a trial.—Adv.

Send No Money With Your Order

For This ALL-WOOL SERGE DRESS

We want you to see this chick dress. There is no reason for you to buy inferior cotton mixed material when we offer to place this wonderfully pretty ALL WOOL serge dress into your hands without you sending any money with your order. No obligation on your part in asking us to send this dress subject to your approval. You will be delighted with the quality and style, and more than pleased with the saving of nearly half on the price.

Stunning Style With Silk Twist Stitching on Blouse

Charming style for misses and small women. Fascinating blouse has rows of gold silk stitching, flare peplum and velvet vestee. Neat belt defines waistline. Short sleeves with gold silk stitching. Fitted waist lining. FULL PLEATED SKIRT.

Regular $25 Retail Value for

$13.90

Delivered FREE to Your Door

Send at Once for This Amazing Dress Value

Don't Fail to State Size When Ordering
MISSES' sizes 14 to 20 years. WOMEN'S sizes, 34 to 40 inches bust measure.

ORDER BY NUMBER X313
Comes in one color: Navy Blue Only

GORDON'S CLOAK HOUSE
Dept. 889, 115 S. Dearborn St., Chicago

Build This PHONOGRAPH YOURSELF
Tremendous Saving in Cost

Easy, fascinating work with our SIMPLIFIED PLANS. We furnish blue prints, diagrams, motor, cabinet pieces, ready-built horn, etc. You don't need to be a cabinet maker. A few hours assembling and you will have a fine instrument at one-quarter the regular retail price. AGENTS MAKE MONEY making and selling these instruments. Write today for full details and our FREE OFFER. Address—
MODERN PHONOGRAPH SUPPLY CO.
343 Springer Bldg., 313 So. Clinton St., Chicago, Ill

SIDE LINE SALESMEN

Men who wish to make from $100 to $500 monthly in addition to present earnings without interfering with position now held. Agreeable work—permanent. Position is with large investment banking concern. JACOBS & ALLANT,
20 East Jackson Boulevard, Chicago

High School Course in 2 Years

You can complete this simplified High School Course at home inside two years. Meets all requirements for entrance to college and the leading professions. This and thirty-six other practical courses are described in our Free Bulletin. Send for it TODAY.
AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CORRESPONDENCE
Dept. H 713 CHICAGO, ILL.

WHY DON'T YOU WRITE THE WORDS FOR A SONG
WE'LL HELP YOU ALONG
By composing the music FREE and publishing same. Send poems to-day.
D. G. LENOX CO., 271 W. 125th St., N.Y.

MUSIC

Latest Chicago & New York song hits at 35c the copy, postpaid. We carry a complete line of teaching music and books. Player piano rolls and phonograph records.
Send For Our Catalogue
Joseph Berg Music House, 3131 Lincoln Ave., Chicago, Ill.

ECZEMA

IS CURABLE. Write me today and I will send you a free trial of my mild, soothing guaranteed treatment that will prove it. Stops the itching and heals permanently.
DR. CANNADAY, 1417 Park Square, Sedalia, Missouri

FREE TO BOYS
Real Rugby Football. Strong, Serviceable Cover, best Rubber Bladder. FREE for selling 24 packages of Bingo Perfumed Ironing Wax at 10c each. No trouble to sell. Write to-day. Send no money. Extra present if you order now.
Bingo Co. Dept. 1815, Binghamton, N.Y.

MARRIED WOMEN Do You Want To Hold Your Husbands Love?

Reading Bernath Schwartz' new book, "Fourteen Points for Married Women," the secret of permanent happiness, will help you do it. 120 pages, handsomely bound. Clean, Wholesome Inspiring. Price $1 postpaid in plain wrapper.
Lincoln Publishing Co., Dept. 16-A, Kansas City, Mo.

SWOLLEN VEINS are promptly relieved with inexpensive home treatment. It reduces the pain and swelling—overcomes tiredness. Full particulars on receipt of stamp.
W. F. YOUNG, Inc., 337 Temple St., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

apparent cold indifference, his feelings completely masked, with the cards he held bunched in his hands, and entirely concealed from view. No twitch of an eyelash, no quiver of a muscle revealed his knowledge; his expressionless face might have been carved out of stone. Between the two rested a stack of gold coin, a roll of crushed bills, and a legal paper of some kind, the exact nature of which I could not determine. I leaned forward, but could only perceive that it bore the official stamp of some recording office—a deed, perhaps, to some of the remaining acres of Beaucaire. It was evident that a fortune already rested on that table, awaiting the flip of a card. The silence, the breathless attention, convinced me that the crisis had been reached—it was the Judge's move; he must cover the last bet, or throw down his hand a loser.

Perspiration beaded his forehead, and he crunched the cards savagely in his hands. His glance swept past the crowd, as tho he saw nothing of their faces.

"Another drink, Sam," he called, the voice trembling. He tossed down the glass of liquor as tho it were so much water, but made no other effort to speak. You could hear the strained breathing of the men.

"Well," said Kirby sneeringly, his cold gaze surveying his motionless opponent. "You seem to be taking your time. Do you cover my bet?"

Some one laughed nervously, and a voice sang out over my shoulder, "You might as well go the whole hog, Judge. The niggers won't be no good without the land ter work 'em on. Fling 'em into the pot—they're as good as money."

Beaucaire looked up, red-eyed, into the impassive countenace opposite. His lips twitched, yet managed to make words issue between them.

"How about that, Kirby?" he asked hoarsely. "Will you accept a bill of sale?"

Kirby grinned, shuffling his hand carelessly.

"Why not? 'twon't be the first time I've played for niggers. They are worth so much gold down the river. What have you got?"

"I can't tell that offhand," sullenly. "About twenty field hands."

"And house servants?"

"Three or four."

The gambler's lips set more tightly, a dull gleam creeping into his eyes.

"See here, Beaucaire," he hissed sharply. "This is my game and I play square and never squeal. I know about what you've got, for I've looked them over; thought we might get down to this sometime. I can make a pretty fair guess as to what your niggers are worth. That's why I just raised you ten thousand, and put up the money. Now, if you think this is a bluff, call me."

"What do you mean?"

"That I will accept your niggers as covering my bet."

"The field hands?"

Kirby smiled broadly.

"The whole bunch—field hands and house servants. Most of them are old; I doubt if all together they will bring that amount, but I'll take the risk. Throw in a blanket bill of sale, and we'll turn up our cards. If you won't do that, the pile is mine as it stands."

BEAUCAIRE again wet his lips, staring at the uncovered cards in his hands. He could not lose; with what he held no combination was possible which could beat him. Yet, in spite of this knowledge, the cold, sneering confidence of Kirby, brought with it a strange fear. The man was a professional gambler. What gave him such recklessness? Why should he be so eager to risk such a sum on an inferior hand? McAfee, sitting next him, leaned over, managed to gain swift glimpse at what he held, and eagerly whispered to him a word of encouragement. The Judge straightened up in his chair, grasped a filled glass some one had placed at his elbow, and gulped down the contents. The whispered words, coupled with the fiery liquor, gave him fresh courage.

"By God, Kirby! I'll do it!" he blurted out. "You can't bluff me on the hand I've got. Give me a sheet of paper, somebody—yes, that will do."

He scrawled a half-dozen lines, fairly digging the pen into the sheet in his fierce eagerness, and then signed the document, flinging the paper across toward Kirby.

"There, you blood-sucker," he cried insolently. "Is that all right? Will that do?"

The imperturbable gambler read it over slowly, carefully deciphering each word, his thin lips tightly compressed.

"You might add the words, 'This includes every chattel slave legally belonging to me,'" he said grimly.

"That is practically what I did say."

"Then you can certainly have no objection to putting it in the exact words I choose," calmly. "I intend to have what is coming to me if I win, and I know the law."

Beaucaire angrily wrote in the required extra line.

"Now what?" he asked.

"Let McAfee there sign it as a witness, and then toss it over into the pile." He smiled, showing a line of white teeth beneath his mustache. "Nice little pot, gentlemen—the Judge must hold some cards to take a chance like that," the words uttered with a sneer. "Fours, at least, or maybe he has had the luck to pick a straight flush."

Beaucaire's face reddened, and his eyes grew hard. "That's my business," he said tersely. "Sign it, McAfee, and I'll call this crowing cockerel. You young fool, I played poker before you were born. There now, Kirby, I've covered your bet."

"Perhaps you would prefer to raise it?"

"You hell-hound—no! That is my limit, and you know it. Don't crawl now, or do any more bluffing. Show your hand—I've called you."

Kirby sat absolutely motionless, his cards lying face down upon the table, the white fingers of one hand resting lightly upon them, the other arm concealed. He never once removed his gaze from Beaucaire's face, and his expression did not change, except for the almost insulting sneer on his lips. The silence was profound, the deeply interested men leaning forward, even holding their breath in intense eagerness. Each realized that a fortune lay on the table; he knew that the old Judge had madly staked his all on the value of those five unseen cards gripped in his fingers. Again, as tho to bolster up his shaken courage, he stared at the face of each, then lifted his bloodshot eyes to the impassive face opposite.

"Beaucaire drew two kayards," whisppered an excited voice near me.

"Hell! so did Kirby," replied another. "They're both of 'em old hands."

The sharp exhaust of a distant steam pipe below punctuated the silence, and several glanced about apprehensively. As this noise ceased Beaucaire lost all control over his nerves.

"Come on, play your hand," he demanded, "or I'll throw my cards in your face."

The insinuating sneer on Kirby's lips changed into the semblance of a smile. Slowly, deliberately, never once glacing down at the face of his cards, he turned them up one by one with his white fingers, his challenging eyes on the Judge, but the others saw what was revealed—a ten spot, a knave, a queen, a king, and an ace.

"Good God! a royal flush!" some one yelled excitedly. "Damned if I ever saw one before!"

For an instant Beaucaire never moved, never uttered a sound. He seemed to doubt the evidence of his own eyes, and to have lost the power of speech. Then from nerveless hands his own cards fell face downward, still unrevealed, upon the table. The next moment he was on his feet, the chair in which he had been seated flung crashing behind him on the deck.

"You thief!" he roared. "You dirty, low-down thief; I held four aces—where did you get the fifth one?"

Kirby did not so much as move, nor betray even by a change of expression his sense of the situation. Perhaps he anticipated just such an explosion, and was fully prepared to meet it. One hand still rested easily on the table, the other remaining hidden.

"So you claim to have held four aces," he said coldly. "Where are they?"

McAfee swept the discarded hand face upward, and the crowd bending forward to look saw four aces, and a king.

"That was the Judge's hand," he declared soberly. "I saw it myself be-

FOR EXCESSIVE

URIC ACID

USE THE WILLIAMS TREATMENT

75 Cent Bottle (32 Doses) FREE

Just because you start the day worried and tired, stiff legs and arms, sore muscles and aching head, burning and bearing down pains in the back—WORN OUT before the day begins—do not think you have to stay in this condition.

Get Well! Feel fine! Be free from pains, stiff joints, sore muscles, aching back or kidney trouble, **caused by body-made Acids.**

Get more sleep. If your rest is broken or you suffer from bladder weakness with burning, scalding pains, you will welcome the rest and comfort THE WILLIAMS TREATMENT gives.

We will give you a 75 cent bottle (32 doses) WE know The WILLIAMS TREATMENT will end Kidney and Bladder troubles, Rheumatism and all other ailments, caused by excessive Uric Acid no matter how old, chronic or stubborn your condition.

Send this notice with your home address and 10 cents to help pay part of postage, packing, etc., to THE DR. D. A. WILLIAMS CO., Dept. T-59 Postoffice Bldg., East Hampton, Ct.

You will receive by paid parcel post, our regular 75 cent bottle (32 Doses) without incurring any obligation.

Only one bottle free to same family or address. No attention given second requests.

Used by hundreds of thousands since 1892.

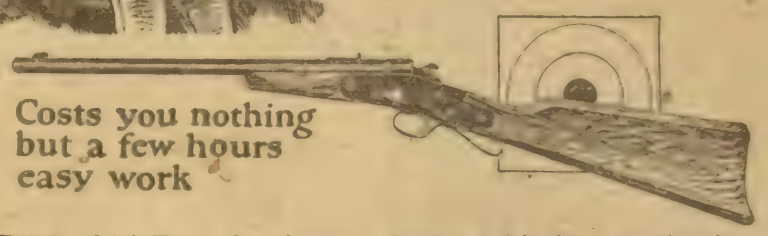
BOYS

Earn this dandy

RIFLE

and membership in

DAN BOONE'S RIFLE CLUB



Costs you nothing but a few hours easy work

Think of it! For a few hours work after school or on Saturday you can earn this .22 calibre hunting rifle, with automatic shell ejector, safety catch, accurate sights, detachable barrel, etc. A real bullet-shooting, bull's eye hitting rifle.

And with this rifle, we give you a full membership in Dan Boone's Rifle Club—a new national shooting club for boys. No dues, no payments to make.

You get the Dan Boone Pin to wear, so that every boy in your neighborhood will know that you are a member. And you may well be proud too, for you remember the story of Dan Boone, that famous trapper—fearless of all danger with his steady aim and faithful gun.

The Dan Boone pin on your coat means that you want to be manly, observant, self-controlled at all times, and to be able to shoot like old Dan Boone himself—quick—steady—sure!

With this accurate target shooting rifle, you can soon earn the right to wear the beautiful Dan Boone bronze medals for excellence in shooting; Marksman, Sharpshooter or Expert Rifleman.

Send us your name and address today, and we will tell you all about our easy plan to earn this wonderful rifle, and the membership in Dan Boone's Rifle Club. Write at once to

DAVID BLAIR, National Secretary, Dept. 7

157 West High St. DAN BOONE'S RIFLE CLUB Springfield, Ohio

BOYS AND GIRLS AUTO GIVEN

THIS IS A CLASSY $250.00 AUTO WITH A REAL GASOLINE ENGINE

This classy racer will do anything a full-sized car will do because it is built like a real automobile. It will even go where a big car can't go. For it has a narrow tread so you can drive anywhere—thru forest—up lanes—anywhere you could ride a bicycle. Yet you need not take the dust from anyone—for it will run 25 miles an hour on good roads.

THIS CLASSY CAR CAN BE YOURS

Just look at the happy faces of the two girls in this picture. Don't they look like they were ready for a real time perhaps off on an errand for Mother or a jaunt to the postoffice or fishing pond? Wouldn't you like to be with them?

You can own a Culver Racer and be a young Barney Oldfield if you send me your name and follow my instructions. When I tell you this auto is to be given free—I mean free—it won't cost you one cent of your own money.

SEND NO MONEY JUST YOUR NAME

Don't lay down this magazine until you have mailed me your name and address. By doing this you will get full information by return mail, telling exactly how you can get this wonderful boys' and girls' auto without it costing you one cent. Send today—now.

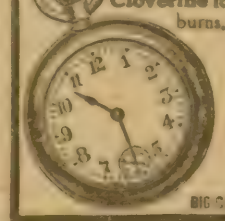
BUILT LIKE THE BIG RACERS

Capacity—Carry 2 16-yr.-old boys or 3 10-yrs.-old. Frame—Pressed ch. steel. Steering Gear—Wood with metal spider. Wheels—Wire inter. ball-bearing 20x2 clinch. rim. Tires—Culver non-skid. Clutch—Foot pedal, b.-b. Axles—Crucible steel. Gas Tank—2 g. ca.,r. 60 m. Wheel Base—60 in. Springs—Cantilever, elliptic Speeds—3 for., 1 reverse. Brake—Foot and hand. Engine—Air cooled 5 h. p. Weight—250 pounds. Speed—Up to 25 miles.

CY SEYMOUR, Manager Dept. B. W. BATAVIA, ILLINOIS

WATCH, CHAIN AND TWO RINGS

as premiums—send no money—simply name and address—merely give away FREE 12 Beautiful Art Pictures with 12 Boxes of our famous White Cloverine Salve, which you sell at 25c each. We will send you this Genuine American Watch, also Chain and two Gold Shell Rings, according to offer in our Premium Catalogue which you receive with the Salve. Millions are using Cloverine for cuts, burns, etc.



LADIES! YOU CAN ALSO EARN A BEAUTIFUL DINNER SET OR **SIX LACE CURTAINS**

and many other beautiful premiums. Our plan is the easiest and absolutely square. Write quick—Pictures and Salve sent promptly, post-paid. Be first in your town.

THE WILSON CHEMICAL CO.,

BIG CASH COMMISSION TO AGENTS Dept. L222 Tyrone, Pa.

10¢ or 25¢

Anti-Kamnia

AK

FOR HEADACHE, NEURALGIA, INFLUENZA AND ALL PAIN—

Ask For A-K Tabs.

TABLETS

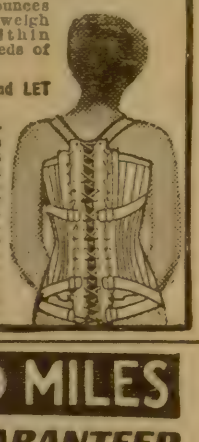
Crooked Spines STRAIGHTENED

Cure Yourself or Your Child at Home, Without Pain or Inconvenience, of any Spinal Deformity with the Wonderful PHILO BURT METHOD.

No matter how old you are, or how long you have suffered, or what kind of spinal deformity you have, there is benefit and a possible cure for you. The Philo Burt Appliance is as firm as steel and yet flexible and very comfortable to wear. It gives an even, perfect support to the weakened or deformed spine. It is as easy to take off or put on as a coat, causes no inconvenience, and does not chafe or irritate. No one can notice you wearing it.

Cure Yourself At Home

The Appliance is made to fit each individual case. It weighs ounces where other supports weigh pounds. The price is within the reach of all. Hundreds of doctors recommend it.



We GUARANTEE Satisfaction and LET YOU USE IT 30 DAYS.

If you or your child are suffering from spinal trouble of any nature, write me at once for our new book with full information and references. Describe case fully so we can advise you intelligently. The Philo Burt Method consisting of a scientific appliance and a course of especial exercises, has produced wonderful benefits or cure in over 30,000 cases.

Philo Burt Company 331V Odd Fellows Temple, Jamestown, N. Y.

6000 MILES

GUARANTEED

Send No Money

Positively greatest tire offer ever made! Sensational value sweeps away all competition —6000 miles—or more—from our special reconstruction process double tread standard tires —practically puncture proof.

Amazing Low Prices

Size	Tires	Tubes	Size	Tires	Tubes
[illegible]	$ 6.95	$1.50	[illegible]	$10.95	$2.85
[illegible]	6.25	1.70	33x4½	11.15	2.95
[illegible]	6.95	1.95	34x4½	11.45	3.10
[illegible]	7.75	2.15	35x4½	12.85	8.25
[illegible]	8.95	2.45	36x4½	13.00	8.35
[illegible]	9.95	2.65	35x5	13.45	8.45
[illegible]	10.45	2.75	37x5	13.65	8.65

Reliner FREE with each tire

Send your order today—sure—while these lowest prices last. State size, also whether straight side or clincher. Remember you need send no money, just your name and address, and tire with free reliner, will be shipped same day.

MORTON TIRE & RUBBER CO.
3901 Michigan Ave., Dept. 494. Chicago, Ill.

Rheumatism

A Remarkable Home Treatment Given by One Who Had It

In the Spring of 1893 I was attacked by Muscular and Sub-acute Rheumatism. I suffered as only those who have it know, for over three years. I tried remedy after remedy, and doctor after doctor but such relief as I received was only temporary. Finally, I found a treatment that cured me completely, and it has never returned. I have given it to a number who were terribly afflicted and even bedridden with rheumatism, some of them 70 to 80 years old, and results were the same as in my own case.

I want every sufferer from any such forms of rheumatic trouble to try this marvelous healing power. Don't send a cent; simply mail your name and address and I will send it free to try. After you have used it and it has proven itself to be that long-looked-for means of getting rid of your rheumatism, you may send the price of it, one dollar, but understand, I do not want your money unless you are perfectly satisfied to send it. Isn't that fair? Why suffer any longer when relief is thus offered you free? Don't delay. Write today.

Mark H. Jackson, No. 742G, Durston Bldg., Syracuse, N. Y.

Mr. Jackson is responsible. Above statement true.

FACTORY-TO-RIDER SAVES YOU MONEY

Buy direct and save $10 to $20 on a bicycle. **RANGER BICYCLES** now come in 44 styles, colors and sizes, greatly improved; prices reduced. **WE DELIVER FREE** to you *on approval* and *30 days trial*, actual riding test.

EASY PAYMENTS if desired, at a small advance over our Regular Factory-to-Rider cash prices.

TIRES, lamps, wheels, parts and supplies at *half usual prices*.

Do not buy a bicycle, tires, or sundries until you get our big free **Ranger** catalog, low prices and liberal terms. A postal brings everything.

Ranger Electric Lighted Motorbike

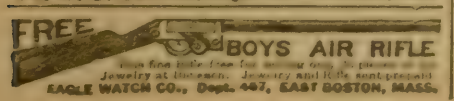
MEAD CYCLE COMPANY Dept. C33, Chicago

CATARRH TREATED FREE

10 days to prove this treatment gives relief to catarrh of nose, head and air passages. I had catarrh, deafness, head noises, had two surgical operations, found a treatment that gave complete relief. Thousands have used it. Believe it will relieve any case. Want you to try it free. Write

DR. W. O. COFFEE, Dept. X1, Davenport, Iowa

FREE BOYS AIR RIFLE



Any fine knife free for selling only 20 pieces of Jewelry at 10c each. Jewelry and knife sent prepaid

EAGLE WATCH CO., Dept. 467, EAST BOSTON, MASS.

before he called you, and told him to stay."

Kirby laughed, an ugly laugh, showing his white teeth.

"The hell you did? Thought you knew a good poker hand, I reckon. Well, you see I knew a better one, and it strikes me I am the one to ask questions," he sneered. "Look here, you men; I held one ace from the shuffle. Now, what I want to know is, where Beaucaire ever got his four? Pleasant little trick of you two—only this time it failed to work."

Beaucaire uttered one mad oath, and I endeavored to grasp him, but missed my clutch. The force of his lurching body as he sprang forward upturned the table, the stakes jingling to the deck, but Kirby reached his feet in time to avoid the shock. His hand which had been hidden shot out suddenly, the fingers grasping a revolver, but he did not fire. Before the Judge had gone half the distance, he stopped, reeled suddenly, clutching at his throat, and plunged sideways. His body struck the upturned table, and McAfee and I grasped him, lowering the stricken man gently to the floor.

CHAPTER V.

KIRBY SHOWS HIS HAND.

THAT scene, with all its surroundings, remains indelibly impressed upon my memory. It will never fade while I live. The long, narrow, dingy cabin of the little Warrior, its forward end unlighted and in shadow, the single swinging lamp, suspended to a blackened beam above where the table had stood, barely revealing thru its smoky chimney the after-portion showing a row of stateroom doors on either side, some standing ajar, and that crowd of excited men surging about the fallen body of Judge Beaucaire, unable as yet to fully realize the exact nature of what had occurred, but conscious of impending tragedy. The air was thick and stifling with tobacco smoke, redolent of the sickening fumes of alcohol, and noisy with questioning voices, while above every other sound might be distinguished the sharp pulsations of the laboring engine just beneath our feet, the deck planks trembling to the continuous throbbing. The overturned table and chairs, the motionless body of erect just beyond, his face as clear-cut under the glare of light as a cameo, the revolver still glistening in his extended hand, all composed a picture not easily forgotten.

Still, this impression was only that of a brief instant. With the next I was upon my knees, lifting the fallen head, and seeking eagerly to discern some lingering evidence of life in the inert body. There was none, not so much as the faint flutter of a pulse, or suggestion of a heart throb. The man was already dead before he fell—dead before he struck the overturned table. Nothing any human effort might do would help him now. My eyes lifting from the white, ghastly face encountered those of McAfee, and, without the utterance of a word, I read the miner's verdict, and arose again to my feet.

"Judge Beaucaire is dead," I announced gravely. "Nothing more can be done for him now."

The pressing circle of men hemming us in fell back silently, reverently, the sound of their voices sinking into a subdued murmur. It had all occurred so suddenly, so unexpectedly, that even these witnesses could scarcely grasp the truth. They were dazed, leaderless, struggling to restrain themselves. As I stood there, almost unconscious of their presence, still staring down at that upturned face, now appearing manly and patrician in the strange dignity of its death mask, a mad burst of anger swept me, a fierce yearning for revenge—a feeling that this was no less a murder because Nature had struck the blow. With hot words of reproach upon my lips I gazed across toward where Kirby had been standing a moment before. The gambler was no longer there—his place was vacant.

"Where is Kirby?" I asked, incredulous of his sudden disappearance.

For a moment no one answered; then a voice in the crowd croaked hoarsely:

"He just slipped out thru that afterdoor to the deck—him and Bill Carver."

"And the stakes?"

Another answered in a thin, piping treble:

"I reckon them two cusses took along the most ov it. Enyhow, 'tain't yere, 'cept maybe a few coins that rolled under the table. It wasn't Joe Kiroy who picked up the swag, fer I was a watchin' him, an' he never onct let go ov his gun. Thet d—n sneak Carver must a did it, an' then the two ov 'em just sorter nat'rally faded away thru that door thar."

McAfee swore thru his black beard, the full truth swiftly dawning upon him.

"Hell!" he exploded. "So that's the way of it. Then them two was in cahoots frum the beginnin'. That's what I told the Judge last night, but he said he didn't give a whoop; thet he knew more poker than both ov 'em put together. I tell yer them fellers stole that money, an' they killed Beaucaire——"

"Hold on a minute," I broke in, my mind cleared of its first passion, and realizing the necessity of control. "Let's keep cool, and go slow. While I believe McAfee is right, we are not going to bring the Judge back to life by turning into a mob. There is no proof of cheating, and Kirby has the law behind him. Let me talk to the captain about what had best be done."

"Who, Thockmorton?"

"Yes; he'll know the better action for us to take. He's level-headed, and an old friend of Beaucaire's."

"I'm fer swingin' that d—n gambler up, without askin' nobody," shouted a fellow fiercely. "He's bin raisin' hell frum one end o' this river ter the other fer ten years. A rope is whut he needs."

"What good would that do in this case?" I questioned before any one else could chime in, "either to the dead man, or his family? That's what I am thinking about, men. Suppose you strung him up, that money, the plantation, and those slaves would still belong to him, or his heirs. I'm for getting all these back, if there is any way of accomplishing it. See here, men," I pleaded earnestly, "this affair doesn't necessarily end here on board the Warrior, and if you were to kill Kirby it wouldn't benefit matters any."

"It would get rid ov a skunk."

"Yes, but he is only one of a hundred between here and New Orleans. Look at the other side a minute. Beaucaire bet everything he possessed—everything, land, niggers, and money. Kirby sneered him on to it, and saw that he had the kind of a hand that would do the business right. When the Judge died he didn't own enough to pay his funeral expenses. Now, see here; I happen to know that he left two young daughters. Just stop, and think of them. We saw this game played, and there isn't a man here who believes it was played on the square—that two such hands were ever dealt, or drawn, in poker. We can't prove that Kirby manipulated things to that end; not one of us saw how he worked the trick. There is no chance to get him that way. Then, what is it we ought to do? Why, I say, make the thief disgorge—and hanging won't do the business."

"Well, then, what will?"

"I confess I do not yet know. I want to talk with Thockmorton first. He may know something."

There was a moment's silence, then a suspicious voice:

"Who the hell are you? How do we know you ain't in on this yerself?"

"Listen, men," and I fronted them, looking straight into their eyes. "You have a right to ask that question, and I'll tell you who I am. I am not here in uniform, but I am an officer of the United States Army. Captain Thockmorton will vouch for that. I pledge you my word that this affair does not end here. I never met any of these men until I came on board the boat at Fort Armstrong, but I have letters with me for Governor Clark of Missouri and Governor Reynolds of Illinois. Either man will accept my statement regarding this matter, and I promise you that either Kirby and Carver will return the papers and money before we reach St. Louis, or I'll swear out a warrant for their arrest. If you boys will stay with me we'll scare it out of them for the sake of those girls. What do you say?"

No one spoke immediately, altho there was a muttering of voices, sounding antagonistic, and sprinkled with oaths. It was, indeed, a poor time and place in which to appeal to the law, nor were these men accustomed to the pleadings of mercy. I glanced across Beaucaire's extended body, and caught the eyes of McAfee. The man lifted his hand.

"The leftenant has got this thing sized up about proper," he said gruffly. "He's an Army officer all right, fer I saw him back thar on the island, when we wus tied up at the dock. Now, look yere, boys, I'm fer hangin' both ov them cusses just as much as eny ov the rest ov yer—a bit more, I reckon, fer they stripped me ov my pile along with Beaucaire, only I was easier ter strip—but, as the leftenant says, that ain't the p'int now. What we want ter do is get back them bills o' sale, so them two young women won't be left without nuthin' ter live on. Let's make the fellers cough up furst, an' then, if we think best, we kin hang 'em afterwards. It's my vote we let the leftenant tackle the job—what do yer say?"

The rise and fall of voices, altho punctuated by oaths, and indistinct in expression, seemed generally to signify assent. The faces of the men, as they pushed and crowded about us, remained angry and resentful. Clearly enough prompt action alone would carry the day.

"Very well, then, boys," I broke in sharply. "You agree to leave this settlement with me. Then I'll go at it. Two or three of you pick up the body,

Your Eyes

Granulated Eyelids, Eyes inflamed by exposure to **Sun, Dust and Wind** quickly relieved by **Murine Eye Remedy.** No Smarting, just Eye Comfort. At Your Druggists or by mail 60c per Bottle. For **Book of the Eye** free write h-18

Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

THIN PEOPLE SHOULD TAKE PHOSPHATE

Agrees that plain Bitro-Phosphate helps to build strong nerves and put on firm healthy flesh.

Feed your nerves plenty of phosphate with enough left over to give the blood and bone cells a generous helping and you should quickly note a return to old-time vigor with a power of endurance that will surprise you.

So say two prominent New York physicians. Thinness, weakness and lack of ambition are in most cases due to underfed nerves, and this is so, simply because modern foods are lamentably weak in phosphoric elements.

Over 40 per cent. of the people of America need more phosphate, and about the only way that many thin people can take on more pounds of firm, vigorous flesh is to feed the nerves direct with Bitro-Phosphate, a plain, ordinary organic phosphate that druggists know all about.

Tens of thousands of run-down, delicate, frail underweight people have learned the way to better health through Bitro-Phosphate. It was just the one element lacking to put on much desired flesh and bring them health, happiness, and a mind free from dullness.

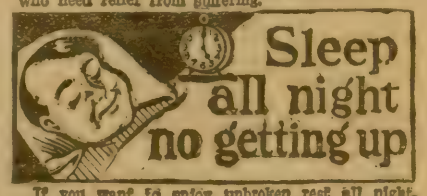
Write for Interesting Booklet to Arrow Chemical Co., 3180 Union Sq., New York City.

BLADDER WEAKNESS

A famous European chemist has given the world a rare discovery that soothes and allays inflammation and Weakness of Bladder, and the

PROSTATE GLAND

It is embodied in our treatment, PRO-GLANDIN. Thousands are using it. Simple and safe for all who need relief from suffering.



If you want to enjoy unbroken rest all night, with ease, comfort and contentment, then use PRO-GLANDIN on Free Trial.

50c Pkg e FREE

ALSO "SELF CARE" LEAFLET

To introduce we will give away 100,000 Packages sent FREE, postpaid anywhere. Contains Trial supply of PRO-GLANDIN, and "Self Care" Leaflet telling how to treat yourself. Every Bladder or Prostate sufferer should read it. Send no money, just your address, and get all by return mail. Free.

E. P. WORTH 74 Cortlandt St. New York

A Stubborn Cough Loosens Right Up

This home-made remedy is a wonder for quick results. Easily and cheaply made.

Here is a home-made syrup which millions of people have found to be the most dependable means of breaking up stubborn coughs. It is cheap and simple, but very prompt in action. Under its healing, soothing influence, chest soreness goes, phlegm loosens, breathing becomes easier, tickling in throat stops and you get a good night's restful sleep. The usual throat and chest colds are conquered by it in 24 hours or less. Nothing better for bronchitis, hoarseness, croup, throat tickle, bronchial asthma or winter coughs.

To make this splendid cough syrup, pour 2½ ounces of Pinex into a pint bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup and shake thoroughly. If you prefer use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup. Either way, you get a full pint—a family supply—of much better cough syrup than you could buy ready-made for three times the money. Keeps perfectly and children love its pleasant taste.

Pinex is a special and highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, known the world over for its prompt healing effect upon the membranes.

To avoid disappointment ask your druggist for "2½ ounces of Pinex" with full directions, and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded. The Pinex Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

I Will Send You a $2.00 Treatment of Krano-Zema ON TRIAL if you have Pimples, Eczema, Skin Rash Any Skin Trouble

This marvellous remedy has cured thousands who accepted my offer. Write me today for treatment. If results are satisfactory costs you $2.00. If not, costs nothing. C. A. MILLS, Dept. B, Girard, Kans.

ASTHMA

TREATMENT sent you on FREE TRIAL. If it cures, send $1.00; if not, don't. Give express office. Write today. W. K. Sterline, 336 Ohio Ave., Elmer, Ohio

and carry it to Beaucaire's stateroom—forward there. The rest of you better straighten up the cabin, while I go up and talk with Thockmorton a moment. After that I may want a few of you to go along when I hunt up Kirby. If he proves ugly we'll know how to handle him. McAfee!"

"I'm over here."

"I was just going to say that you had better stay here, and keep the fellows all quiet in the cabin. We don't want our plan to leak out, and it will be best to let Kirby and Carver think that everything is all right; that nothing is going to be done."

I WAITED while several of them gently picked up the body, and bore it forward into the shadows. Others busied themselves in straightening the overturned furniture, and gathered into a small pile those few scattered coins which had fallen to the deck, and been overlooked by the two gamblers in their eagerness to escape. No one attempted to appropriate any of these. McAfee apparently knew most of the fellows intimately, calling them by name, and seemed to be recognized as a leader among them. This fact was encouraging, as to all appearance they were a rough set, unaccustomed to law of any kind, and to be controlled only by physical strength and some one of their own sort. In spite of my position and rank, I was far too young in appearance to exercise much weight of authority over such border men, but fortunately I possessed sufficient good sense to rely now in this emergency upon the black-bearded McAfee, who served well. His voice, strongly resembling a foghorn, arose in threat and expostulation unceasingly, and the miners, who evidently knew him well, and perhaps had previously tested the weight of his fist, were lamblike and obedient to his control.

"They'll be quiet enough fer a while, leftenant," he managed to whisper hoarsely to me. "But they is jest boys growed up, an' if eny one o' them should really take a notion ter raise hell, all the cussin' I might do wouldn't make no diffrance. Whatever yer aim at, better be done right off, while I kin sorter keep 'em busy down yere; onct they git loose on the deck the devil himself couldn't stop 'em frum startin' a row."

This advice was so good that I slipped instantly away, silently gained the door, and, unobserved, emerged on to the deserted deck without. The sudden change in environment sobered me, and caused me to pause and seriously consider the importance of my mission. Thru the thin walls of the cabin the murmuring voices of those within became indistinct, except as an occasional loudly spoken oath, or call, might be distinguished. The struggling Warrior was close within the looming shadows of the western shore, and seemed to be moving downward more swiftly with the current, as tho the controlling mind in the darkened wheelhouse felt confident of clear water ahead. The decks throbbed to the increased pulsation of the engine, and I could plainly hear the continuous splash of the great stern wheel as it flung spray high into the air.

I paused a moment, hand gripping the rail, and eyes seeking vainly to peer across the wide expanse of river, really fronting the situation for the first time, and endeavoring to think out calmly some definite course of action. Thus far, spurred only by necessity, and a sense of obligation, I had merely been blindly grasping at the first suggestion which had occurred to mind. The emergency had demanded action, rather than reflection. But now, on cooler consideration, and alone, the result I sought did not appear so apparent, nor so easily attained. Hitherto, in the midst of the excitement occasioned by Beaucaire's tragic death, my mind had grasped but one idea clearly—if I permitted Kirby to be mobbed and killed by those enraged men, his death would benefit no one; would remedy no wrong. That mad mob spirit must be fought down, conquered. Yet now, when I had actually accomplished this, what must be my next step? Nothing less potent than either fear, or force, would ever make Kirby disgorge. Quite evidently the gambler had deliberately set out to ruin the planter, to rob him of every dollar. Even at the last moment he had coldly insisted on receiving a bill of sale so worded as to leave no possible loophole. He demanded all. The death of the Judge, of course, had not been contemplated, but this in no way changed the result. That was an accident, yet, I imagined, might not be altogether unwelcome, and I could not rid my memory of that shining weapon in Kirby's hand, or the thought that he would have used it had the need arose. Would he not then fight just as fiercely to keep, as he had, to gain? Indeed, I had but one fact upon which I might hope to base action—every watcher believed those cards had been stacked, and that Beaucaire was robbed by means of a trick. Yet, could this be proven? Would any one of those men actually swear that he had seen a suspicious move? If not, then what was there left me except a mere bluff? Absolutely nothing.

Gambling was a recognized institution, with which even the law did not

Your Success Guaranteed

The Shortest, Easiest and Surest Road to Prosperity and Success—*A Subtle Principle of Success*

This subtle principle in my hands, without education, without capital, without training, without experience, and without study or waste of time and without health, vitality or will power has given me the power to earn more than a **million** dollars without selling merchandise, stocks, bonds, books, drugs, appliances or any material thing of any character.

This subtle and basic principle of success requires no will power, no exercise, no strength, no energy, no study, no writing, no dieting, no concentration and no conscious deep breathing. There is **nothing to practice,** nothing to study, and nothing to sell.

This subtle and basic principle of success does not require that you practice economy or keep records, or memorize or read, or learn to do anything, or force yourself into any action or invest in any stocks, bonds, books, or merchandise.

This Subtle Principle **must not be confused** with memory system, "will power" systems, Christian Science, psychology, magnetism, thrift or economy, nor should it be confused with health systems, auto-suggestion, concentration, "personality," self-confidence or opportunity, nor should this Subtle Principle be confused with initiative, mental endurance, luck, chance, self-analysis or self-control. Neither should this principle be confused with imagination, enthusiasm, persuasion, force or persistence, nor with the art or science of talking or salesmanship, or advertising.

No one has yet succeeded in gaining success without it.

No one has ever succeeded in failing with it.

It is absolutely the master key to success, prosperity and supremacy.

When I was eighteen years of age, it looked to me as though I had absolutely no chance to succeed. Fifteen months altogether in common public school was the extent of my education. **I had no money.** When my father died, he left me twenty dollars and fifty cents, and I was earning hardly enough to keep myself alive, I had no friends for I was negative and of no advantage to any one. I had no plan of life to help me solve any problem. In fact, I did not know enough to know that life is and was a real problem, even though I had an "acute problem of life" on my hands. I was blue and despondent and thoughts of eternal misery arose in my mind constantly. I was a living and walking worry machine.

I was tired, nervous, restless. I could not sleep. I could not digest without distress. I had no power of application. **Nothing appealed to me.** Nothing appeared worth doing from the fear that I could not do anything because of my poor equipment of mind and body. I felt that I was shut out of the world of success and I lived in a world of failure.

I was such a pauper in spirit that I blindly depended on drugs and doctors for my health as my father before me. I was a "floater" and **depended on luck for success.** The result of this attitude on my part was greater weakness, sickness, failure and misery as is always the case under similar condition.

Gradually my condition became worse. I reached a degree of misery that seemed intolerable. **I reached a crisis** in my realization of my failure and adverse condition.

Out of this misery and failure and pauperism of spirit—out of this distress—arose within me a desperate reaction—"a final effort to live"—and through this reaction, arose within me, the discovery of the laws and principles of life, evolution, personality, mind, health, success and supremacy. Also out of this misery arose within me the discovery of the inevitable laws and principles of failure and sickness and inferiority.

When I discovered that I had unconsciously been employing the principles of failure and sickness, I immediately began to use the principles of success and supremacy. **My life underwent an almost immediate change.** I overcame illness through health, weakness through power, inferior evolution by superior evolution, failure by success, and converted pauperism into supremacy.

I discovered a principle which I observed that all successful personalities employ, either consciously or unconsciously. I also discovered a principle of evolution and believed that if I used it, that my conditions would change, for I had but one disease—**failure,** and therefore there was but one cure—**success,** and I began to use this principle and out of its use arose my ambition, my powers, my education, my health, my success and my supremacy, etc., etc.

You may also use this principle of success deliberately, purposefully, consciously and profitably.

Just as there is a principle of darkness there is also a principle of failure, ill-health, weakness and negativeness. If you use the principle of failure consciously or unconsciously, you are sure always to be a failure. Why seek success and supremacy through blindly seeking to find your path through the maze of difficulties? Why not open your "mental eyes" through the use of this subtle success principle, and thus deliberately and purposefully and consciously and successfully advance in the direction of supremacy and away from failure and adversity?

I discovered this subtle principle—this key to success—through misery and necessity. You need never be miserable to have the benefit of this subtle principle. You may use this success principle just as successful individuals of all time, of all countries, of all races, and of all religions have used it either consciously or unconsciously, and as I am using it consciously purposefully. It requires no education, no preparation, no preliminary knowledge. Any one can use it. Any one can harness, employ and capitalize it, and thus put it to work for success and supremacy. Regardless of what kind of success you desire, this subtle principle is the key that opens the avenue to what you want.

It was used by

Moses	J. P. Morgan,	Herbert Spencer,
Cæsar,	Lloyd-George,	Woodrow Wilson,
Napoleon,	Clemenceau,	Charles Schwab,
Roosevelt,	Sarah Bernhardt,	Abraham Lincoln,
Rockefeller,	Alexander the Great,	George Washington,
Emerson,	Wanamaker,	Marshall Field,
Darwin,	Phil Armour,	Elbert Hubbard,
Harriman,	Andrew Carnegie,	Christopher Columbus,
Charles E. Hughes,	Shakespeare,	Vanderbilt,
Galli-Curci,	Mendelssohn,	Marcus Aurelius,
Nordica,	Copernicus,	Pericles,
Melba,	Mohammed,	Lycurgus,
Cleopatra,	Cicero,	Benjamin Franklin,
Edison,	Demosthenes,	
Newton,	Aristotle,	
Frick,	Plutarch,	
Mozart,		
Confucius,		

and thousands and thousands of others—the names of successful men and women of all times and of all countries and of all religions, and of all colors, make a record of the action of this Subtle Principle of success. None of these individuals that could have succeeded without it—**no one can succeed without it**—no one can fail with it.

Every one realizes that human beings owe a duty to each other. Only the very lowest type of human being is selfish to the degree of wishing to profit without helping some one else. This world does not contain very great numbers of the lowest and most selfish type of human beings. Almost every one, in discovering something of value, also wants his fellow man to profit through his discovery. This is precisely my attitude. I feel that I should be neglecting my most important duty towards my fellow human beings, if I did not make every effort—every decent and honest effort—to induce every one to also benefit to a maximum extent through the automatic use of this subtle principle.

I fully realize that it is human nature to have less confidence in this principle because I am putting it in the hands of thousands of individuals for a few pennies—at less than the actual cost of mailing, writing, composing and advertising it—but I cannot help the negative impression I thus possibly create. I must fulfill my duty just the same.

I do not urge any one to procure it because I offer it for a few pennies, but because the results are great—very great.

This subtle principle is so absolutely powerful and overmastering in its influence for good, profit, prosperity and success, that it would be a sin if I kept it to myself and used it only for my personal benefit.

So sure am I of the truth of my statements — so absolutely positive am I of the correctness of my assumption and so absolutely certain am I that this principle, in your hands, will work wonders for you, that I am willing to place this principle **in your hands** for twenty-four hours at my risk and expense. You will recognize the value of this principle within twenty-four hours—in fact, almost immediately as you become conscious of it, you will realize its practicability, its potency, its reality and its power and usuability for your personal profit, pleasure, advancement, prosperity and success.

Thousands of individuals claim that the information disclosing and elucidating the secret principle of success **is worth a thousand dollars of any one's money.** Some have written that they would not take a million dollars for it.

You will wonder that I do not charge a thousand dollars for this information—for disclosing this principle, after you get it into your possession and realize its tremendous power and influence.

I have derived such tremendous results — amazing results from its power, that I want every man, woman and matured child to have this key to success, prosperity and wealth. This is why I am willing to send it to any one—to any address on approval without a single penny in advance.

You would never forgive me, and I could never forgive myself, nor could the creative forces of the Universe forgive us, if I failed to bring you to the point of using this subtle principle of success. **You would never forgive me** if I failed to do for you that which you would do for me, if our positions were reversed.

Become rich through this subtle principle of success

From every part of the country comes appreciation of my extraordinary discovery.—THE SUBTLE PRINCIPLE OF SUCCESS.

"I cannot say too much for your discovery. It is certainly doing wonders for me, even at the advanced age of eighty."

"I thank you for the blessings you have brought to my life through the 'Subtle Principle of Success.'"

"I can never fully repay you for revealing to me the 'Subtle Principle of Success' and how to use it."

"Your elucidation of the 'Subtle Principle of Success' is wonderful. Even today it is worth a hundred dollars to me."

"Your 'Subtle Principle of Success' is working wonders for me. I would not part with it for a million dollars."

"I regard your 'Subtle Principle of Success' as worth a thousand dollars of any person's money, regardless of how poor the individual may be."

"It is impossible to place a limit to the monetary value of your discovery."

"I am from Missouri. Your 'Subtle Principle of Success' is the goods."

"I always believed that successful men used a principle which gave them success. I never knew what it was nor how to use it until you explained it to me. It would be just as impossible for me to fail with this principle as it has been impossible for me to succeed without it."

"I thank you for the wonderful results I am gaining through the 'Subtle Principle of Success.' I would not take any amount of money for what this principle has done for me already. You are honestly entitled to millions."

"I am a man of my word and would not take one hundred dollars this first day for the information you have given me."

"I am enthusiastic over your discovery of the 'Subtle Principle of Success,' and at the age of eighty-six am pursuing success as never before."

"Your 'Subtle Principle of Success' has in twenty-four hours given me wonderful results. I am ready to back any statement made in favor of your 'Subtle Principle of Success.' It opens up a new universal opportunity."

"'The Subtle Principle of Success' is doing for me more than you claim. The truth about it is hard to believe."

You want success of some kind. This is your opportunity to get it—to get what you want—guaranteed.

WRITE YOUR ADDRESS on the coupon and mail it to me, and you will receive by return mail, the SUBTLE PRINCIPLE OF SUCCESS—the master principle—the equal of which you have never seen.

If this subtle principle of success does not solve your every problem, it will cost you absolutely nothing.

ALOIS P. SWOBODA, 791 Berkeley Bldg.
West 44th Street, New York City

ALOIS P. SWOBODA, 791 Berkeley Bldg. West 44th Street, New York City.

You may send me, at your risk, "THE SUBTLE PRINCIPLE OF SUCCESS."

I promise to either re-mail it to you, within twenty-four hours of its receipt by me, or to send you two dollars.

It is understood that I am to be under no other obligation, neither now nor later.

Name.....
(Write plainly)

Address..... State.....

City.....

NOTE—The above statements in the Chicago Ledger are absolutely guaranteed in every way.

For stubborn skin troubles

Resinol

Even in severe, well-established cases of eczema, ringworm or similar affections, Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap usually relieve the itching at once and quickly overcome the trouble. This simple, efficient treatment has been widely used for many years.

For sale by all druggists.

FREE TO ASTHMA SUFFERERS

Free Trial of a Method That Anyone Can Use Without Discomfort or Loss of Time.

We have a method for the control of Asthma, and we want you to try it at our expense. No matter whether your case is of long standing or recent development, whether it is present as occasional or chronic Asthma, you should send for a free trial of our method. No matter in what climate you live, no matter what your age or occupation, if you are troubled with asthma, our method should relieve you promptly.

We especially want to send it to those apparently hopeless cases, where all forms of inhalers, douches, opium preparations, fumes, "patent smokes," etc., have failed. We want to show everyone at our expense, that our method is designed to end all difficult breathing, all wheezing, and all those terrible paroxysms.

This free offer is too important to neglect a single day. Write now and begin the method at once. Send no money. Simply mail coupon below. Do it Today—you do not even pay postage.

FREE TRIAL COUPON

FRONTIER ASTHMA CO., Room 634N, Niagara and Hudson Streets, Buffalo, N. Y.

Send free trial of your method to:

.....

.....

.....

Let Us Send You This Suit

Made to your measure, payable after received

Perfect fit, fine goods and tailoring, $20 saving, *all guaranteed or no pay.* ***All Wool Suits $26.00. Samples Free.*** Every man should write at once for our beautiful free book of cloth samples and correct fashions, explaining everything. Write letter or postal, just say "Send me your samples" and get everything by return mail free. Important to every man. Write today sure.

PARK TAILORING COMPANY

Dept 44 Chicago, ILL

FREE

60 DAYS TRIAL

My Best Electric Belt

Soothing — Invigorating For Nerves, Rheumatism, Paralysis, Lame Back, Poor Circulation, Stomach, Liver, Kidney, Bladder Weakness, PAIN anywhere.

A. OWENS, P. O. Box 861, Indianapolis, Ind.

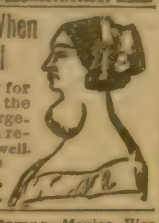
ALL THIS FREE

Gold-plated Lavalliere and Chain, pair Earbobs, Gold-plated Expansion Bracelet with Im. Watch, guaranteed quality and 3 Gold-plated Rings ALL FREE for selling only 25 pieces Jewelry at 10 cents each.

Columbia Novelty Co. Dep. 366 East Boston, Mass.

Goitre

Pay When Well



I have an honest, proven remedy for goitre (big neck). It checks the growth at once reduces the enlargement, stops pain and distress and relieves in a little while. Pay when well. Tell your friends about this. Write me at once. **DR. ROCK,**

Dept. L, Box 737, Milwaukee, Wis.

158 Genuine Foreign Stamps—Mexico War Issues, Venezuela, Salvador and India Service, Guatemala, China, etc. **Only finest approved sheets, 50 to 60%. Agents Wanted.** Big 72-p. Lists **Free. We Buy Stamps.** Estab. 35 yrs. **HUSSMAN STAMP CO., Dept. 101, St. Louis, Mo.** **10c**

interfere. Of course, there were statutes in both Missouri and Illinois, but no enforcement. Indeed the gambling fraternity was so firmly intrenched, thru wealth and influence, that no steamer captain even, autocratic as he often was, would dare encroach on their prerogatives. Interested as Thockmorton would be in serving Beaucaire's dependents, and as much as he cordially disliked Kirby, all I could rely upon from him in this emergency would be a certain moral support, and possibly some valuable advice. He would never dare ally himself openly, for the cost of such action would be too high. On the other hand, from my knowledge of Kirby's desperate character, and previous exploits, I seriously doubted the efficacy of threatening him with lynch law. He would be far more liable to defy a mob than yield to its demands. Yet memory of those two helpless girls—more particularly that one over whose unconsciousness there hung the possibility of slavery—urged me strongly to attempt even the apparently impossible. I had it in my mind to fight the man personally if, in no other way, I could attain my end; at least I would face him with every power and authority I could bring to bear.

With no other object in mind and, unarmed, never once dreaming of attack, I advanced alone along the dark, narrow strip of deck, leading toward the ladder which mounted to the wheelhouse. There were no lights, and I was practically compelled to feel my way by keeping one hand upon the rail. The steamer was sweeping around a great bend, and a leadsman forward was calling the depth of water, his monotonous voice chanting out strange river terms of guidance. I had reached the foot of the ladder, my fingers blindly seeking the iron rungs in the gloom, when a figure, vague, indistinct, suddenly emerged from some denser shadow and confronted me. Indeed the earliest realization I had of any other presence was a sharp pressure against my breast, and a low voice breathing a menacing threat in my ear.

"I advise you not to move, you young fool. This is a cocked pistol tickling your ribs. Where were you going?"

The black night veiled his face, but language and voice, in spite of its low grumble, told me the speaker was Kirby. The very coldness of his tone served to send a chill thru me.

"To have a word with Thockmorton," I answered, angered at my own fear, and rendered reckless by that burst of passion. "What do you mean by your threat? Haven't you robbed enough men already with cards without resorting to a gun?"

"This is no robbery," and I knew by the sharpness of his reply my words had stung, "and it might be well for you to keep a civil tongue in your head. I overheard what you said to those men in the cabin. So you are going to take care of me, are you?" There was a touch of steel in the low voice. "Now listen, you brainless meddler. Joe Kirby knows exactly what he is doing when he plays any game. I had nothing to do with Beaucaire's death, but those stakes are mine. I hold them, and I will kill any man who dares to interfere with me."

"You mean you refuse to return any of this property?"

"Every cent, every nigger, every acre—that's my business. Beaucaire was no child; he knew what he was betting, and he lost."

"But," I insisted almost hopelessly, "perhaps you do not wholly understand this matter—the entire situation. Judge Beaucaire risked every penny he possessed in the world."

"I suppose he did, but he expected to gain it all back again, with as much more of mine."

"That may be true, Kirby. I am not defending his action, but surely this is no reason, now that he is dead, why you should not show some degree of mercy to others totally innocent of any wrong. The man left two daughters, both young girls, who will now be homeless and penniless."

HE LAUGHED, and the sound of that laugh was more cruel than the accompanying words.

"Two daughters?" he sneered. "According to my information that strains the relationship a trifle, friend Knox—at least the late Judge never took the trouble to acknowledge the fact. Permit me to correct your statement. I happen to know more about Beaucaire's private affairs than you do. He leaves one daughter only. I have never met the young lady, but I understand from excellent authority that she possesses independent means thru the death some years ago of her mother. I shall therefore not worry about her loss—and, indeed, she need meet with none, for if she only prove equal to all I have heard I may, yet be induced to make her a proposition."

"A proposition?"

"To remain on the plantation as its mistress—plainly an offer of marriage, if you please. Not such a bad idea, is it?"

I stood speechless, held motionless only by the pressing muzzle of his pistol, the cold-blooded villainy of the man striking me dumb. This then had probably been his real purpose from the start. He had followed Beaucaire deliberately with this final end in view—of ruining him, and thus compelling the daughter to yield herself. He had egged the man on, playing on the weakness of his nature, baiting him to finally risk all on a game of chance, the real stake not the money on the table, but the future of this young girl.

"You—you have never seen her?"

"No, but I have met those who have. She is reported to be beautiful, and, better still, worth fifty thousand dollars."

"And you actually mean that you propose now to force Judge Beaucaire's daughter to marry you?"

"Well, hardly that, altho I shall use whatever means I possess. I intend to win her if I can, fair means, or foul."

I drew a deep breath, comprehending now the full iniquity of his plot, and bracing myself to fight it.

"And what about the other girl, Kirby? for there is another girl."

"Yes," rather indifferently, "there is another."

HEALS CHRONIC LEG SORES

Dr. H. J. Whittier, Suite 108, 1109 McGee Street, Kansas City, Mo., practicing in Kansas City since 1885, quickly heals leg sores and Varicose Ulcers without knife or pain. Our readers who are afflicted should write for free illust'd book. Adv.

2 for $5.25

Send No Money!

Two wonderful $4.00 shirts for only $5.25. Save at least $2.75. Everybody wearing these semi-dress Gray Flannel Shirts for business, work and sport.

Cadillac Broadcloth Flannel Shirts
Two $4.00 Shirts for Only $5.25

Made of fine quality Cadillac Broadcloth Gray Flannel. Special Winter weight. One large pocket, faced sleeves and matched pearl buttons. **Cut Extra Full, Coat Front Style.** Double-Stitched thru-out. Soft turn-down collar with sateen faced neckband. **Thoroughly Shrunk.** Try to match these shirts in any store at $4.00. Yet we offer you two for only $5.25.

Send No Money Write today. Shirts will be sent at once, transportation prepaid. Pay only $5.25 on arrival—no more. Money back at once if not more than pleased with the wonderful value. Be sure to give neck-band size.

BERNARD-HEWITT & CO. Dept PS2710 000 W. Van Buren St. **CHICAGO**

One Man Saws 40 Cords a Day

At a Cost of 1½c a Cord

Send today for big Special Offer and Low Direct Factory Price on OTTAWA Log Saw. Saws any size log at the rate of a foot a minute. As easily moved from log to log or cut to cut as any wheelbarrow. 4-cycle Frost-Proof Engine has balanced crank shaft—pulls over 4-H-P. Magneto equipped; no batteries needed. **Special clutch,** lever controlled, enables you to start and stop saw with engine running. Easy to move; costs less to operate. When not sawing, engine runs other machinery—pulley furnished.

OTTAWA LOG SAW

Cuts Down Trees--Saws Logs by Power

Cash or Easy Payments Shipped direct from factory. No waiting-no delay.

30 Days Trial Let the OTTAWA saw your logs and pay for itself as you use it. 10-Year Guarantee. Thousands in use; every owner a booster.

FREE BOOK Send at once for Big FREE BOOK and Special Offer including low direct factory-to-you price on the OTTAWA Log Saw. Write today!

OTTAWA MFG. CO., 3516 Wood St., Ottawa, Kan.

Foot and a half high

Unbreakable heads

Jointed arms and legs

These Two Big Dolls

Gingham dresses can be taken off and put on again

Can sit alone

Actual Photographs

"Jill" "Jack"

"Let Us Be Your Dolls"

GIVEN FREE!

How to Get Them FREE

If you want these Beautiful Dolls, drop us a note today. We will send you by return mail twelve beautiful pictures—copies of famous paintings. All you have to do is to distribute these among your friends and neighbors according to my plan and Jack and Jill will be sent you FREE AND POSTPAID. It will not cost you one cent of money.

Jack and Jill Are Ready For You

If you are a little girl you will want Jack and Jill for yourself. If you are a big girl or woman you will want them for some little friend of yours. These are real lovable dolls to play with and enjoy and will make a lovely Christmas gift for any little girl.

WRITE US TODAY!

DOLL DEPT. 6, W. D. BOYCE COMPANY, 500 North Dearborn Street, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

1920 TOURING CAR FREE

To some one who answers this advertisement promptly we will give, absolutely Free, freight and war tax prepaid, a 1920 model, 5-passenger Touring Car. A brand new car with electric self-starter and lighting system. Would you like to have it?

Solve Puzzle and Get Free Surprise Present

This picture shows one of our friends driving an automobile like the one we are giving away. In the scenery and around the automobile are six partly hidden faces which it will be lots of fun for you to find. Try it. When you have found four of the faces, mark each with a cross (x), cut out the advertisement and mail it to us and enclose four cents in stamps for packing, postage, mailing, etc., and a beautiful Free Surprise Present will be sent you.

We will also send you a Certificate good for 2,000 Extra Free Votes and tell you all about this splendid car which we are going to give away Free.

Men, Women, Boys and Girls

You can also win, in addition to the Automobile, Bicycles, Watches, Silverware, Rings, Moving Picture Machines, and other things you will like, free and without Contest. There is no other Contest like this.

Be Quick! You Can't Lose!

All you need to do to get in line for this Auto and other wonderful prizes is to write us promptly, enclosing four cents in stamps with your answer for packing, mailing, etc., of your Free Surprise Present.

AUTO CONTEST, Dept. 20
W. D. BOYCE COMPANY
500 North Dearborn Street
CHICAGO, ILL.

"Of course you know who she is?"

"Certainly—a nigger, a white nigger; the supposed illegitimate daughter of Adelbert Beaucaire, and a slave woman. There is no reason why I should fret about her, is there? She is my property already by law." He laughed again, the same ugly sneering laugh of triumph. "That was why I was so particular about the wording of that bill of sale—I would rather have her than the whole bunch of field hands."

"You believe then the girl has never been freed—either she, or her mother?"

"Believe? I know. I tell you I never play any game with my eyes shut."

"And you actually intend to—to hold her as a slave?"

"Well, I'll look her over first before I decide—she would be worth a pot full of money down the river."

The thought of selling a girl but one-eighth negress into slavery is terrible for a lot of us to contemplate today; but on account of the hidden facts which surround these two girls, it is more than likely that a pure white girl will go down the river to mingle with the blacks. The next installment shows the further machinations of Joe Kirby to ruin a soul.

A Rat in the Cabin

(Concluded From Page 10.)

that's the reason he was always picking onto you!"

Big Un nodded. "He stole my money the first night he was here, and pinned it to the inside of his undershirt with safety pins. It was him that put that piece of fodder by my bed. The next night he stole your sock and left that piece of bill, so's to throw us off the track. And yesterday he tried to catch me in quicksand down at the river."

"And ye let him get away without a thrashing?" exclaimed MacGregor incredulously.

Quick terror shot to Big Un's eyes. His hairy hands twitched and creaked monstrously.

"My God, Mac!" he said slowly, staring at the great hands. "If I'd 'a' got hold o' him . . ."

Then a contented smile cleared his face. He grabbed up a bucket and strode down to the spring for water.

Presently MacGregor heard a deep, whole-hearted outpouring of song. It was Big Un singing:

"Her eyes are like the violets blue-ue-ue."

A Change in Heart.

"DID anybody telephone me while I was out?" demanded Caroline as usual before she had completely got inside the house.

"I don't see how you can enjoy yourself a minute away from home," said the father of the family, interestedly. "Your mind must be so completely taken up with worry over somebody's 'phoning you and your missing it that all pleasure must be destroyed. Spending, as you do, some eighteen hours out of each twenty-four glued to the telephone, by the time you are 80——"

"How I hate statistics and mathematics," said Caroline energetically. "Well, did——"

"Yes," admitted the father of the family. "Somebody did. Just ten minutes after Alice left here, having spent the whole afternoon with you, she called up to say she had forgotten something terribly important that she wanted to tell you. I tried to convince her that I was a model of discretion and she could confide in me, but she was reserved and refused. I don't see why girls can't be trusting and open hearted. I should have so enjoyed hearing what her great secret was. Maybe she's engaged. Maybe she has her trousseau all bought and forgot to tell you."

"Oh, I know," Caroline interrupted. "She wanted to tell me that John called on Edith again last evening—another girl told me while I was out. Any one else?"

"Yes," said her parent. "Just as I got all nicely settled again in my chair with my book at the right angle and my pipe going beautifully, I had to answer the 'phone again. I am seriously considering employing a telephone girl for evenings in this house, or else have extensions to every chair in the place."

"Oh, that would be lovely!" gasped Caroline.

"Huh!" growled her father. "Well, when I got to the 'phone it was Gertrude. I wish Gertrude were not so sweet. But when she heard my voice she was so glad to get a word with me and how was I feeling and wasn't I just bored to death talking to her and oh, could I remember to give you a message? I said I could. Gertrude said she just hated to bother me and she knew it was an imposition, but would I remember to tell you to meet her at the corner tomorrow morning at 9:15 instead of 9? Somewhat dashed at the dreariness of the conversation I went back to my chair, my cold pipe and my upside-down book—and the bell rang again. It was Harvey asking for you."

"Harvey!" shrieked Caroline, falling into a chair. "Why, the very idea! I thought he must be dead and buried. What did he call up for, I'd like to know!"

"I CANNOT understand this modern attitude," complained her father, disapprovingly. "I should think when a young man 'phones a girl she would burst into cooes and gurgles of joy, instead of taking his attention as a suspicious circumstance. What's the matter with Harvey?"

"He's such a nut!" complained Caroline. "Why, all the girls say he is a nut," she hastened to strengthen her position as she detected ominous signs on the horizon. "You needn't ask why, because I can't tell you, only every one of intelligence knows how it is when a man is a nut and Harvey is, and the girls just laugh if I say he has called up."

"Um," commented her parent. "What do you young persons have—a sort of clearing house session every day to boast of individual popularity? I must say, you're romantic. Harvey is a fine young chap and he's driving a new car now and——"

"Car?" burst in Caroline with interest. "Has he a machine now? What kind is it? Oh, Harvey isn't so dreadful, but when all the girls say he is a nut—did he say anything about coming around to take me out driving? Hardly any of the boys have their own cars and it would be peachy—did you ask him to come around or did you just act funny and forget? I should think when a thoroly nice man calls me up, and with a car, too, you'd take a little interest."

"I hope Harvey ditches the whole crowd of you girls," declared the outraged parent, "I hope he falls in love with some one in Alaska. I never witnessed such a cold blooded about-face in all my life. First you call him names and then you are his warmest admirer——"

"My goodness!" said Caroline loftily, "it's hard to please you. Why, you were scolding me for not liking him, and you know it. I guess I'll call Harvey up, right now."

DOESN'T IT GET YOUR ANGORA?

Oh, doesn't it just tickle you
When you have not a nickel you
Can borrow, beg or snare—
Don't you grit your teeth and swear
When your own inamorata
Chirps of some guy, this cantata,
In her voice sweet as a 'cello:
"OH, HE'S JUST THE SWELLEST FELLOW
HIS DAD'S A MILLIONAIRE!"
Don't you feel unnecessary
When you're riding with your fairy
On the lowly D. U. R.,
Don't you get an awful jar?
Don't you get a spasm
When, with wild enthusiasm,
She exclaims in accents mellow:
"OH, HE'S JUST THE SWELLEST FELLOW—
HE'S GOT THE SWELLEST CAR!"

Mabel McKinley—Niece of the Late President of the United States—Takes Nuxated Iron for Health and Strength

And Says She Regards It as The Ideal Tonic For All Weak, Run-Down Nervous Women

Dr. George H. Baker, Formerly Physician and Surgeon Monmouth Memorial Hospital of New Jersey, Explains Why Iron Is One of the GREATEST OF ALL STRENGTH BUILDERS.

Says: He has found nothing in his experience so effective for helping to make strong, healthy, red-blooded women as Nuxated Iron.

Every woman who wishes to possess health, strength and beauty, should carefully read the statement of Miss McKinley who, after her personal use of Nuxated Iron, tells of the results she obtained.

Miss McKinley says: "While I had often heard of Nuxated Iron I must admit that prior to using it myself I had no idea of its remarkable value for building up the health and strength.

"Following the strain imposed by months of the most exacting work singing for the soldiers in the various army encampments, together with my social engagements and charitable pursuits, I found myself in such a weakened, run-down state that I feared a complete collapse.

"It seemed utterly impossible for me to drop everything and go away for a complete rest, but I realized that as my condition was serious I must either do this or find something that would actually rebuild my waning strength and enable me to continue my activities.

"I had always been prejudiced against tonic preparations which, for the most part, I found only acted as a temporary stimulant and usually left one worse off than ever. However, when my own family physician insistently recommended that I give a fair trial to Nuxated Iron, I consented to begin its use, with the result that after a few days the weakness and exhaustion from which I suffered began to be replaced by a feeling of renewed strength and vitality. In less than three weeks' time my whole system was tingling with energy and power and I was overjoyed to find that I was once more in superb physical condition.

"Nuxated Iron has accomplished so much for me that I regard it as the ideal tonic for all weak, run-down women. As a strength, health and blood-builder, I am convinced Nuxated Iron has no equal."

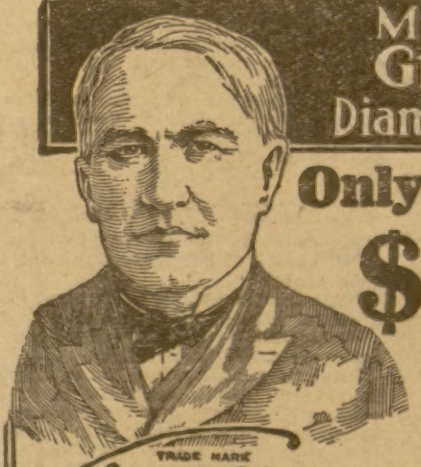
In commenting on Miss McKinley's statement, regarding the efficacy of Nuxated Iron, Dr. Ferdinand King, New York Physician and Medical Author, says: "It is my opinion that in practically nine times out of ten, unstrung nerves and failing strength and vitality are due to deficiency of iron in the blood. Many a woman who is run-down, nervous and who quickly tires out, suffers from iron deficiency and does not know it. I am convinced that there are thousands of such women who, simply by taking Nuxated Iron, might readily build up their red blood corpuscles, increase their physical energy, and get themselves back to vibrant and vigorous health. By enriching the blood and increasing its oxygen carrying power, Nuxated Iron will often transform the flabby flesh, toneless tissues, and pallid cheeks of nervous, run-down women into a glow of health, and make them look younger within a surprisingly short time."

Among other physicians asked for an opinion was Dr. George H. Baker, formerly Physician and Surgeon Monmouth Memorial Hospital, New Jersey, who says: "What women need to put roses in their cheeks and the springtime of life into their step is not cosmetics or stimulating drugs but plenty of rich, pure blood. Without it no woman can do credit to herself or to her work. Iron is one of the greatest of all strength and blood-builders, and I have found nothing in my experience so effective for helping to make strong, healthy, red-blooded women as Nuxated Iron."

Miss McKinley has a voice of unusual quality and it was following her work singing for the soldiers that she became weakened and run-down and had recourse to Nuxated Iron. Once more in superb physical condition, Miss McKinley says she is convinced that Nuxated Iron has no equal as a Strength, Health and Blood-Builder.

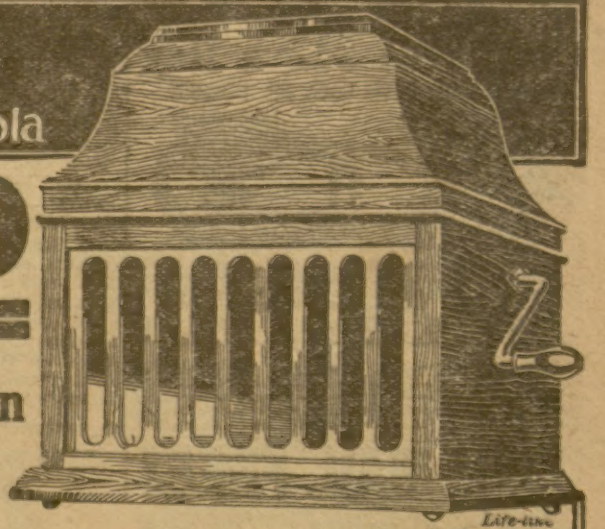
MANUFACTURERS' NOTE: Nuxated Iron, which is recommended above, is not a secret remedy but one which is well known to druggists everywhere. Unlike the older inorganic iron products it is easily assimilated and does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach. Each tablet of genuine Nuxated Iron is stamped as follows — and the words Nuxated Iron are stamped into each bottle, so that the public may not be led into accepting inferior substitutes. The manufacturers guarantee successful and entirely satisfactory results to every purchaser or they will refund your money. It is dispensed by all good druggists in tablet form only.

Mr. Edison's Great New Diamond Amberola



TRADE MARK
Thomas A Edison

Only $1.00 Down



Life-time Music At Last. The New Edison Diamond Amberola!

Yes, the New Edison Diamond Amberola—Mr. Edison's great new phonograph with the Diamond Stylus reproducer and your choice of all the brand new Diamond Amberol Records will be sent on trial. Only $1.00 down. Now you can have the finest, the best that money can buy at a price very much less than that at which imitations of the genuine Edison Diamond Amberola are offered—a rock-bottom offer *direct* from us.

Rock-Bottom Offer—Direct

Let us send the New Edison Diamond Amberola to your home on this trial. Entertain your family and friends with your favorite records—everything from Grand Opera and the good old fashioned melodies to the latest city songs, comic vaudeville and roaring minstrel shows — then, if you choose, send the outfit back to us at our expense. But if you wish to keep Mr. Edison's superb new instrument, pay the balance on easiest kind of monthly payments. Don't miss this offer. Send the coupon.

FREE Catalog

Get our New Edison catalog. Your name and address on a postcard or letter (or just coupon) is enough. No obligations in asking for catalog. Find out about this offer today — while this offer lasts.

F. K. BABSON, Edison Phonograph Distributors, 4117 Edison Block, CHICAGO, ILL.
Canadian Office: 338 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, Man.

To F. K. BABSON
Edison Phonograph Distributors
4117 Edison Block, CHICAGO

Gentlemen:—Please send me your New Edison Catalog and full particulars of your trial offer on the new model Edison Diamond Amberola.
(Print or write your name and address very plainly)

Name _____

Address _____

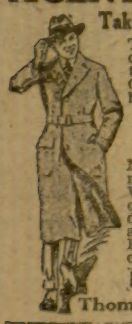
President Suspenders
for comfort
Every pair guaranteed
MADE AT SHIRLEY MASSACHUSETTS

NEW SCIENTIFIC WONDER
"X-RAY" CURIO

PRICE 10 C. SILVER ONLY. BIG FUN
BOYS You apparently see thru Clothes, Wood, Stone, any object. See Bones in Flesh. A magic trick novelty FREE with each X-Ray.
MARVEL MFG. CO., Dept. 30, NEW HAVEN, CONN.

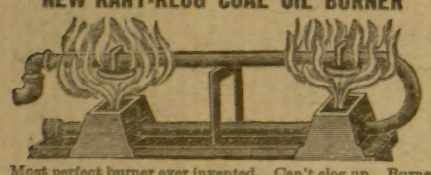
CROWN YOUR TEETH
Our solid gold shells look like real dentist's work, and give you a Golden Smile. Fool your friends. Slips right on over tooth, readily adjusted, removed any time, without trouble. Guaranteed to fit and please.
Sample, only 10c., 4 for 25c., 12 for 50c., postpaid.
SHEF NOVELTY CO., 60 Station D, Dept. 502, New York, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS: $60.00 a Week
Taking Orders for Reversible Raincoat

Two coats in one. One side black raincoat—other side fine dress coat. Takes the place of an expensive overcoat. Guaranteed water-proof. Latest style, brand new. Not sold in stores.
$12.00 a Day Guaranteed
for 2 average orders a day
No experience necessary. No capital needed. All you do is to take the orders. We deliver by Parcel Post, and do all collecting. Your commission paid same day your orders are booked. Get started at once. Work full time or spare time. Easy to get orders on account of two coats for the price of one. Big season now on. Send for sample coat to wear and to show customers.
Thomas Mfg. Co., R-917 Dayton, Ohio

AGENTS: $6 PER DAY AND UP
Selling concentrated, non-acoholic food flavors. Always fresh. Put up in collapsible tubes. Ten times the strength of bottled flavors. Guaranteed under U. S. pure food laws. All flavors. Sells in every home. Used every day. Not sold in stores. Big demand. Big repeater. 100% profit.
Men or Women
can make big money. Haut sold over $300 in one month. You will find this a big, easy seller and a sure repeater. Must satisfy customers or money back. Write for territory and sample outfit. Get a big line of customers. Get repeat orders every month and have a steady income. Write quick.

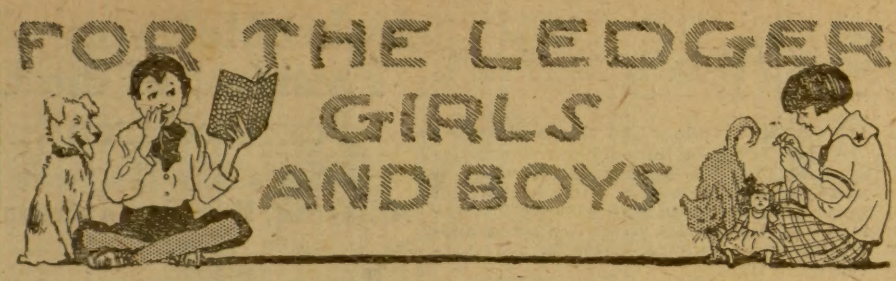
ACT QUICK WRITE TO-DAY
American Products Co.
2875 American Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

AGENTS: $12 a Day
NEW KANT-KLOG COAL OIL BURNER

Most perfect burner ever invented. Can't clog up. Burns 85% air and 15% gas. Turns any coal or wood stove into a gas stove. Pays for itself in a short time. Cheaper than coal. Big seller. Write for Agency terms and territory.
PARKER MFG. CO. 209 Coal St. DAYTON, OHIO

Sales Agents
wanted in every county to give all or spare time. Positions worth $750 to $1,500 yearly. We train the inexperienced. Novelty Cutlery Co., 23 Bar St., Canton, Ohio

BIG MAIL FREE!

Would you like to get a lot of letters, circulars and packages? You probably know that manufacturers, supply houses, wholesalers and publishers buy names and addresses for the purpose of sending samples, advertising matter, papers and circulars to. Good names and addresses are hard to get and are quite expensive. We publish an AGENT'S DIRECTORY LIST containing names and addresses carefully arranged in alphabetical order. We send these Directory Lists to concerns we know are anxious for good names to send advertising matter to. Write your name very plainly so the printer will not make a mistake; be sure to give your street number and town also plainly written so that any mail addressed to you will reach you without fail. We have been publishing the Agent's Directory List for several years and refer you to the editor of this paper who will tell you we are reliable. All we ask is that you send 10 cents in silver and we will enter your name in our Agent's Directory List as above stated. Write today. Address
Agent's Directory List, Indiana, Pa.



Blowing Bubbles Without a Pipe

IT WAS a rainy day and James stood beside the window scowling at the clouds that covered the sky.

"Come and play school," suggested Belle, who sat on the nursery floor surrounded by a large family of dolls.

"Aw, that isn't any fun," pouted James; "if it would only stop raining, then we could go outside and play. I just feel like a good game of ball."

"I wish it would stop raining," said Belle, "then maybe there'd be a rainbow, and that would be pretty."

Mother, who had been listening quietly to the children's chatter, put down her sewing and crossed to the window beside James. "Maybe we can satisfy both of you," she said. "Balls and rainbows can both be found indoors when the ground outside is wet and the sky is gray. First, I must see smiles instead of frowns or the rainbow won't give us any joy at all."

"How can you make a rainbow in the house?" asked Belle.

"I know that," cried James. "Just look thru a glass prism, and then you can see all the rainbow colors on the wall. That's easy, and it's not so awful much fun, either."

"No rainbow or anything else for that matter is fun," said mother, "when you think about it in such a way. But my rainbow is not a prism-made one. If you would like to we would make a bubble rainbow."

"Oh, that would be fun," cried Belle.

"But how can we do that?" asked James. "I broke my bubble pipe the other day and have not had a chance to buy a new one."

"There is always a way when you want to find one. If you will pack up your grumps and try to smile, I will let you mix the soap water. Belle, you put away the doll children and clear off the toy table and when everything is ready call me and I will show you how to blow bubbles without a pipe." And mother, looking very mysterious, walked out of the room.

In a few minutes two smiling and eager children called mother back into the nursery. They looked expectantly to see what she would bring with which they could blow bubbles, and were a trifle disappointed to see that she carried nothing but her sewing and her spool box. Seeing their crestfallen faces, she opened the box and took out two empty spools from which the paper at either end had been torn. "These are fairy pipes," she said; "dip one end into the bowl of soap suds and blow thru the hole in the other end and see what happens."

Into the bowls were dipped the spools and then how the children did blow! No pouts nor frowns could remain on those puffed-out cheeks. They had to stop their blowing to laugh at each other. At first the wooden spool absorbed the water and no bubbles came; but all of a sudden from the end of Belle's little spool came a beautiful rainbow bubble. "See," she cried, "I have one!"

"Me, too!" puffed James as his big bubble flew into the air and bounced dangerously against the ceiling."

"I think spool soap bubbles are lots of fun, don't you, James?" asked Belle. But James was having too good a time to answer such a foolish question.

Of course blowing bubbles is fun, and blowing them thru a spool is just twice as much fun as any other way. In the first place, you do not have to put on rubbers and raincoat and carry an umbrella down to the corner in all the wet to buy a pipe at the little store. Every household harbors spools, and a spool soap bubble party can be arranged in less time than it takes to tell. Try it for yourself and see. But be careful—be sure you blow the bubble out of the spool and not into it. The spool is not as long as the stem of a pipe and even a little intake of breath will give you a mouthful of soap suds and you know that is not a very pleasant sensation. Once you have produced a bubble and tried this method you will immediately become so expert a bubble maker that you will never want to blow bubbles in any other way.

As one big monster bubble burst on the tip of Belle's nose, she put down her spool and cuddled up beside her mother. "What makes the bubbles, mother?" she asked.

"The soap suds, of course," said James.

"But how?" persisted Belle, "and how do all the colors and pictures come in them?" Even James could not answer that, and when he saw that mother was getting ready to explain the mystery of the bubble to his little sister, he put down his spool and prepared to listen.

"The soap suds hold the particles of the water together and give substance to the fluid, but that alone is not sufficient to give us the beautiful bubbles that you have seen floating about the room today. When you blow you breath into the spool it creeps in under the film of soap and water and inflates it or makes it swell. The more you blow the more air gets into the film covering and the bigger grows your bubble. But the film of soap water is very thin and when you blow more air into it than it is strong enough to hold, why then—you know what happens."

"The bubble bursts!" said James.

"Exactly," answered mother, "and then all your blowing and puffing is for nothing."

"But what makes the colors and pictures that we see in the bubble?" asked Belle.

"The soap makes the water even more of a reflecting surface than it ordinarily is, and as the light is caught and reflected by the rounded surface of the bubble it throws off the various colors that we see. The bubble is like the rainbow in that no two persons ever see just the same colors or pictures in it at the same time, because no two persons' eyes are ever at exactly the same spot at the same moment and the reflections and refractions of light in the bubble are changing constantly. The pictures are also reflections of the various objects that are within the neighborhood of the bubble."

"Now I know why you said we could have a rainbow in the house. It is because of the colors reflected by the bubble, isn't it?" asked James.

"And we really did play ball," added Belle, "for the bubbles bounced around just as much and as really truly balls could have done."

The History of "Hankies."

"OPSHAW, I've lost my handkerchief again! That makes the third one this week."

"You should not be so careless of such a useful thing," said mother.

"What did people do before they had handkerchiefs?" asked Clara.

"Handkerchiefs have been used by people the world over for many hundreds of years," explained mother, "but when not in use they were carefully concealed, and never mentioned. The ladies of olden times regarded handkerchiefs much as we regard underwear, and they were classed with the 'unmentionables.'"

"How funny," said Clara. "But I remember a play of Shakespeare's that we read at school. It was called 'Othello, the Moor of Venice,' and handkerchiefs were mentioned in that. Wasn't it written years ago?"

"It certainly was written many years ago; in the seventeenth century to be exact. But then handkerchiefs had become more popular in England than on the continent of Europe. When that same play, 'Othello,' was acted in France at the beginning of the nineteenth century, the French actress, Mlle. Duchesnois, gathered courage to appear in the play with the handkerchief in her hand. But when she had to call it by name her courage failed her and she referred to it as 'a light tissue.'

"Even this slight reference to such a thing as a handkerchief, made in public, called forth a storm of protest from the audience and the poor actress, who was but speaking her lines, was almost hissed from the stage. When Empress Josephine set the fashion for all the ladies of Europe as well as for those in France, she used a dainty square of lace and muslin to hide her imperfect teeth. As she was rarely seen without a handkerchief in her hand, the fashion was set for all the court ladies. And so handkerchiefs were popularized in France and we today need not blush to mention the word."

GARDEN HINTS.

DON'T kill the toad! Don't stone the frog!
Don't prod the wiggling pollywog!
The gardener has no better friend
His plants and labor to defend.
No spray nor poison power flung
Can beat the toad's industrious tongue.
From leaf and stalk he nightly takes
Big crops not raised with hoes and rakes
Of bugs and every crawling thing
That sorrow to the gardener bring.

Convinced.

"DO YOU do just as your mother tells you, my little man?"

"You bet I do!"

"That is fine! You must believe that your mother is always right."

"Sure! Ain't I got pop to prove it by?"

"That also is fine, for your father to tell you to always defer to your mother."

"Aw, pop didn't tell me—he didn't have to. But one time pop, he didn't do like he was told, an' right off I decided that wasn't a good plan."

CUTS CLOTHING PRICES IN HALF

Here's good news for you, Mr. Man—a way to save one-half on your clothing expense. Simply drop a card to R. A. Allan, 831 W. Adams St., Chicago, Ill., and ask him for a copy of his new tailor-book No. 1688 with big cloth samples and latest information about styles and prices. He will make readers of the Chicago Ledger a special offer and quote you prices so low that you will be surprised and wonder how he can do it when others are asking nearly twice as much. All orders are sent on approval with privilege of returning if not satisfactory.—Adv.

HIS HEARING RESTORED.

The invisible antiseptic ear drum invented by Mr. A. O. Leonard, which is in reality a miniature megaphone, fitting inside the ear and entirely out of sight, is restoring the hearing of literally hundreds of people in New York city. Mr. Leonard invented this remarkable drum to relieve himself of deafness and head noises, and it does this so successfully that no one could tell that he is a deaf man. This ear drum is effective when deafness is caused by catarrh or by perforated, partially or wholly destroyed natural drums. A request for information addressed to A. O. Leonard, Suite 116, 70 5th Ave., New York city, will be given a prompt reply.—Advt.

LEG SORES

The Bayles Distributing Co., 1858 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo., will mail Free Sample of ANTI-FLAMMA, a Soothing Anti-septic Poultice that draws out the poisons, stops the itching around sores and Heals While You Work. Write today describing case.—Adv.

LADIES, PRESERVE YOUR YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years, and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results. Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.
—Adv.

IT'S DANGEROUS GROUND

that you stand on—with a cough or a cold, and your blood impure. Out of such conditions come grip and pneumonia. You must do something. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery relieves severe, lingering Coughs, Bronchial and Throat Affections, and diseases that can be reached through the blood. When you're weak after an attack of grip or fever—you will build up health and strength and put on needed flesh by taking the "Discovery."
All druggists. Liquid or tablets.

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

DOGS

HOUNDS FOR SALE. HAVE SOME GENUine fine hunting hounds, ranging in age from three-months-old puppies to three and four-year-old, trained and well broken hounds; good strike dogs, good trailers and splendid tree dogs. They are trained for coons, 'possums and skunks. The old dogs sold under a guarantee to deliver the goods or the money back. The puppies are thoroughbred bird song hounds. If interested in any of the above write M. H. Goldston, Paris, Tenn.

WE HAVE FIFTEEN HIGH CLASS FOX hounds, a large number of coon and opossum dogs, and rabbit dogs ready to ship. We breed and handle the highest type of all classes of hunting dogs. We will ship all dogs on trial and under guaranty. Send stamp for reply. We believe we can please you. Earl Hunt Kennels, Jackson, Tenn.

PHOTOGRAPHY

FREE ENLARGEMENT 5 x 7 INCHES FROM each roll sent us for developing and finishing. Mail your films today, or send for prices and particulars. Topeka Photo Supply Co., Box 427, Topeka, Kans.

MISCELLANEOUS

TORN SHIRTS REBUILT LIKE NEW. ASK for free booklet. Royal Shirt, 296 B'way, New York.

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

Information—The rate for one insertion in The Saturday Blade and one insertion in the Chicago Ledger is 35 cents a word, minimum 14 words, less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next.

W. D. BOYCE CO., Publisher, 500-514 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

AGENTS WANTED

500 AGENTS WANTED AT ONCE FOR Mitchell's Magic Marvel Washing Compound. 300% profit. Enormous repeater. Washes clothes spotlessly clean in ten to fifteen minutes. One thousand other uses in every home. Astounds and delights every woman. Nothing else like it. Nature's mightiest cleanser. Contains no lye, lime, acid or wax. Free samples furnished to boost sales. We positively guarantee the sale of every package. Exclusive territory. Own your own business. You cannot fail to make big money. Baker, Ohio, made $600 last month. Send for free sample and proof. Hurry, hustle, grab this chance. L. Mitchell & Co., Desk 310, 1308-1314 E. 61st, Chicago.

BIGGEST MONEY-MAKER IN AMERICA. I want 100 men and women quick to take orders for raincoats, raincapes and waterproof aprons. Thousands of orders waiting for you. $2.00 an hour for spare time. McDonough made $813.00 in one month. Nissen $19.00 in three hours. Purviance $207.00 in seven days. $5,000 a year profit for eight average orders a day. No delivering or collecting. Beautiful coat free. No experience or capital required. Write quick for information. Comer Manufacturing Co., Dept. B-161, Dayton, Ohio.

$6,000.00 A YEAR IS YOUR PROFIT FROM 4 sales a day. Davidson sold $6 one week. No experience needed. The Aladdin light is a sensation wherever introduced. 5 times as bright as electric. Won gold medal. Farmers have the money, they need this light and 9 out of 10 will buy. Also big opportunity in small towns and suburbs. Excellent spare time and evening seller. No capital required. Sample on free trial. Write for agency proposition while territory still open. Mantle Lamp Company, 502 Aladdin Bldg., Chicago.

AGENTS. MAKE BIG MONEY SELLING our Decalcomania transfer campaign emblems of Harding and Coolidge, Cox and Roosevelt in colors. Easy to put on autos, windows or doors. Sell on sight at 50c. Cost to agents, 100 or less, 10c each. Profits $5 to $25 a day. Circular on request. Transfer Mono. Co., 191 Market St., Newark, N. J.

ENORMOUS PROFITS SELLING MADAME Lily's Marcellene hair dressing and skin whitener soap to colored people. Takes like wild fire everywhere. Constant repeater. Cash in on some of this easy money. Write for our attractive proposition. Sent free. Address Tono-Scalpa Co., Inc., 1331 E. Franklin St., Richmond, Va.

SELL WHAT MILLIONS WANT. NEW, wonderful Liberty portraits—Creates tremendous interest—Absolutely different—Unique. Enormous demand—30 hours' service. Liberal credit. Outfit and catalogue free. $100 weekly profit easy. Consolidated Portrait Co., Dept. 12, 1036 W. Adams St., Chicago.

AGENTS: 2 IN 1 REVERSIBLE RAINCOAT. One side handsome raincoat, reverse side fine dress coat. Something new. Latest style. Not sold in stores. Guaranteed waterproof. Big seller. Write for agency and sample to workers. Thomas Mfg. Co., Class 1511, Dayton, O.

AGENTS: $4 AN HOUR TAKING ORDERS for New Can't Clog Burner. Fits any stove. Burns coal oil. Cheapest fuel known. Sells everywhere. Big demand. Write for agency and sample. Parker Mfg. Co., 109 Mat St., Dayton, Ohio.

BIG MONEY AND FAST SALES. EVERY owner buys gold initials for his auto. You charge $1.50; make $1.35. Ten orders a day. Write for particulars and free samples. American Monogram Co., Dept. 104, East Orange, N. J.

TIRE AGENTS. EXCLUSIVE REPRESENTATIVES to use and sell the new Mellinger Extra-Ply Tires. (No seconds.) Guarantee bond 8000 miles. Wholesale prices. Sample sections furnished. Mellinger Tire Co., 972 Oak, Kansas City, Missouri.

AGENTS! QUICK SALES! BIG PROFITS! Orders in every home for our beautiful dress goods, silks and general yard goods. Large book of samples free to agents. Write today for particulars. National Importing & Mfg. Co., Dept. P 2, 425 Broadway, New York.

WE START YOU IN BUSINESS, FURNISHing everything; men and women, $30.00 to $100.00 weekly operating our "New System Specialty Candy Factories" anywhere. Opportunity lifetime; booklet free. Z. Ragsdale Co., East Orange, N. J.

CANADIAN DISTRIBUTOR REQUIRES home agents. Twenty to fifty dollars weekly easily made. No canvassing whatever. Entirely new plan. Very attractive and profitable. Write Murray Specialty Company, Department S, Toronto, Canada.

AGENTS. MEN AND WOMEN, BEST LEgitimate opportunity to make big money. An attractive, silk embroidered, women's wear novelty. Exquisite Christmas gift. Samples and 21 different styles, $3.50. Paramount Mfg. Co., 440 S. Dearborn St., Chicago.

100 AGENTS WANTED IMMEDIATELY to get orders for our Magic Washing Compound. Easiest seller. Sure repeater. Territory going fast. Barnes & Whyard, 222 W. 69th St., Chicago.

AGENTS—BIGGEST 20c SELLER. ORDERS come to you every week. Profits very big. New selling plan free. No experience necessary. The Poflow Co., Dept. 52, 25 E. 26th St., New York City.

BIG PROFITS SELLING DUPLEX TRANSformers. Every auto owner needs them. Save gas. Banish spark plug trouble. Exclusive territory. Write quick. Jubilee Mfg. Co., 120 Sta. C, Omaha, Neb.

$3.48 FOR MEN'S MADE-TO-ORDER PANTS —worth $8.00. Sample free. Money-making offer for agents; part time or all. Write today. Chicago Tailors' Association, Dept. K 652, 515 South Franklin Street, Chicago.

AGENTS—A NEW ONE! HARPER'S FIBRE broom and Ten-Use brush set combined. Saves broom expense; lightens housework; easy seller; first order returnable. Harper Brush Works, Dept. B, Fairfield, Iowa.

AGENTS—LARGE MANUFACTURER WANTS agents to sell hosiery, underwear, shirts, dresses, skirts, waists, shoes, clothing, etc. Write for free samples. Madison Mills, 503 Broadway, New York.

SELL INSYDE TYRES, GENUINE INNER armor for auto tires; double mileage; prevents punctures and blowouts; tremendous demand. American Accessories Company, Dept. T-450, Cincinnati, Ohio.

AGENTS: LEARN ABOUT THE PROFITS supplying perfume to families by addr[essing] Leffler Co., 750 Walton, St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS WANTED—(Continued)

FREE SAMPLES: BEST LINE OF COLD creams, face powder, perfumes, remedies, soaps, extracts. Big profit. Catalogue free. Western Laboratories, 1953 W. Van Buren, Chicago.

$11.00 A DAY FOR 5 HOURS WORK. New Method—no capital required—no deliveries—no delays—just take orders and bank big profits. Davis Products Co., Dept. 461, Chicago.

AGENTS MAKE BIG MONEY SELLING guaranteed reversible waterproof kitchen aprons. Seven styles. Write and learn how to obtain a sample without cost. Moss Apron Co., 967 Pilot Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.

GUARANTEED HOSIERY SELLING FROM mill earns $8.00 to $12.00 a day for our representatives, all or spare time. Credit. E. Weber Mills, Nicetown, Phila., Pa.

WE START YOU WITHOUT A DOLLAR— Soaps, extracts, perfumes, toilet goods. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., 126 Olive, St. Louis.

150% PROFIT; FAST SELLING HOUSEhold, store and office necessity. Repeater. Free sample. Chapman Company, 1084 Dwight Building, Kansas City, Mo.

AGENTS—OUR SOAP AND TOILET ARticle plan is a wonder. Get our free sample case offer. Ha-Ro-Co., 125 Locust, St. Louis.

HELP WANTED

HUNDREDS RAILWAY MAIL CLERKS wanted by Government. Men-women over 17. $135-$200 month. Permanent. List positions free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. D 26, Rochester, N. Y.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

STOP DAILY GRIND. START SILVERING mirrors, auto headlights, tableware, etc. Plans free. Clarence Sprinkle, Dept. 2, Marion, Indiana.

BECOME LIGHTNING TRICK CARTOONist. Write for free particulars. Balda, The Cartoonist, Oshkosh, Wis.

MALE HELP WANTED

MEN WANTED. I WANT A FEW MORE men to train as draftsmen. Experience not necessary. Draftsmen earn $150 to $300 per month and more. Big demand. Splendid opportunities. Learn quickly at home. Let me send you free lesson. No charge. Address: Charles W. Morey, Director, 2235 Chicago Tech. Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

RAILWAY TRAFFIC INSPECTORS EARN from $110 to $200 per month and expenses. Travel if desired. Unlimited advancement. No age limit. We train you. Positions furnished under guarantee. Write for booklet CM-12, Standard Business Training Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.

DETECTIVES EARN BIG MONEY. TRAVEL. Great demand everywhere. Experience unnecessary. We train you. Particulars free. Write American Detective System, 1965 Broadway, New York.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, FOR RAILROADS nearest their homes—Everywhere. $250-$300 monthly, experience unnecessary. (Which position?) Railway Association, Brooklyn, N. Y.

AUTO EXPERTS WANTED. $45 WEEK. Earn while learning. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. D 804, Rochester, N. Y.

BE A DETECTIVE. $50-$100 WEEKLY; travel over world; experience unnecessary. American Detective Agency, 300 Lucas, St. Louis.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BAGGAGEMEN, $140-$200; colored porters by railroads everywhere. Experience unnecessary. 686 Ry. Bureau, East St. Louis, Ills.

MEN—AGE 17 TO 45. EXPERIENCE UNnecessary. Travel; make secret investigations, report. Salaries; expenses. American-Foreign Detective Agency, 126, St. Louis.

MEN WANTED FOR DETECTIVE WORK. Write J. Ganor, former Govt. detective, 100 St. Louis, Mo.

BE A DETECTIVE. EXCELLENT OPPORtunity, good pay, travel. Write C. T. Ludwig, 320 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

BECOME DETECTIVE—BIG PAY; EASY work; free particulars. Captain Wagner, 186 E. 79th, New York.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

WOMEN TO SEW. GOODS SENT PREpaid to your door; plain sewing; steady work; no canvassing. Send stamped envelope for prices paid. Universal Co., Dept. 54, Philadelphia, Pa.

GOVERNMENT POSITIONS ARE FINE! $1400, $1600, $1800 at start, up to $2300 and $2600. Exams everywhere. Write today for full information. Patterson Civil Service School, Box J, Rochester, N. Y.

WOMEN-GIRLS, BECOME EXPERT dress-costume designers. $45 week. Sample lessons free. Write Franklin Institute, Dept. D 854, Rochester, N. Y.

MALE AND FEMALE HELP WANTED

GOVERNMENT POSITIONS ARE FINE! $1400, $1600, $1800 at start, up to $2300 and $2600. Exams everywhere. Write today for full information. Patterson Civil Service School, Box J, Rochester, N. Y.

SHORT STORIES WANTED

WRITERS!—STORIES, POEMS, PLAYS, etc., are wanted for publication. Literary Bureau, B4, Hannibal, Mo.

BOOKS

"FIRESIDE REALM," SIX MONTHS, 10c; year's big mail free. Atelier Trade Service, London, Ont.

INVENTIONS

INVENTIONS WANTED—CASH OR ROYalty for ideas. Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 44, St. Louis, Mo.

UNDERGROUND TREASURES

UNDERGROUND TREASURES—HOW AND where to find them; particulars for 2c. Model Co., Morton Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

DON'T INVEST IN OIL UNTIL YOU REceive our circular. We have more than 1,000 acres of the best prospective oil land in the State of Texas, together with one producing well surrounded by 9½ acres. We are now rigging up to sink second well in proven field and expect to have completed in several weeks four wells. Production from our proven land where we already have one well should pay the investor several hundred per cent, whereas a well on our prospective acreage may pay several thousand per cent. If you have $10 to $1,000 to invest, write for complete circular free. Conroe Oil Company, 226 Binz Building, Houston, Texas.

$5,000 YEARLY INCOME PAID THOUsands of people who invested in Texas oil lands. They made the start. $2 may start you making $200 monthly, possibly more. You get warranty deed to land with interest in well and participating interest in entire subdivision. Results count. Bank reference, established facts free. Write today. Sourlake Texas Oil Co., 308 DeMenil, St. Louis, Mo.

OIL LEASES IN TEXAS. TEN ACRE leases $6.00 each. Forty acre leases $20.00 each. Perfect titles. Write at once for particulars, or send check. Address Frank Strickland, Sapulpa, Oklahoma.

$2.00 MONTHLY BUYS DEED TO LAND and interest in oil wells that should pay $100 for each $2.00 invested. Write for particulars. Texas Gulf Company, 633 First Nat'l Bank, Houston, Texas.

ONE DOLLAR INVESTED NOW SHOULD grow to $5000. Money refunded, after investigation, if desired. Representatives wanted. Box 24, Rising Star, Texas.

500% PER ANNUM IN A SAFE BUSIness enterprise. Write Box 984, Burkburnett, Texas.

300% PER ANNUM IN SAFE BUSINESS enterprise. Write to 607 Boston Block, Minneapolis, Minn.

WISCONSIN FARM LANDS

LANDOLOGY. SPECIAL NUMBER JUST out containing 1920 facts of clover land in Marinette County, Wisconsin. If for a home or as an investment you are thinking of buying good farm lands where farmers grow rich, send at once for this special number of Landology. It is free on request. Address Skidmore-Riehle Land Company, 26 Skidmore-Riehle Bldg., Marinette, Wis.

MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

LARGE PROFITS DAILY MADE IN THIS business. Openings everywhere. Small capital starts you. Complete outfits sold on installments. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by Government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Company, Morton Building, Chicago.

EARN $50.00 NIGHTLY; NO EXPERIENCE required. Small investment buys professional machine, film, supplies, complete stationary or traveling equipments, already for work. Easy payments. Openings everywhere. Large catalog free. Monarch Theatre Supply Co., Dept. 527, 420 Market, St. Louis, Mo.

FOR SALE

GENUINE DIAMOND, LIKE OUR ALASKAN diamond, mounted in gold filled ring. If satisfied after trial, send $1.50. Chicago Diamond Importers, 1827 Berwyn Ave., Chicago, Ill.

WORLD'S SMALLEST BIBLE—SIZE POSTage stamp—contains 200 pages. Postpaid 10c. P. G. Donaldson, Kemp, Texas.

TRICKS—GAMES

MILLION DOLLAR MYSTERY, 38c; joker's exploding deck, 38c; trick perfume bottle, 8c; look-backs, 8c; "125 Card Tricks," 22c; "250 Parlor Tricks," 7c. Many other record-breaking bargains in my latest illustrated catalog of pocket tricks, jokes, puzzles and imported novelties. Send 6c for catalog and "10 Select Card Tricks." Lyle Douglas, Station A-1, Dallas, Texas.

MAGIC GOODS, BOOKS, CARDS, LODEstone, tricks. Catalog free. B. I. Smith Co., Newark, Mo.

MAGIC GOODS, CARDS, GAMES, BOOKS, tricks. Catalogue free. National Supply Co., Box 116, Edina, Mo.

SONG POEMS WANTED

YOU WRITE THE WORDS FOR A SONG. We'll compose the music free and publish same. Send song poem today. E. Lenox Co., 271 W. 125th St., New York.

SONG-WRITERS MANUAL AND GUIDE sent free! Contains valuable instructions and advice. Submit song-poems for examination. We will furnish music, copyright and facilitate publication or sale. Knickerbocker Studios, 306 Gaiety Bldg., New York.

AUTO ACCESSORIES

FORDS START EASY IN COLD WEATHER. Will run 24 miles per gallon on cheapest gasoline or half kerosene, using our 1920 carburetors. Increased power; styles for all motors; can attach them yourself. Big profits to agents; money back guarantee; 30 days' trial. Air Friction Carburetor Co., 1506 Madison St., Dayton, Ohio.

MEDICAL

TO SUFFERING MEN AND WOMEN. IF you have lame back, failing memory, loss of ambition, despondency, unfitting you for the ordinary duties of life; or if afflicted with any chronic nervous, kidney or bladder disease. Remember; we are specialists in these diseases. Write; book symptom blank and advice free. Dr. Meyers, 316 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

ARE YOU OR YOUR CHILD BOTHERED with over-active kidneys during the day or night? If so let Liquid Shumake, the recognized medicine for this trouble relieve the burden in few days. Sold by druggist or send $1.50 to Shumake Remedy Company, Fort Worth, Texas, for large bottle.

PERSONAL

MEN—OUR TREATMENT NEVER FAILS TO restore strength to those troubled with nervous, weak, run-down and despondent conditions that undermine good health. Costs nothing if not cured. Write for free book. Cumberland Chemical Co., 32 Berry Block, Nashville, Tenn.

GET MARRIED — BEST MATRIMONIAL paper published. Free for stamp. Correspondent, Toledo, Ohio.

PERSONAL—(Continued)

MEN ON THE DOWN GRADE WHO ARE losing out in life, caused from weak, nervous, despondent, run down condition, take Castleberry's Pills. They accomplish marvelous results and possess wonderful rejuvenating forces. Mail $1.00. Three boxes $2.75. Six boxes $5.00. Sample and testimonials free. A. F. Castleberry, Box 564, Columbus, Georgia.

SUFFERERS FROM NERVOUS, WEAK, run down conditions should take Juven Pills. They accomplish remarkable results as a rejuvenating, vitalizing tonic and health-builder for people of all ages. Sent postpaid only on receipt of this advertisement and $1, by C. I. Hood Co., proprietors Hood's Sarsaparilla, Lowell, Mass. (Y.Z.)

MEN WHO ARE LOSING OUT IN LIFE can find a marvelous remedy and complete restoration in 808 Tablets—the wonderful 48-hour medicine. Different from anything ever heard of. Holds world's record. $1 per box. Particulars and wonderful testimonials free. 808 Chemical Co., Dept. G, Pittsburg, Kansas.

WEAK, DISCOURAGED, BROKEN DOWN men! Try NRG. Tablets. They build up, renew energy, courage. Full month's treatment, $2.00. Mailed in plain package. Conover Sales Co., Distributers, 710 W. 46th St., Minneapolis, Minn.

MARRY. THOUSANDS CONGENIAL PEOple, worth from $1,000 to $50,000 seeking early marriage; descriptions, photos, introductions free. Sealed. Either sex. Send no money. Address Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

MEN ON THE DOWN GRADE, REMEMBER we cure chronic, nervous, kidney, bladder diseases. Why not have the best treatment? Book symptom blank and advice free. Hinze Medical Institute, 23 Washington Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn.

THOUSANDS ANXIOUS TO MARRY. Worth to $100,000. Confidential descriptions free in plain sealed envelope. Satisfaction guaranteed. Long established, reliable, trustworthy. Peoples Club, Box 4, San Diego, California.

WOMEN — ERGOIL SAFELY RELIEVES. No harm or inconvenience with work. Results guaranteed or money refunded. Prepaid, $1.25. Dermitone Remedy Co., 127 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

A LETTER TO DR. ROWE, THE SPECIAList, brings his serial No. 1 on kidney and urinary diseases; valuable information, send today; postage 4c. Dr. Rowe, 112 N. Pearl St., Buffalo, N. Y.

MARRY — WITHIN SIXTY DAYS. PAY when married. Send no money for our new liberty guarantee marriage plan. Nothing ever like it in America. Pilot Pub. Co., Desk 10, Marshall, Mich.

HAIR GROWN ON BALD HEADS, $10, Superfluous hair removed forever, $5.00. Satisfaction or money back. Write Knapp Trio, 378A Pleasant Ave., St. Paul, Minn. References, Commercial State Bank.

ARE YOU BASHFUL, SELF-CONSCIOUS? Embarrassed in company? These troubles overcome. Write for particulars. Correspondence confidential. A. O. Veritas, 1400 Broadway, New York.

MAKE-NU FOR MEN WHO ARE DESPONDent, run down, and in a weakened condition. Write for free literature to American Laboratories Co., Desk C, Box 504, Nashville, Tenn.

MARRY — THOUSANDS PEOPLE, ALL ages, worth $5,000 to $400,000, anxious for marriage; write for my list; free. Ralph Hyde, 254 Minna, San Francisco, Cal.

MARRY—MARRIAGE DIRECTORY WITH photos and descriptions free. Pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 28, Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY—FREE PHOTOS, BEAUTIFUL ladies; descriptions and directory; pay when married. New Plan Co., Dept. 21, Kansas City, Mo.

THE MAGIC SECRET TELLS YOU HOW your desires and ambitions can be realized. Postpaid for dime. A. Denford, 507 Fifth Ave., New York.

WOULD YOU MARRY? THE ONLY STRICTly confidential club in the U. S. Either sex. If you mean business, send stamped envelope for information. Box 1523, Wash., D. C.

BROTHER AND SISTER, AGES 28 AND 24, must marry soon to inherit $100,000. Interested in matrimony? Write Box 749, Chicago, Illinois, enclosing stamped envelope.

MARRY—BEST PLAN. HUNDREDS RICH, confidential, reliable. Lists and descriptions free. Unity, B-3, Grand Rapids, Mich.

GET MARRIED — MANY WEALTHY clients desiring early marriage. Address Opal Club, Box 92, Rosiere, N. Y.

MARRY! FREE DIRECTORY WITH DEscriptions and photos. Bonafide Co., Dept. 5, Kansas City, Mo.

MATRIMONIAL PAPER, SHOWING PHOtos, descriptions, both sex. Free for 4 1c stamps. Box 1511, Memphis, Tenn.

IF YOU WANT A HEALTHY, WEALTHY, loving wife, write Violet Ray, C. C. Dennison, Ohio. Enclose stamped envelope.

HEALTHY, WEALTHY REFINED MAN DEsires a wife. Confidential. Box 38, Station H, Cleveland, Ohio.

MARRIAGE PAPER FREE: BEST PUBLIcation for sure results; reliable. Eastern Agency, 55 Bridgeport, Connecticut.

A WIDOWER WITH MEANS WOULD marry; age 45. Write to Box 299, Quincy, Ill.

CALIFORNIA BACHELOR, WORTH $40,000, would marry. E-Box 35, League, Toledo, Ohio.

YOUNG LADY WITH INCOME WISHES TO hear from sincere gentleman. Box 55, Oxford, Fla.

WEALTHY LADY, 23, DESIRES EARLY marriage. F-Box 325, Cor. Club, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

WIDOW, 40, WITH $50,000, WANTS TO marry. T-Box 432, League, Columbus, Ohio.

CATHOLICS, WISHING TO MARRY, PARticulars free. Address Home Club, L-Box 23, Grand Rapids, Mich.

WIDOW WORTH $45,000. WILL MARRY. Phillips' Box 2144, Jacksonville, Fla.

LONELY MAIDEN, 27, WOULD MARRY. Write for picture. Box 150B, Syracuse, N. Y.

How I Make Money —Right at Home!

LOOK at this check for $26.50—payable to me.

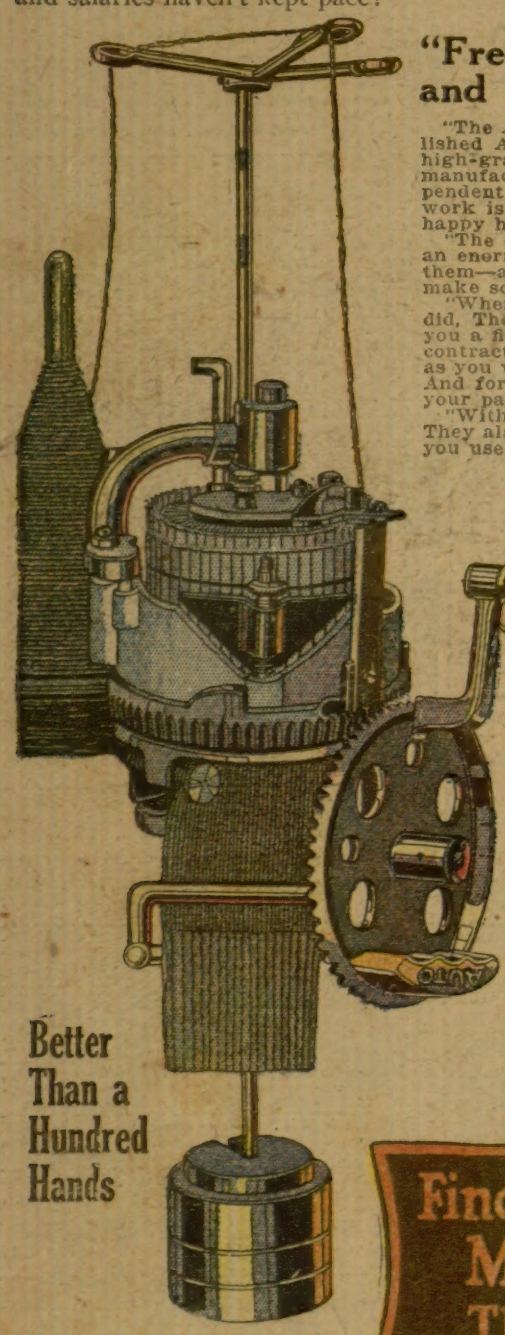
"I made this money easily and pleasantly—in the spare time left over from my housework and the care of Bobby and Anne, my children. In fact, they helped me to make it. I make as much, and often more every month.

"Before I found this new, easy way of making money right at home, in privacy, freedom and comfort, my husband's salary, while sufficient to meet our absolutely necessary expenses, was really not enough to give us any of the little extra pleasures that mean so much to a family. Everything we eat or wear has gone up so high, and salaries haven't kept pace!

"But now we have more than the necessaries—we have beaten the terrible old H. C. of L.—and we have our little luxuries and amusements, too.

"How do I do it? Simply by knitting socks. No, not by the slow old process of hand-knitting, which took almost a day for one sock, but by using The Auto Knitter, a marvelous, but very simple, easily-operated machine. It turns out fine, seamless wool socks with almost magical speed. Now that I have gained practice with The Auto Knitter I often make a sock in 10 minutes!

"And the best part of it is that I have a guaranteed, constant market for every pair of socks I make, at a guaranteed price. The Auto Knitter Hosiery Company of Buffalo has contracted to take every sock I can make. I simply send them the finished socks, and back comes my check by return mail, together with a new supply of yarn to replace that used in the socks sent them.



Better Than a Hundred Hands

"Free Yarn Sent with the Machine and They Pay Me for the Socks"

"The Auto Knitter Hosiery Company is an old, firmly established American corporation, engaged in the manufacture of high-grade seamless socks. They have always preferred home manufacture to factory production. They believe in the independent employee, and know from experience that the best work is that done by well-paid, contented people, working in happy homes.

"The company's world-wide business connections give them an enormous market for socks—everybody, everywhere, needs them—and the company constantly needs more workers to make socks, in their own homes. They need you.

"When you decide to become an Auto Knitter worker, as I did, The Auto Knitter Company will make a contract to pay you a fixed, guaranteed wage, on a piece-work basis. In this contract you take no risk. You can work for them as much as you want, or as little as you want—spare time or full time. And for every shipment of socks you send them you will get your pay check—promptly.

"With the machine they send a supply of wool yarn FREE. They also supply FREE the yarn needed to replace that which you use in making the socks you send to the company.

"The yarn supplied is the well-known Qu-No Quality Brand, made especially for The Auto Knitter. It is the softest, the warmest, the strongest, and uniformity in quality, weight and shade are always obtainable. You receive a Free Shade Card that contains samples of Qu-No Quality Yarns.

"You are, of course, at liberty to dispose of the output of your Auto Knitter as you see fit; you can also use The Auto Knitter to make, at a remarkably low cost, all the hosiery your family needs—wool or cotton.

"But remember this: There are absolutely no strings tied to the Wage Agreement; it is a straight out-and-out Employment Offer at a Fixed Wage on a piece-work basis—a good pay for your services alone."

The Auto Knitter

A turn of the handle, and 60 and more smooth, even, perfect stitches are knitted. Many of our workers report that, with The Auto Knitter, a completed sock can be made in 10 minutes or less. When The Auto Knitter goes into action it is just like having many families of skilled knitters working for you. It makes the sock—top—body—heel—and toe—without removal from the machine. It weighs about 20 pounds, and can be clamped to any ordinary table or stand. Easily learned. Experience in knitting and familiarity with machines are unnecessary. Complete instructions about how to use The Auto Knitter are sent to every worker. The Auto Knitter is to hand-knitting what the sewing machine is to hand-sewing.

Read What Satisfied Workers Say

The Auto Knitter gives you the opportunity to make money during your spare time. It also gives you the chance to devote your entire time to the business, and thus, to be independent of bosses, rules, time-clocks, working-hours, etc. The Wage Contract is in no sense a disguised "canvassing scheme," "agency" or "open a store" proposition. Here is the proof—read the evidence from some of our workers.

More Than Two Dozen Pairs a Day

The Auto Knitter has proven very satisfactory. The work done on the machine cannot be surpassed. The only requirement is to learn the work and then work. The Auto Knitter is very speedy and any person of good judgment can knit from one to two dozen pairs of socks a day, and if they want to push the work they can turn out more. The treatment by The Auto Knitter Company is the best, and I have found them to be absolutely reliable.

BERLIN, N. Y.

Promptness Appreciated

Am sending you today a shipment of half hose. I wish to compliment you on the promptness with which you return replacement yarn and check.

GAYS, ILL.

Getting Along Fine

I am sending you another lot of socks today. I am getting along fine with my machine, and thank you for the promptness with which you have accepted and paid for my hosiery.

LIMESTONE, TENN.

Pleased With Treatment

I have received my replacement yarn and check. I am well pleased with my machine, and your treatment of me.

MAXDALE, TEX.

Thanks for Attention

I have just sent you a lot of half hose made by my Auto Knitter with yarn supplied by you. I am glad to avail myself of the opportunity to tell you how much pleased I am with the machine and what pleasure it gives me to work it. I also wish to thank you for the courtesy and prompt attention you have always shown me.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

A Steady Worker

In this same mail I am sending you 74 pair of half hose. Hope they will reach you all right. Please send replacement yarn, and wages, and I will send another shipment soon.

STATE COLLEGE, PA.

Regular Prompt Pay

I am sending by express three dozen and 9 pair of half hose, being the product of ten pounds of yarn. Please send me 10 pounds of replacement yarn, and wages.

MILTON, WIS.

Find Out How You Can Make Money With The Auto Knitter

Send Coupon Now

Write Today for Our Liberal Wage Offer

No matter where you live we want you to know all about The Auto Knitter. We want to tell you of the pleasant and profitable place ready for you in our organization, and the future you can make for yourself with The Auto Knitter.

We want you to compare our work, and the money that is in it, with what people are paid for long, hard, grinding toil in office, store, mill and factory. We want you to know the substantial amounts that even a small part of your spare time will earn for you. Then we want you to read the glowing statements of our perfectly satisfied workers, and learn how, if you desire, you can have your own home factory and sell your output both wholesale and retail.

Remember that experience is unnecessary, that you need not know how to knit. You do not have to even know how to sew. The Auto Knitter does the work.

Action is the word. Write your name and address now, this minute, on the coupon and get this coupon in the mail at once. Enclose 2c postage to cover cost of mailing, etc.

The Auto Knitter Hosiery Co., Inc.

Dept. 3610 K, 821 Jefferson Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

The Auto Knitter Hosiery Co., Inc.

Dept 3610K, 821 Jefferson Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Send me full particulars about Making Money at Home with The Auto Knitter. I enclose 2 cents postage to cover cost of mailing, etc. It is understood that this does not obligate me in any way.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

State.....

Boyce's Weeklies 10-23-20